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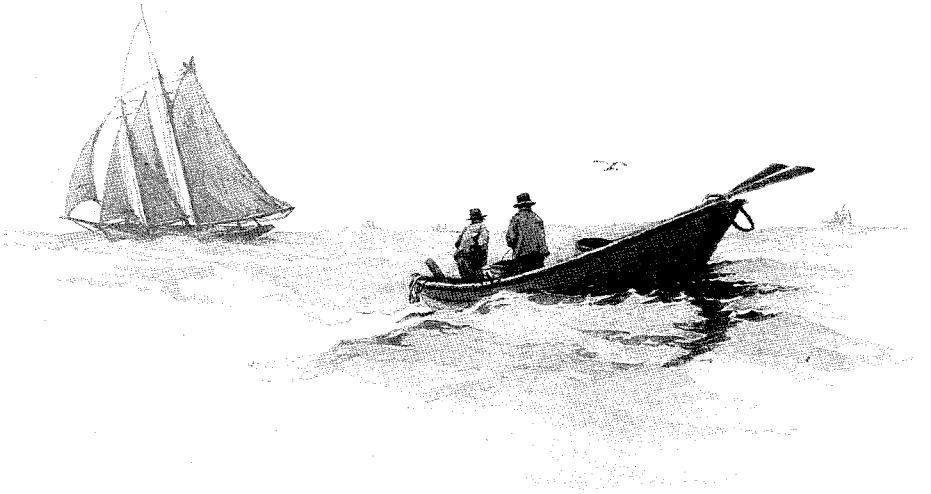

THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN

NIGHT-SEINING AND WINTER TRAWLING

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS

NIGHT-SEINING

WE were one of a fleet of Gloucester seiners, cruising lazily in the twilight of a soft September evening off the Cape Cod shore. Out toward where the shoals of Middle Bank should lie, crescent moon, brick red in the reflected after-glow of a setting summer sun, had sunk a segment behind the edge of a gently rippling sea. Around and about us the sails of our consorts were fading into the settling dark, red and green side-lights were beginning to take point, and the first whisperings of the awakening night-breeze were bursting softly from the bubbles in our wake.

Down in the fo'c's'le of our schooner the forward gang were engaged in the usual diversions of seiners at leisure. Four were playing whist at the table under the lamp; two were lying half in and half out of opposite upper bunks, striving to get more of the light on the pages of their books; one, in a lower bunk nearer the peak, was humming something sentimental, and two were in a knot on the lockers, arguing fiercely over nothing in particular. Only the cook, just done with mixing bread, seemed to have had any serious object in life, and he was now standing by the galley fire, rolling the dough off his fingers, plainly with a desire to rest from his labors.

Down the companion-way and into the thick of this dropped the skipper. "I think," said the skipper, as his boot-heels hit the floor, "I'll have a mug-up." From the boiler on the galley-stove he poured

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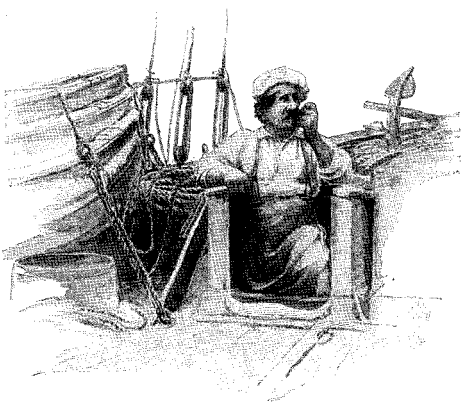
out a mug of coffee, and from the grub-locker he took a thin slice of bread and two thick slices of cold beef. He buried the bread among the beef and leaned against the foremast while he ate.

In heavy jack-boots and summer sou'-wester, with a black jersey of fine quality sticking up above the neck of his oil-jacket, with a face that won you at sight; cheeks a uniform pink; damp, storm-beaten, and healthful; with mouth, eyes, and jaw bespeaking humor, sympathy, and courage; shoulders that seemed made for butting to windward—an attractive, inspiring, magnetic man altogether—the skipper, holding the mug of coffee in one hand and the sandwich of bread and meat in the other, leaned easily up against the butt of the foremast, and, between gulps and bites, took notice of his crew.



The Cook.

"Give me," he said genially to the cook, as the proper man for an audience, "a seiner's crew for elegant gentlemen of leisure. Look at 'em now—you'd think they were all near-sighted, with their cards up to their chins. And above them, look—Kipling to starboard, and the Duchess to port. Mulvaney, I'll bet, filled full of whiskey and keeping the heathen on the jump, and Airy Fairy Lillian, or some other daisy with winnin' ways, disturbin' the peace of mind of half a dozen dukes. Mulvaney's all right, but the Duchess! They'll be taking them kind of books to the masthead next. What d'y s'pose I found back aft the other day? What d'y s'pose? I'll bet you'd never guess. No, no. Well, it was 'He Loved, but was Lured Away.' Yes. Ain't that fine stuff for a fisherman to be feedin' on? And who d'y s'pose owned it but the Cape Island lad. Yes, sir. It was down where he came from—Cape Island, they say—that they once rigged side-lights on the lame horse and walked him around a haystack, and the cattle steamers out of Portland, thinking they was a little too much off-shore, used to come in closer. Yes, sir; they never have to buy any beef on Cape Island—nor coal, no. 'Well, who owns this?' says I, picking up the lured-away lad. 'Nobody,' speaks up the Cape Island boy. 'Are you sure?' I asks him. 'Sure,' says he. 'Well, then,' I said, 'over the rail he goes—being nobody's, nobody c'n kick.' And over he went, with Violet Vance and Wilful Winnie, and they floats off in a bunch to the east'ard, with maybe Winnie a foot to loo'ard.

"Violet Vance," went on the skipper, reminiscently, "Violet Vance and Wilful Winnie, and a whole holdful of airy creatures, couldn't help a fisherman when there's anything stirrin'. I waded through a whole bunch of 'em once"—he reached over and took a wedge of pie from the grub-locker—"I went through a whole bunch of 'em once—pretty good pie this, cook, though gen'rally them artificial apples that swings on strings ain't in it with the natural tree apples for pie—once when we was layin' to somewhere to the s'uth'ard of Sable Island, in a blow and a thick fog—fresh halibuting—and right in the way of the liners. And I expect I was goin' 'round the deck in my watch like a man asleep, because the skipper comes up and begins to call me down good and hard. It was my first trip with him, and I was a young lad. 'Young fellow,' says the skipper, Matt Dawson—this was in the Lorelei—'young fellow,' says Matt, 'you look tired. Let me call up the crew and swing a hammock for you, from the fore-rigging to the jumbo boom. How'll that do for you? When the jumbo slats it'll keep the hammock rockin'. Let me,' he says. 'Perhaps,' he goes on, 'you wouldn't mind wakin' up long enough to give that music-box a turn or two every now and then while the fog lasts.' We had a patent horn aboard, the first I ever

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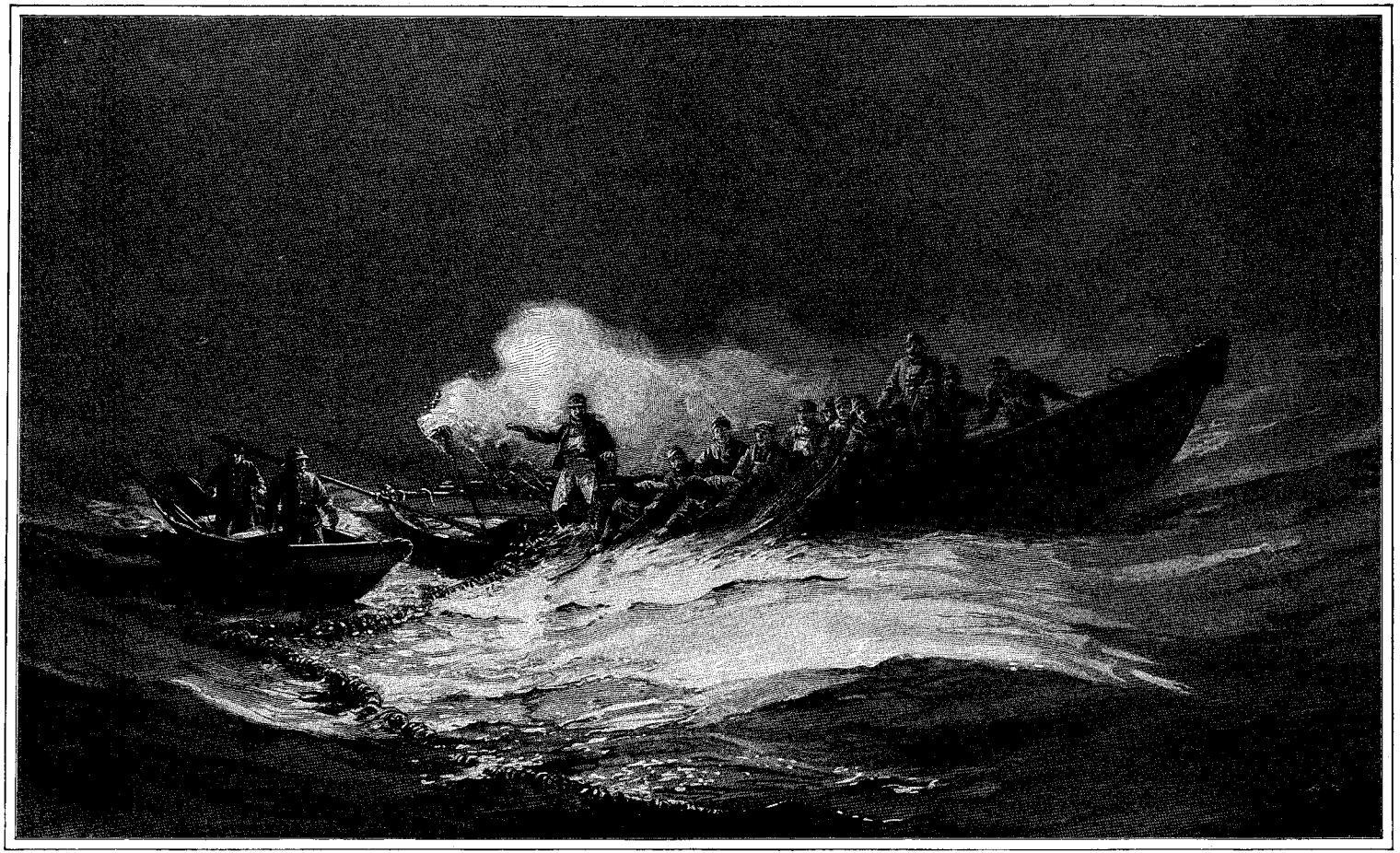

Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Seining—"Can't be sure yet, but things look all right so far!"—Page 396.
(Pursing-up the seine.)

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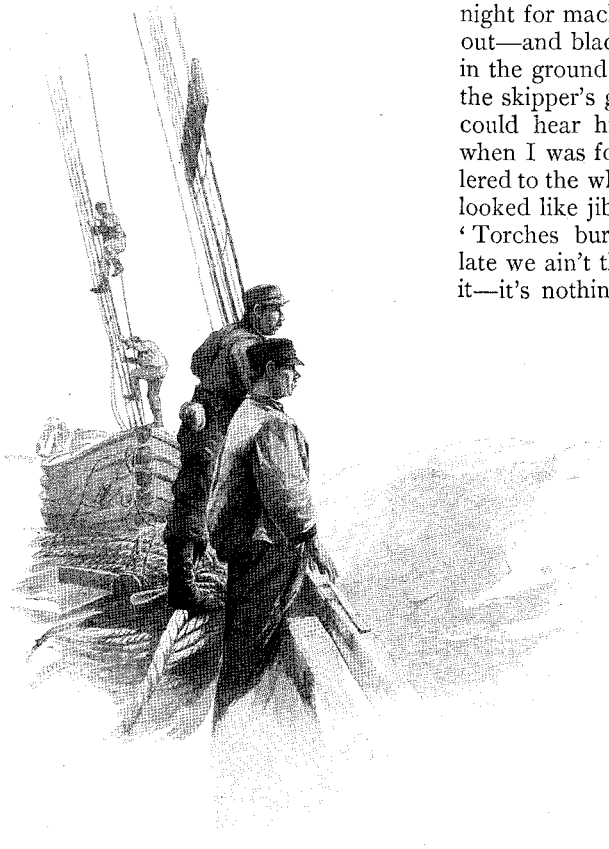
saw, and I'd clear forgot it—warn't used to patent horns.

"However, I s'pose when there's nothin' doin' there's no very great harm. But we'll try to get it out of your heads for to-night. Four days now and only fifty barrels in the hold. But, praise the Lord, the moon's well down by this time and its looking black already and the sea ought to fire up fine later on. And there's a nice little breeze beginning to stir. If any of you are thinking of getting in a kink of sleep then you'd better turn in now, for you're liable to be out afore a great while. I'm going aloft."



Trawling—Looking for a Lost Dory.

The skipper climbed up the companion-way. Then followed the scraping of his boot-heels across the deck. A minute later, had anybody cared to go up and hunt, he would have been discovered astraddle the highest block above the fore-gaff, watching out sharply for the lights of the many other vessels about him, but more particularly straining his eyes for the phosphorescent trails of mackerel.

The men below knew their skipper too well to imagine that they were to be long left in peace. And then, too, the very first man off watch reported a proper night for mackerel. "Not a blessed star out—and black! It's like digging a hole in the ground and looking into it. And the skipper's getting nervous, I know. I could hear him stirring 'round up there when I was for'ard just now, and he hollered to the wheel that up to the nor'ard it looked like jibs down and to hold her up. 'Torches burnin',' he said. And I callate we ain't the only vessel got eyes for it—it's nothin' but side-lights all 'round and some of us'd do well to get into oil-skins."

Fore and aft, in cabin and fo'c's'le, the men made ready. They put away cards, novels, and acrimonious discussions, had a mug-up all, slid into oil-clothes, boots, and sou'-westers, and then, puffing at a last pipeful, they lay around on lockers and on the floor, backs to the butt of the mast and backs to the stove; wherever there was space for a broad back and a pair of stout legs they dropped themselves, discussing all the while the things that interest virile men—fish, fishing, gales, skippers, fast vessels, big shares, South Africa, China, the Philippines, Bob Fitzsimmons, Carrie Nation, and the awful price of real estate in Gloucester.

By and by, ringing as clearly as if the man himself stood at the companion-way, came the skipper's voice from the mast-head: "On deck everybody." Stopped was all discussion, pipes were smothered in flannel bosoms, and up the companion-way crowded oil-skins and jack-boots.

Then came: "It looks like vessels toward the Maine shore dressing down. Haul the boat alongside and drop the dory over."

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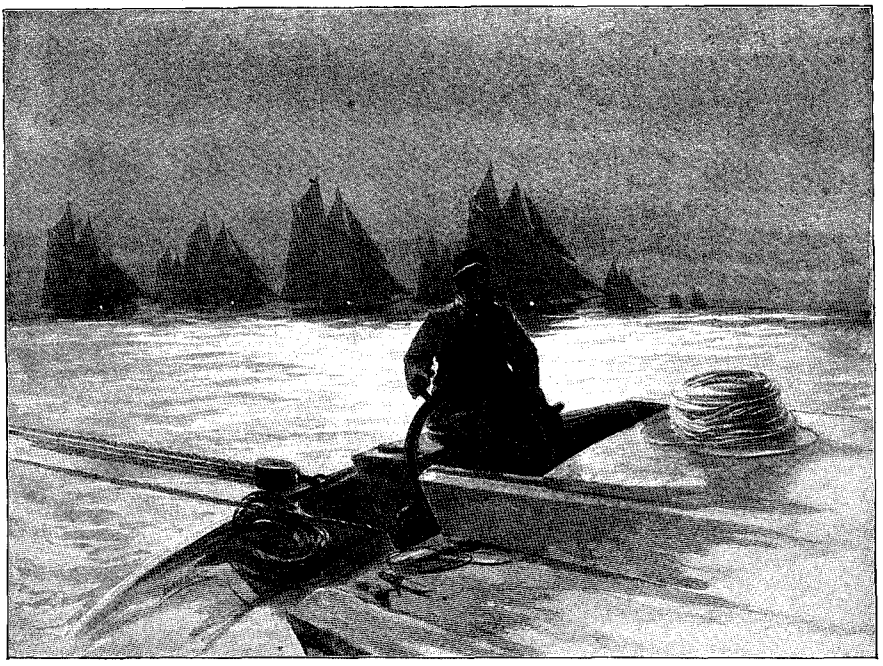

Seining—Red and green lights were beginning to take point.—Page 387.

The men jumped. Four laid hands on the dory in the waist and ten or a dozen heaved away on the stiff painter of the seine-boat that was towing astern. Into the air and over the starboard rail went the dory, while ploughing up to the vessel's boom at the port fore-rigging came the bow of the seine-boat.

Followed then: "Put the tops'ls to her. Sharp now."

The halliards could be heard whirring through the blocks aloft, while two bunches of men sagged and lifted on deck below. Among them it was: "Now then, o-ho—sway away, good," until topsails were flat as boards and the schooner, close-hauled, had heeled to her scuppers.

"Slap the stays'l to her and up with the balloon. Half the fleet's driving to the no'th'ard. Lively."

She liked that rarely. With the seventy-odd foot main-boom sheeted in to her rail, with the thirty-three-foot spike bowsprit poking a lane in the sea when she dove and picking a path among the stars when she lifted, with her midship rail all but flush with the sea and the night-breeze to sing to her—of course she liked it, and she showed her liking. She'd tear herself apart now before she'd let any other creature by. And red and green lights were racing to both quarters of her.

"Into the boat and drop astern. Drop astern boat and dory." It is the master's voice again, and fifteen men go over the rail at the word. Two drop into the dory and thirteen leap from the vessel's rail onto thwarts or netting or into the bottom of the seine-boat—anywhere at all so they get in quickly. The extra hand on deck stands by to pay out the painter, and then into the schooner's boiling wake they go, the thirty-eight-foot seine-boat hardly a dozen fathoms astern, and the little dory just astern of her again. The two men in the dory fend off desperately as they slide by the boat.

On the deck of the vessel now are only the cook, who has the wheel, and the extra hand, who is to stand by the headsheets. There will be stirring scenes soon, for occasional flashes of light, denoting small "pods" of mackerel, may be discerned on the surface of the sea. Our skipper, we know, is noting these indications, and with them a multiplicity of other things. At the mast-heads of other vessels out in the night are rival skippers, all with skill and nerve and a great will to get fish.

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Our vessel may be making from ten to eleven knots now, and the painter of the seine-boat chafes and groans with every jerk in the taffrail chock. The men in the boat call for more line. "Slack away a bit, cook—slack away. We're not porpoises. She's half buried every jump, and every blessed sou'wester aboard bailin' out. And the dory might's well be hove-down altogether. Here's Sam climbed aboard us from the dory—says both of 'em couldn't live in her. Slack away for the Lord's sake, cook—that line's too short."

The cook is about to help them out, but the skipper breaks in :

"Swing her off about two points, ease your main sheet and keep an eye on that light to loo'ard. Off, off—that's good—hold her. For'ard there, slack stays'l and then foretops'l halliards. Be ready to let go balloon halliards and stand by downhaul. Look alive."

Without leaving the wheel the cook paid out some sheet from the bitt by the wheel-box and then unbuttoned the after staysail tack. Forward, the spare hand loosed up halliards until her kites dropped limp.

"Down with your balloon there for'ard—and at the wheel there, jibe her over. Watch out for that fellow astern—he's pretty handy to our boat. Watch out in boat and dory." The last warning was a roar.

The big gossamer came rattling down the long stay and the jaws of booms ratched, fore and main, as they swung over. From astern came the voices of the men in boat and dory, warning each other to hang on when they felt her jibbing. Some of them must have come near to being jerked overboard. "Why in God's name, cook, don't you slack that painter?" came in the voice of the big seine-heaver.

"'Tain't wuth while now—in a minute now you'll be cast off," called back the cook.

"Draw away your jib—draw away your jumbo," came from aloft. Sheets are barely fast again when it is :

"Steady at the wheel—steady her, cook, ste-a-dy—Great God ! man, if you can't see, can't you feel that fellow just ahead ? Close your jaws astern there and mind me—water won't hurt you. Ready all !" roared the skipper.

"Ready all !" roared back the seine-heaver.

"All right. Down with your wheel a bit now, cook. Down—more yet. Hold her there."

The vessels that we had dodged by this bit of luffing were now dropping by us; one red light was slowly sliding past our quarter to port and one green shooting past our bow to starboard. Evidently our skipper had been only waiting to work clear of these two neighbors, for there was plenty of fish in sight now. The sea was flashing with trails of them. Our skipper now begins to bite out his commands.

"Stand ready everybody. In the boat and dory there — is everything ready, Pat?"

"All ready—boat and dory."

Out came his orders—rapid fire—and as he ripped them out, no whistling wind could smother his voice, no swash of the sea drown it. In boat, dory, and on deck, every brain glowed to understand, and every heart pumped to obey.

"Up with your wheel, cook, and let her swing off. Ste-a-dy. Ready in the boat. Steady your wheel. Are you ready in the boat? Let her swing off a little more, cook. Steady—hold her there. Stand by in the boat. Now then, now ! Cast off your painter, cast off and pull to the west'ard, Pat. To the west'ard—to wind-'ard, Pat. And drive her ! Down with the wheel, more yet—that's good. Drive her, I say, Pat. Where's that dory? I don't see the dory. The dory, the dory—where in hell's that dory—show that lantern in the dory ! All right the dory. Hold her up, cook—don't let her swing off an inch now. Drive her, boys, drive her ! Look out now ! Stand by the seine, Pat. Stand by—now—now ! Over with the seine, over with it. Give her the twine—the twine, do your hear !—the twine ! Drive her—drive her—Blessed Lord, drive her. That's the boy, Pat—drive her ! Let her come up, cook. Down with your wheel—down with your wheel—ste-a-dy. Drive her, Pat, drive her ! Turn in now—in—in—shorter yet. Drive her now !—where's that dory !—Hold her up—not you, cook—you're all right—ste-a-dy. Hold that

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Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Trawling.

The dory mate is in the waist, re-coiling and re-baiting the trawl.

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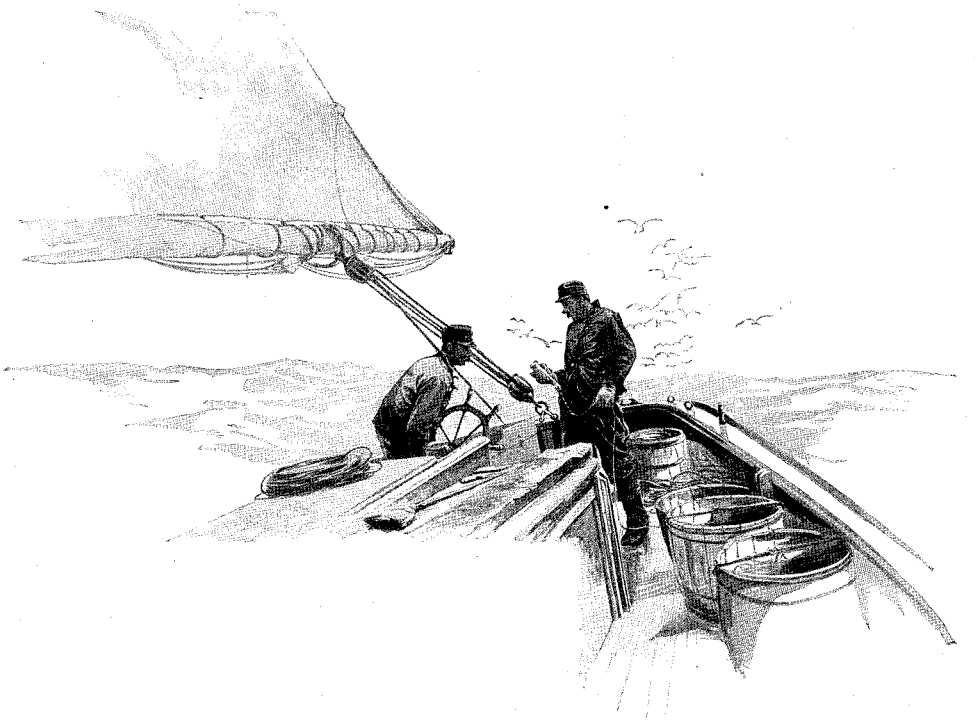
dory up to the wind !—that's it, boys—you're all right—straight ahead now ! That's the boy, Pat. Turn her in now again, Pat — in the dory there !—show your lantern in the dory and be ready for the seine-boat. Good enough, boys. Now cover your lantern in the dory and haul away when you're ready."

into it—and their wake alive with smoke and fire to tell them they were moving ! Fancy the flatness of regattas in smooth creeks beside that !

It is in the middle of a black night out on the Atlantic, this—and the big seine-heaver is throwing the seine over the side in great armfuls. And there



Trawling—Looking at the "bottom" brought up by the lead.

To have experienced the strain and drive of that rush, to have held an oar in the boat during that and to have shared with them in the confidence they gathered—theirs was a skipper who knew his business—and the soul that rang in his voice !—why, merely to have stood on deck and listened to it—it was like living.

During this dash neither boat nor dory was to be made out from deck, but the splashes of light raised by the oars at every stroke were plainly to be seen in that phosphorescent sea. Certainly they were making that boat hop along—ten good men, with every man a long broad blade, and double-banked, so that every man might encourage his mate and be himself spurred on by desperate effort. Legs, arms, shoulders, back—all went

is the little dory tossing behind, gamely trying to keep up ! Doubtless they were glad enough in the dory to get hold of the buoy, and doubtless, too, there was some lively action aboard of her when the skipper called so fiercely to them to hold her up to the wind, so that the efforts of the crew of the seine-boat, racing to get their ten or twelve hundred foot fence around the flying school, might not go for naught.

With his "Haul away now when you're ready," the skipper came down from aloft. He was sliding down, evidently, by way of the jib halliards, for there was the sound of a chafing whiz that could be nothing else than the friction of oil-skins against taut manila rope ; a sudden check, as of a block met on the way ; an impatient, soft

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Trawling—The gunnels of their loaded dories almost flush with the sea.—Page 406.

little, forgivable oath, and then a plump! that meant that he must have dropped the last twelve or fifteen feet to the deck. Immediately came the scurry of his boot-heels as he hurried aft, and in another moment he stood in the glow of the binnacle light. Reaching back toward the shadow of the cook, but never turning his head from that spot out in the dark where he had last seen the boat, he signified his intention of taking the wheel.

"All right, cook, I've got you. My soul, but that's a raft of fish if they got 'em, and I think they have. Did you see that boat ahead we near ran into—the last time we put the wheel down? Man, but for a second I thought they were gone. I hope no blessed vessel comes as close to our fellows. And they were so busy rowing and heaving twine, they never saw us, and myself nearly cross-eyed trying to watch them and our own boat and the fish all at once. Go below, cook, she's all right now. Tell the lad for'ard to go below, too, and have a mug-up for himself—he must be soaked through taking the swash that must have been coming over her bows for the last hour. But tell him to come right up so 's to keep a watch out ahead."

The skipper himself stood to the wheel with his head ever turned over one shoulder, until he saw the flare of a torch from the seine-boat. "Good!" he exclaimed. "What there is is safe now, anyway."

Thereafter his work was easy. He had only to dodge the lights of other vessels now, the old red and green lights that had been his neighbors all that evening, and a few new yellow flares from other seine-boats. So his keen eyes ranged the blackness, and in rings around his own seine-boat he sailed his vessel. That his crew were an unusually long time pursing up only gave him satisfaction. "A jeesly big school, if they got it all," he mur-

Trawling—Over a "gurdy" in the bow one man hauls the stubborn line.—Page 406.

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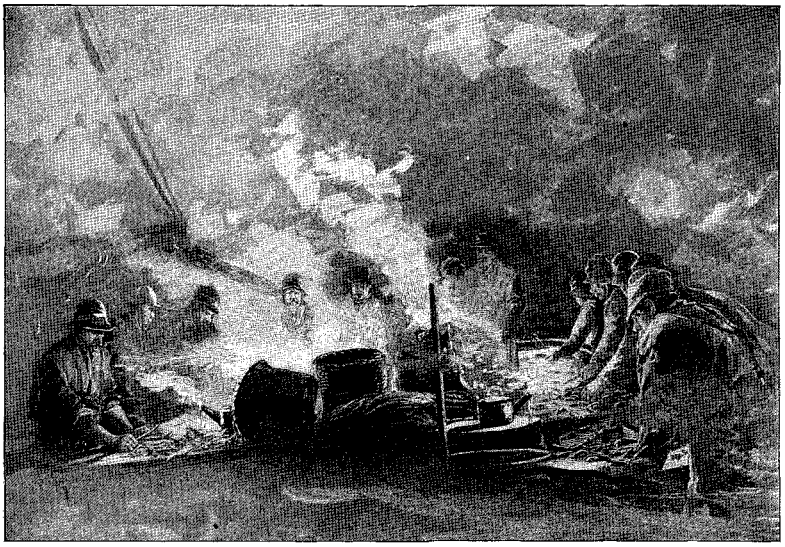

Cutting frozen herring and baiting trawls.

mured, "a jeesly school of 'em." And after a pause, "I think I'll stand down and have a look."

He ran down, luffed, and hailed "What's it look like, Pat?"

From the row of figures that were seen to be crowding gunwale and thwarts and hauling on the seine, one huge shadow straightened up beside a smoky torch and spoke.

"Can't be sure yet, but things look all right so far. A nice little school if we don't lose 'em."

"Well, don't lose 'em. You've got 'em fast enough now. I c'n hear 'em flippin' inside the corks as nach'l as can be. Hurry 'em, boys, it's getting along in the night."

The skipper, very well satisfied, stood away again, and continued to sail triangles around boat and dory. Being now clear of the greater part of a commander's mental strain his spirits began to lighten. Merely by way of being sociable with himself he hummed old ditties. He was possessed of the average fisherman's weakness for anything humorous. There was that about the old coaster, the Eliza Jane. He liked that and he danced an irregular one-footed jig-step by the wheel-box as he bumped it out:

Oh, the 'Liza Jane with a blue foremast
And a load of hay came drifting past.
Her skipper stood aft and he says, "How do!
We're the 'Liza Jane and who be you?"

He stood by the wheel and he says, "How do!"
We're from Bangor, Maine, from where be you?"

The 'Liza Jane got a new main truck—
A darn fine thing, but wouldn't stay stuck.
Came a breeze one day from the no'no'west
And the gosh darned truck came down with the rest.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, a breeze from the west;
Who'd think the truck wouldn't stuck with the rest?

Oh, the 'Liza Jane left her wharf one day,
A fine flood tide and the day Friday,
But the darned old tide sent her bow askew
And the 'Liza Jane began for to slew.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, she'd a-fairly flew,
If she only could sail the other end to.

Oh, the 'Liza Jane left port one day,
With her hold full of squash and her deck all hay.
Two years back with her sails all set
She put from Bath—she's sailing yet.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, for a good old craft
She'd a-sailed very well with her bow on aft.

There was a long story to the Eliza Jane, but the skipper did not finish it. Possibly he felt that it was not entirely in harmony with this lowering sky or that flashing sea. Possibly, too, in the waters that boomed and the wake that smoked was the inspiration for something more stirring. At any rate, he began, in a voice that carried far, an old war ballad:

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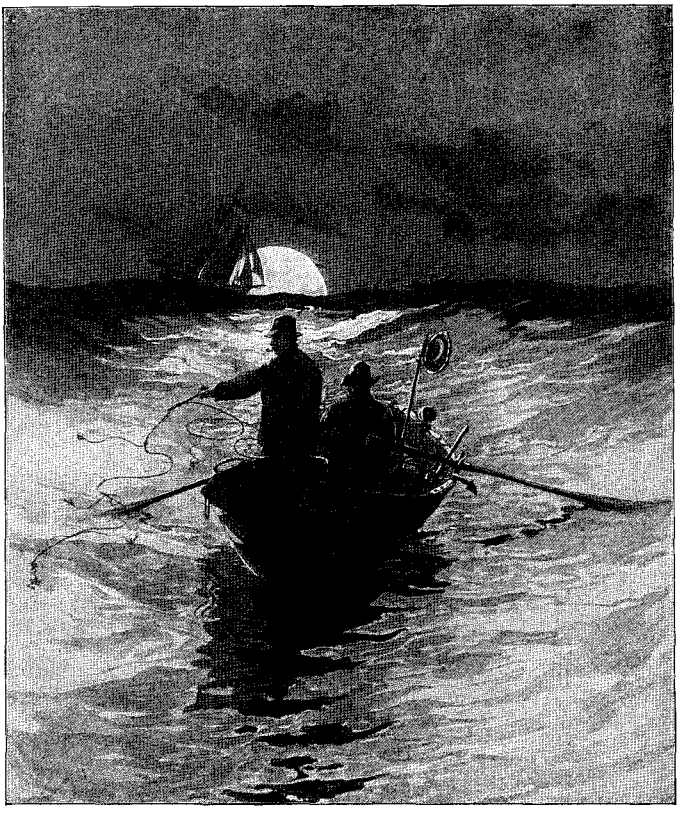

Heaving the Trawl.

'Twas the eighth day of May about ten in the
morning,
The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun,
The hail of the Britisher sounded a warning
For every brave seaman to stand by his gun.

That was the preliminary, and the skipper delighted to dwell upon it. And after it :

'Twas then spoke our captain with brave reso-
lution,
Saying: "Boys, at this monster do not be dis-
mayed,
We've sworn to defend our beloved Constitution
And to die for our country we are not afraid."

Then the fight began. And you would think the skipper was in it, except only that now and then he would halt to see how they were getting on in the seine-boat. He laid every mast and yard over the side of her, he made her decks run with blood, and at the last, in a noble effort, he caused her to strike her flag.

By the time he had finished it happened that the skipper was running before the wind, and, going so, it was very quiet aboard the vessel. There was none of the close-hauled wash through her scuppers, nor was there much play of wind through stays and halliards. It was, in brief, unusually quiet, and it needed only that to set the skipper off on a more melancholy tack. So in a subdued voice he began the recitation of one of the incidents that have helped to make orphans of Gloucester children :

Twelve good vessels fighting through the night,
Fighting, fighting that no'th-east gale—
Every man, be sure, did his might,
But never sign of a single sail
Was there in the morning when the sun showed
red,
But a hundred and seventy fine men—dead—
Was settling somewhere into the sand
On Georges shoals, which is drowned men's land.

Seventy widows kneeling——

A long hail came over the water and a torch was raised and lowered. "Hi-i-i," hallooed the voice.

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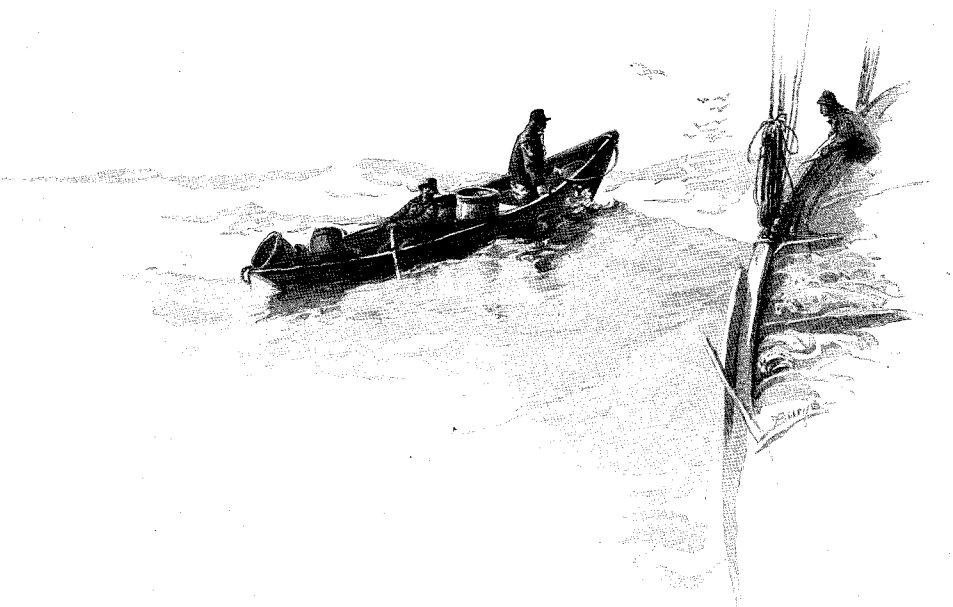
" Hi-i-i," hallooed back the skipper as he put up his wheel. You might have thought he intended to run over them. But not that—at the very last moment he threw her up deftly and let her settle beside the boat, from which most of the men came tumbling immediately over the side of the vessel. Of those who stayed, one shackled the boat's bow onto the iron that hung from the boom at the fore-rigging, and, having done that, braced an oar between himself and the vessel's run to hold the boat away and steady, while a turn and " He-yew ! " he yelled. "Oy-hoo ! " grunted the two gangs at the halliards, and into the air and over the rail swung the big dip-net, swimming full. Down it sagged quickly to the two men at the rail. " Hi-oh ! " they called cheerfully and turned the dipper inside out. Out and down it went again, " He-yew," and up and in it came again. " Oy-hoo ! Hi-oh ! " and flop ! it was turned upside down and another barrel of fat lusty fish flipped their lengths against the hard deck. Head and tail they flipped,



Trawling—Coming Along side.

another in the stern of the boat did the same thing with his oar. In the boat's waist two men hung onto the seine.

A section of the cork edge of the seine being now gathered inboard and clamped down over the vessel's rail the mackerel were crowded into the middle part—the bunt—of the seine and thus held safely between boat and vessel. Into this space the sea swashed and slapped after a fashion that kept all in the boat completely drenched and made it rather difficult for the men in bow and stern to fend off and with it retain their balance.

Now began the bailing in. Over the rail and among the kicking fish dropped the skipper's huge dip-net. A twist and each head and tail ten times a second seemingly, until it sounded—that frantic beating of flesh and bone on the bare deck—as if a battalion of gentle little drummer boys were tapping a low but marvellously quick-sounding roll. Scales flew. Some were found next morning glued to the mast-head.

" He-yew," called the skipper—" Oy-hoo," responded the halliards gang—"Hi-oh," said cheerily the pair at the rail—" Fine fat fish," commented the men in the boat, the only men who had time to draw an extra breath.

Blazing torches encircled them. Arms worked up and down, big boots stamped, while in-board and out swung the dip-net

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Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Trawling—The men fork the fish over the rail.—Page 406.

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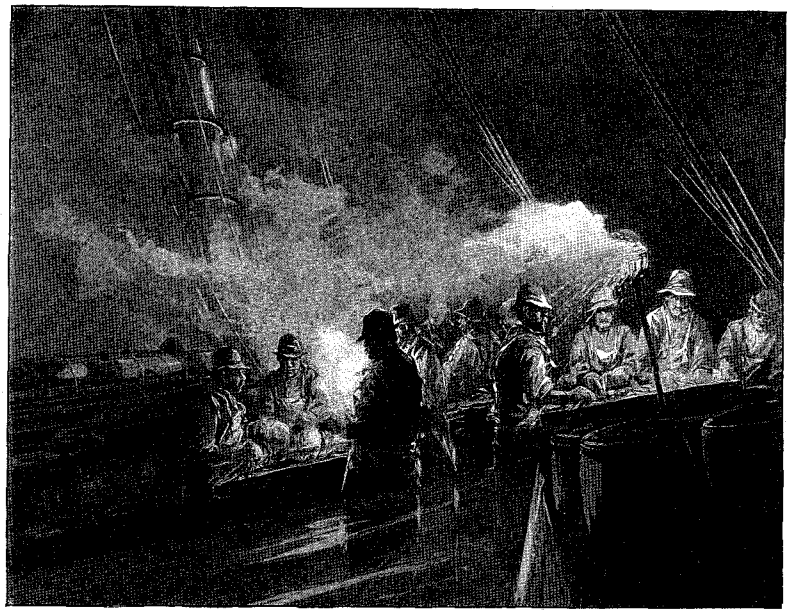

Seining—Around the keelers the men gathered and dressing began.

and onto the deck flopped the mackerel. "Drive her," called the skipper, and "Heyew," "Oy-hoo," and "Hi-oh," it went. Drenched oil-skins steamed, wet faces glowed, and glad eyes shone through the smoke and flare. The pitching vessel, left to herself, plunged up and down to the lift and fall of every sea.

"Hold!" said the skipper, when the deck amidships was pretty well filled, "that's enough for now, I callelate." Barrels were tossed out of the hold, "keelers" were set up, sharp-edged knives were drawn from ditty-boxes below, and the work of dressing began. Four gangs of four men each took corners in the waist. Each gang had two keelers—yard-square boxes, eight inches or so in depth—set up on two or three barrels. Into these were bailed the mackerel to be dressed, and around these the men gathered, with a long-handled torch set up amidst them.

All hands now came into it, skipper and cook too, and the work began. It was one gang against the other, each jealously counting barrels when they were filled, that full credit might be given for speed. Sixteen men were accounted for thus. The seventeenth and eighteenth were of general utility—to keep keelers filled, draw water for pickle from over the side, roll filled barrels out of the way—to help out generally.

The busiest man there was the skipper. At splitting the mackerel, or at gibbing them afterward—that is, pulling out gills and intestines—he held the pace of any man aboard. At splitting he would have made a rare record, but that he had to keep an eye out for the course of the vessel also. Vessels that are dressing fish, vessels whereon the entire crew is immersed in blood, gills, intestines, and swashing brine, might be allowed privileges, one might think. But it is assumed that they will keep a lookout just the same. On this dark night, the schooner, though making noble efforts, considering that she had jibs down and wheel in the becket, to stay as she was put, yet she would fall away or come-to, particularly when the wind shifted two or three points at a jump. Then would the alert skipper, quickly noticing, dart aft and set her right. Generally, to shift the wheel a few spokes would set her right, but occasionally he would have to give the wheel a good round whirl. Then he would sing out a warning, the torches would be lowered, the men would duck, the boom would go swinging by and the vessel would be off on the other tack. The men would brace

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their legs to a new angle, the skipper would hop back to his knife, and the work would go humming on again.

At top speed they raced thus through the night. Once in a while a man might drop his knife or snap off his gibbing mitt, rinse his hand in the brine barrel by his side, slap his hand impatiently across the hoops, and condemn the luck of a split finger or a thumb with a bone in it. Another might pull up for a moment, glance up at the stars or down at the white froth under the rail, draw his hand across his forehead, spit ten yards across the wind, mutter, "My soul, but I'm dry," take a full dipper from the water-pail, drink it dry, pass dipper and pail along to the next and go back to his work.

Until the morning they stood to it in that fashion, with the air around them full of the insides of mackerel. Keelers, deck, rail, their own hands, faces, and clothing, were viscid with blood, gills, and intestines. There were 150 barrels of mackerel washing in barrels when the first table gang, at the cook's call of breakfast, stopped long enough to draw full breaths.

"Oh, but the blessed day's coming on," said the skipper before disappearing below. "Smother those torches, we've done with 'em for this night."

Throughout all that day the men worked—dressing, salting, and putting all in pickle. It was a drive all through without withdrawal by any, except when it was time to relieve lookouts at the mast-head. Had the inspiring call of "School-O!" been heard aloft the men on deck would have dropped everything, jumped into the boat and been after that school most cheerfully. But at this particular time mackerel were rarely rising, except at sunset or in the early night.

Not until late in the afternoon, when the last mackerel was flattened out in the last barrel, did a good seiner feel that he could step back in his own time, stand erect and take a good look at his own handiwork. The men surveyed the oozing barrels with great satisfaction, even while they were massaging their heavy wrists with their aching fingers. It was a good bit of work that, well and quickly done, and it was good to get a halt like this, even if it should be for but a little while. Even though they had to do it all over again—to stay half-drowned in the seine-boat for half the night and then dress down for eighteen or twenty hours on top of it—what mattered a little fast work? And think of the hundred-dollar bill, maybe, to be carried home and laid in the wife's lap, or the roaring night ashore if a fellow was not a family man-m-m-!

On this evening, when the skipper descended from the misty deck to the beaming fo'c's'le, he noted, even as he scaled his sou'wester onto the floor and helped himself to his mug of coffee and handful of beef, that the forward gang were in a different mood from what they had been at this hour on the previous evening. There was no whist at the table, no reading out of upper bunks, no love-song from the peak, and no fierce debate on the lockers. The cook, as usual, was finishing up a batch of dough, but that he was not the only man who had been working lately was made plain by the wet oil-clothes hanging up to dry, and the general overhauling of change suits by the men. Every man, to be sure, except the cook, who never smoked while at work, was puffing away as if he doubted he would ever get another chance for a pipeful in this life. Altogether, it was an air of exquisite harmony that was dwelling over the fo'c's'le, and it seemed to be merely in keeping with the heavenly order of things that the atmosphere showed pale blue wherever the rays of the lamp could get a chance to strike through.

To the poetic skipper the beatitude of the scene was bound to appeal. He gazed about him as he leaned characteristically against the foremast. "My soul," said he, "but it's as if the blessed angels was fanning their wings over this forehold. There's Pat and there's George double-banked on the same locker, and not a whisper of the Boer War. There's the lad that sleeps in the peak, and not a single hallelujah of praise for his darlin' Lucille. And Bill and John no longer spoilin' their good eyesight on bad print. I expect it's that deck-load of fish. The work's made you tired, and the prospect's making you look pleased. Well, it ought. Thirteen dollars for them mackerel, or I don't know. As fine fish as ever I bailed

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over the rail—yes, as fine as ever I bailed in. And some of you ready reckoners c'n easy figure what's comin' to you—even if we don't head up another barrel this trip. They're an awful good thing, them mackerel. Just needed them to ballast her proper. Last thing I said to the owner as I was leaving the dock was—I'd been speaking about the vessel—'She's tender, don't you think?' says I. 'Twenty-five or thirty tons ballast wouldn't do her no harm.' 'No,' says the old man, lookin' over his shoulder and startin' up the dock—you know his way—'mebbe not. But what's the matter with two or three hundred barrels of fine fat mackerel for ballast?' Well, there's the ballast. And she certainly do seem to be in better trim since we put sail on her again. T'night, if it breezes up, and it looks now as if 'twill, we'll see the difference in her. I'll bet she don't go to the rail so easy as she did last night. One time there last night, did you notice it, cook?—that time that crazy lad started to cross our bow, and we gave her a full—why, man, she went over as if a squall hit her. I was near shook overboard. 'My lady,' says I to myself, 'I've been out in more than one breeze that would have laid your spars flat out on the sea, if that much'll put you down that far.' However, she got us to where the mackerel was, and that's what counts. She c'n sail, God bless her—with all her faults, she c'n sail. And I callelate that if there's fish showin' t'night she'll put us there as quick as the next, and that's worth all the rest in a seiner. Of course, we mayn't get a smell of 'em t'night, but then again maybe we will. Anyway, you all want to be ready for it, for it's coming on to another fine black night. And, cook," the skipper shouldered away from the foremast, "would you mind cutting out a wedge or two of one of them blueberry pies you got cooling there? A little wedge, yes—but you don't need to be too close-hauled with your knife, though. Sailing by the wind is all right when we're cruising' round in the fleet, and nothin' partic'lar doin'. But it's safe to give her a full always—always, cook, when you're cuttin' pie. That's the lad—a beam wind. Now lay one atop o' the other. There, that's what they might call a blueberry pie sandwich ashore, I callelate. M–m—, but look at the juice squish through her scuppers!" He held it aloft that all might see. "Now another little wash of coffee in the wake of that, and I'm to the masthead. Be ready for an early call, boys."

He jammed his sou'wester hard down, heroically waved away the remainder of the pie when the cook held it up, with a very determined, "No, no. First thing I know I'll be having dyspepsy. I never had it, but I might;" and heaved himself up the companion-way, humming, as he went, his old favorite:

> Oh, the 'Liza Jane and the Maria Louise
> Sailed a race one day for a peck of peas.
> You'd hardly believe the way them two
> Carried sail that day—they fairly flew.
>
> The people ashore they said, "Gee whiz!
> The 'Liza Jane the fastest is."

He scrambled, still humming, over the barrels on deck, halted long enough by the rail to pass a cheerful greeting to the forward watch, and then, blithe and buoyant, swung himself up the rigging. A school-boy might have climbed an apple-tree so, but this man, once aloft, had to face hours of strain on brain and nerve.

WINTER TRAWLING

THIS seining, or mackerel catching, as described above, whether by night or day, is the easiest of all the ways by which Gloucester fishermen drag a living from the deep. It is really only pleasure fishing to them. To get a truer idea of what these men have to endure year in and year out let us take the record of a mild little winter trawling trip. This trip was to Georges Bank. A trip to Quero, Le Have, St. Peters, or to any of the big ocean shoals to which fishermen go for quick fares, would have answered the purpose equally well. But Georges, possibly, has had more fame in song:

> And eight score souls
> On Georges shoals
> Went down in that wintry gale.

That may not impress you at first. But if you ever heard a fisherman's wife cradle a baby to sleep with it you would get a notion of what bank fishing in winter means.

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This able "haddocker," the Horace B. Parker, of Gloucester, working clear of Eastern Point at noon of one day, was by noon of the next nearly 200 miles away, in thirty fathoms of water on the slopes that lie to the westerly edge of Georges Bank. She had come 135 miles on one tack and then hauled up southerly and westerly for fifty miles or so farther before they threw her into the wind to lay-to while this rising southeaster should be passing by.

The good fishing on Georges is found on the shoals that bound its westerly edge. It is here that so many fishermen are lost. Vessels are caught with these shoals to leeward and they are gone. In places here there are only two fathoms of water. That gives a vessel no show in a gale. There is just enough water to batter her hull to pieces on the sand of the bottom, to smother the men before it batters them, too. Give him room, and let the wind blow and the sea pile up—it is a storm indeed when your Gloucester skipper fails to bring his vessel home. But here he sometimes gets no living chance.

While the Parker was trying to hang on to a favorite fishing spot, the wind was making and hauling and the glass was falling. Thirty fathoms of water was no place to be in during an easterly blow, and she was worked off the bank. By morning she was half way to the Gulf Stream, from where she was driven back, then out, and back again, in the hope that the weather would soon moderate.

It did not moderate that day or the next, and so, the Horace B. was jogged and sailed, jibed and tacked, put head-to and stern-to—handled in every conceivable way to further the main idea. It blew harder, so her mainsail was taken in altogether, her jib triced up, and under foresail and jumbo she was hove-to. For two days and three nights she hung on so. It was not a blow to mind much, except that it delayed fishing, and this was in Lent when the market was good.

The wind blew, the rain fell, and the sea arose and pounded the Horace B. On deck the watch held eternal vigilance in pairs. Watching these seas from deck you, a landsman, might wonder how the vessel lived. The seas come racing on by way of the bow, and run from clear forward to clear aft. Some come broadside on, give her an awful slap flat-handed, and then tumble on, straining the lashings of the dories in the waist and heeling her over till her lee-rail goes well under. The worst of them seem to break over her quarter. These fill the gangway between house and rail, wash the house clear of all loose stuff, and swamp wheel-box and taffrail as they go.

She was a buoyant thing and minded it as little as anybody of her size possibly could, but, even so, she was tossed about as you may have seen a soap-box tossed in the surf of an Atlantic beach when the wind is northeast. Every time she pointed up she buried her bowsprit, and every time she fell away her rails went out of sight. Her sail, you were made to understand, kept her from rolling much, and the swirl of her wake, as she fell off to leeward, caused the worst seas to break before they could strike her fairly. Otherwise it would be uncomfortable aboard of her. Indeed, yes. But now, you see, she rode like a duck. There are some vessels that would drown you here, but not this one! For her tonnage—let the watch tell it—there was no abler vessel sailing out of Gloucester—which was true.

Through all of this imagine the rain sweeping, and the deck and house and rails of the Parker dripping, bright and clean and beautiful, for a vessel never shines as in a storm. Under the lee of Joe Lecost (a protective piece of canvas made fast to the fore rigging) are the two bulky men on watch, their oil-skins bulging with the flannels and sweaters inside. They wear, also, the one leather and the other big rubber boots, large woollen mitts and sou'westers. They watch warily for the big seas. To ordinary combers they simply turn a shoulder. But when they spy a particularly able-looking gentleman —one with a white collar, starched and ironed flat, wide and thick also in breast—these two men on watch hook elbows, hug up to Joe Lecost, grip the rigging and hang on till the gentleman has passed. There they stand their watch out, trying to be sociable with each other, and dodging the seas that come aboard. To the wheel, which is in the becket, they have only to cast an eye now and again.

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Safely stowed away in your bunk below while the vessel is hove-to, down in the cabin taking comfort, gives you only a smothered conception of what it is outside. Of course it was nearer the real thing than if you were buried in an inside stateroom on an ocean liner. By snugging up to her planking you could get your shoulder to within three inches of the swirling sea beneath her and early catch the premonitory heave of every sea. In advance, the side of the vessel would sag away from you so that you would be rolled to the locker side of your bunk. She would go up, up, up, and away to leeward. She would poise there a moment waiting, shivering with fear. Then the sea itself would come. You could hear the roaring of it for some little time before it struck. Then over your head on deck would be a rumbling, swashing, a pounding and thumping the whole length and breadth of her. A barrel of it would dart under the hatch and come down the companion-way. The little vessel would resist, struggle, fight to hold back. You could imagine her nerves tightening with its dread and strain, but after it she would be drawn. She was only sixty tons—remember—a little thing. She would be flung, rolled away and away, and then, suddenly, brought up with a jolt. She would quiver to her very keel after that and you could almost imagine her heart thumping against her ribs; then she would gamely pull herself together and brace for the next one.

Into the cabin came, at regular intervals, one of the drenched watch. In yellow oil-skins, rubber boots, black sou'wester and roomy woollen mitts, he would stand on the last step of the companion-way, study the clock, look around, point a finger at somebody or other, hail: "Your watch, Bill," or Mike, or Henry, or whatever it might be. The man indicated would look up reproachfully, check up the time on the clock, take half a dozen last regretful puffs, stifle the fire in the bowl, poke the pipe itself somewhere under the mattress of his bunk, and take down his storm-clothes. Laboriously he would haul on his jack-boots, over them his oil-skins, set firmly his sou'wester, draw on his mitts, take a lingering look at the clock, and then climb slowly up the companion-way. Then the old watch would come down, cast off his sou'wester and mitts, slide out of his dripping oil-skins, force off his boots, and hang all up somewhere to dry. He would then take an easy position on a locker, poke his feet into "slip-shods," dig out his pipe, slowly fill it, tamp it down, light it—puff—puff—puff—stretch his feet luxuriously toward the stove—puff—puff—and then ease himself of the weight that had been on his mind throughout his whole watch. "For the amount of wind that's going, there's a jeesly big sea on, let me tell you."—Puff—puff—"I wouldn't want to be on any old coaster that's got to beat to wind'ard to-day."—Puff—puff—a glance at the clock—"Twelve hours to another watch, thank the Lord." Puff—puff—puff.

In the fore'c's'le they would be playing seven-up, forty-five, whist, or a mild little game of "draw," until the cook, making ready for dinner, would drive them all out. Aft they would come then, dodging seas and whooping as they came, tumbling down the cabin gangway and piling in on the lockers.

Before this onslaught most of the cabin bunkers would take to their bunks, and, maybe, "When the For'ard Gang Comes Aft" would be softly hummed by way of greeting from the depths of a port berth, or caustic comment would be uttered to nobody in particular.

"Every morning—one—two—three—four—five." (This seems to issue from the shades that lie under the overhang) "every morning I goes for'ard and fills a coal-hod—give them for'ard loafers a look at the size of it, John—and brings it aft, and that ain't any saloon deck promenard this weather, and I loads the stove up to the hatches, and Lonergan he wiggles the ashes out of her hold, and Henry he sweeps up the floor nice and heaves all over the rail, and the cabin is looking fit for gentlemen, when down pitches the whole forehold, druv out by cookie, and soaks the heat all up and scoops all the locker room there is, and forgets—Lord bless us, would you believe it?—forgets to haul the hatch to behind 'em—yes. And down comes a cask or two of water, and bimeby the skipper begins to wonder why the cabin ain't dry and clean."

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"There's an owner in Gloucester," says one of the invaders, ignoring entirely the premises, "and he says to me last trip in, 'Paddie, me boy, what partic'lar model of a vessel will we build for you this spring comin'? And will it please you to go seinin' or shackin' durin' the fine warm summer?' And I says, 'I'll think it over.' And I've been thinking it over, and I've a fancy of a Rob Roy bow, and a Preceptor beam, and one of those Mone-ark sterns, an' a Harry Belden style of standing up to a breeze when reaching, and a Mary Whalen way of goin' to wind'ard in a gale. But the main thing is going to be the revolution of authority from aft forard. Yes, sir, I'm going to put the cabin in the fo'c's'le. I'll be the first skipper out of Gloucester that ever bunked in the forehold for choice——"

"With electric bells from the wheel to your stateroom, I s'pose?"

"With Bruss'ls carpet and Ottermans——" goes on Paddie.

"What?"

"Ottermans — for the lockers — and brass spittoons, an' the very first cabin loafer—the very first—that comes for'ard, except to eat, I'll hand the cook the hatchet and say, 'Cut his toes off, cookie!' Yes, sir, just as soon as he sticks his feet down the gangway, it'll be, 'Cookie, cut the lobster's toes off,' and I'll bet he'll hop back on deck some lively."

"You didn't say whether you was goin' seinin' or shackin'."

"Or Mediterranean yachtin', Paddie, darlin'. If it's yachtin', maybe I'd like to speak fer a chance with——"

"Dinner!" roars the watch down the gangway, and first table gang dash for the steps, with the man of new ideas first up.

In the cabin, at about nine o'clock, on the night of the fifth day of this battering, the skipper, who had been studying the glass and the sky alternately for hours, suddenly said, "I guess we'll bait up, boys. It looks half-way good for the morning. Two tubs will do for a start." The word was passed above, and the watch on deck could be heard calling out to the fo'c's'le gang, "Below there—bait up!" In five minutes the crew were cutting frozen herring and baiting trawls down in the freezing hold.

It seemed to be yet in the middle of the night when the crew turned out for breakfast. It was certainly some time to daybreak when the men were standing by ready to drop the dories over. Into each dory as it was dropped over the side dove two men. The sea at this time was what any landsman would view with vast respect. No shore-going man, bundled up as these men were, would have made that dive over the rail for the owner's share of the trip. Were one of them to fall overboard he would go down like a lump of ballast. The dories were tossed a dozen feet away from the vessel's side when the painters were slacked and to the height of a man's head above the rail. When they settled into the hollows they fell to somewhere down near her keelson. They were then dropped astern, where swirling, jumping, sagging under the vessel's overhang and away again, they were towed by a short painter in the boiling wake of the schooner, and she tearing along by the wind under four lower sails.

The first dory was cast loose, and the man in the bow, after coiling the painter tightly over her stem, seized the oars and began to row, heaving his body well into every stroke. The man aft, at the same time threw over the buoy line. The ground line, with gangings and hooks attached, was whirled dexterously from its coils in the tub by the aid of a stick, and sent after the buoy line. One dory followed another with a quarter mile between. Some of these old trawlers kept the air full of line and hooks until their tubs were empty.

All strong, tough men were these—only such can stand trawling. Conceive a man hauling a mile and a half of trawls off the bottom on a cold winter's day! Sometimes the trawl catches on the rough bottom—gets "hung up"—and the men have to discard mitts, and grip with only a pair of "nippers," bracelets of cloth held in the palm of the hand, creased to allow of a better hold of the line. And imagine the little dory pitching to the top of every wave, and then dropping down into the hollow until, watching from the vessel's deck, you wonder if it is ever coming up again!

It is not really rough weather this day, and it is only now and then that one man has to stop and bail the dory. Some-

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times so much water comes inboard that both have to bail. It might be much worse. Suppose it is really cold weather, when the spray freezes almost as fast as it comes aboard. The spray flies over the men, too, until hair and beard is iced up except where their steaming breath keeps it melted, though that is a small matter. It may be that they have to keep pounding ice to keep her gunnels out of water. Their hands and fingers begin to freeze up until there is danger that they will drop off—sometimes they do drop off—but they must go on hauling trawls. Nothing of that happened this trip. In early March the weather is not cold enough for that. But that has happened, and it will happen again. Just so long as men trawl on the banks will that happen.

When our skipper thought the trawls had been allowed to set long enough he hoisted the hauling signal to the main peak. In the nearest dory the men can be seen starting to action. Over a "gurdy" in the bow one man hauls the stubborn line. He is a hardened expert, this one, and hauls it in barehanded, stopping only now and then to slap heat into his fingers. When there appears a hook with a fish on it, he grasps the "ganging" low down, gives a forward and then an easy backward swing, which combines with a professional flirt of the wrist to free the hook and land the fish in the bottom of the dory. If it is a large fellow—a big steak cod, say—then the trawler holds him half clear of the water with one hand, while he gaffs him with the other. His dory mate, during all this, is in the waist, taking the trawl, as it comes in over the bow, re-baiting and coiling it back in the tub to be ready for the next set.

All this time the skipper is standing in and out among the dories. He has a wary eye out for signs of squalls, particularly for snow-squalls and fogs, which are the dread of trawlers, and which account for most of the trawlers lost in dories. The skipper keeps an eye out to see how the fish are coming, and when the men are ready to come aboard he shoots the vessel from one to the other when he can, to save them all the rowing possible. But wind and tide scatter them widely, and some have a long, hard row with the gunnels of their loaded dories almost flush with the sea.

Coming alongside, the men fork the fish over the rail into the compartments on her deck. It is a hard matter for them to hold their feet while pitching fish in this sea. After the first set the men stay aboard just about long enough to get a fresh pipeful—most fishermen smoke nearly all the time except when they are asleep or on watch. After their second set they stop just long enough to eat a quick dinner. They are driving things now during this good fishing. Two more sets and trawling is done for the day. After the last set three of the dories had to be picked up by torchlight.

The very last dory to be picked up caused some anxiety. It was quite dark, and the men went into the rigging to hail for her. It was a long time before the flare of her torch could be made out. It was a man to the mast-head who finally saw the little light rising and falling in the sea.

Before any further work is attempted comes the blessed supper. The men wash-up on deck, and joyfully drop into the forec's'le, where they discard oil-jackets, heave their sou'westers into the nearest bunks, and sit down to a performance that is worth a trip to see. This has been a fine day's work. Twenty-five thousand of haddock and 10,000 of cod, fine fish all, is up in the pens. The way the grub goes! The cook is up on his toes from start to finish. They steam up as they eat. Their faces begin to take on a warm glow and their tongues loosen up. All day long they have had but little to say, but now they joke and roar as they pile in the food. One dory had a string of gear caught in the tide and had to cut it away. Another dory was "hung up" for so long in the morning that the two men in her had to rush all the rest of the day to catch up. "Look at the pair of them," is the way in which attention was called their way, "they're breathing yet."

From the table the men go to dress down the fish, taking along, of course, the beloved pipe, fresh-filled. Half a dozen torches with big wicks are set around the deck and the men divide into a gang to leeward and a gang to windward. Two men of each gang rip the fish up the stomach, and three "gut," that is remove the intestines. Two men rinse them in a tub of salt water and two pitch them be-

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low. The two gangs race to see which shall get its side cleaned up first. It is drive, drive, drive. Down in the hold two men chop ice and two others pack the fish in pens and the vapor comes from off them while they work.

Four hours of this slashing work and the fish were in the hold. The decks were running fish-blood and gurry, and the oil-skins of the men dripped gore under the light of the smoking torches. Gurry, blood and salt water dripped from neck to boot heel, and streams of sweat ran down their smoked faces. There was an uproarious washing down of decks and selves. They swished buckets of water over one another almost as freely as they heaved them into the scuppers. With horse-play and some really funny talk they crowded down the forec's'le gangway. A "mug-up," and then ten minutes, possibly twenty for those who took their last pipe sedately, and the crew of the Parker had turned in. Five minutes more and it was a very quiet vessel. In the forec's'le not a sound; in the cabin only the skipper rustling a chart. On deck the watch trod softly and, when they came together, spoke in whispers.

By daybreak the next morning they were out and doing it all over again. It is bait up, into dories, drop astern, heave over trawls, let them set, haul in, come alongside and pitch fish over the rail. Four times of that in the day, with the last dory coming aboard in the dark again by the light of the torches, with the anxious watchers in the rigging. And then the drive of dressing down, with the glorious finish to it all—the "mug-up," the blissful pipe, and heavenly sleep. Two days more of it and the Parker had her load. They held her up, 'no'the no'the east' for forty-five miles by the log. Then it was—this from the skipper—"Swing her off, boom her out, west by no'the and drive her." The Horace B. Parker of Gloucester, with 70,000 pounds of haddock and twenty-odd thousand of cod was running for the Boston market. Her able crew, feeling pretty fine, overhauled trawls and other gear, or sat around and wove the dream carpets whereon to disport themselves when they should get ashore. It was down in the cabin that they gave free play to their fancies.

"Two dollars for them haddock and $3 for them market cod, and there'll be about a $70 share comin' round. This is the trip, people, when I telegraphs for the wife and we go to the theatre." He was a big lusty man, an able trawler, with hair that seemed to wave as the brain beneath it worked, and eyes that said more than his tongue.

"What show, John?"

"'Ben-Hur.' Yes, sir. They say there's a chariot race in that to fairly make your hair curl. Bill—Bill for'ard—tells me that he felt like gettin' up and hollerin'. Yes, sir, I want to see that chariot race."

He weighed about 200 pounds, this man, and the blood was ready to burst his skin. He could probably have picked up Ben-Hur and the chariot together and hove them into the wings. He was warming his toes and blowing puffs of smoke toward the skylight in extreme contentment at the prospect. He had put in twenty years at trawling. He had lived through winters on Georges. His experience in his last big blow, "The Portland breeze," when the Portland steamer went down with all on board, one hundred and fifty-odd souls, had been described by him in four sentences: "Let me tell you, people, but there was some wind and snow in the bay that night. We lay-to, misdoubting the Maggie would ride it out. The wind jumped to the no'west—oh, man, but it screeched—and we took it all night long. Next day we bucked her home—a good vessel, the old Maggie." This man regarded a chariot race on the stage as an exciting experience to look forward to.

The Parker got in. The dreams of the men were not realized. They did not get $2 for haddock, nor $3 for cod. Forty other vessels had also found good fishing after the gale, and had come home with full holds, and so the market was down. The men shared $35 apiece. John did not send for his wife, nor did he see "Ben-Hur." He contented himself with a glass of ale up on Atlantic Avenue. He treated a ship-mate and a dock loafer, and he took a small glass of ale on the return treat. "But next trip, maybe—Lent 'll be still here—the wife and me'll go to see 'Ben-Hur,'" he said.

Of abiding faith is the able fisherman—and of courage everlasting.

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A STORY OF THREE STATES

By Alfred Mathews

THIS is a true story of three States. Its purpose is to relate the really astounding expansion of Connecticut in the eighteenth century, and the most remarkable movement of internal colonization in the whole history of the country. It is the story of Connecticut militant in Pennsylvania, and of Connecticut triumphant in Ohio; of long warfare at Wyoming, and peaceful conquest in the Western Reserve. The beginning of Connecticut's bold bodily projection westward, six hundred miles into the wilderness, was Cushutunk, on the Delaware; and its end is Cleveland, on Lake Erie, now become the chief city of Ohio, and the "Reserve" lying round about it, peoped by that expansive movement of Connecticut, as large, as populous, as characteristically Connecticut as is the mother State.

Who ever heard of Cushutunk? Who has not heard of Cleveland? They were the products of one and the same force. Of the half-century of time and the strange warfare in the wilderness that lay between them, and of the final vicarious reward of victory in Ohio, this story tells.

Cushutunk's humble being was begun on a soft day in June, 1757, when the solitude and solemn quiet of the valley of the upper Delaware were rudely broken by the resounding strokes of axes sturdily swung —always the first signal of the forest conquerors' coming—and a cluster of rude log-cabins arose in the tiny niche which a band of Connecticut pioneers had chopped in the wall of fresh foliage on the western bank of the river, far up toward the north line of Pennsylvania. Penn's province was well settled to the southward, but all west of this handful of adventurers was a wilderness, clear to the setting sun. It was only a minute dot of civilization which these "Yankees" placed in the present County of Wayne, in Penn's dominion, and some five years later, when Wyoming was planted, it had but thirty families; but it involved most momentous issues.

It was the first, the pioneer settlement of the Connecticut people within the boundaries of Penn's province. It represented the first overt act of an intercolonial intrusion; the initial movement of that persistent, general, systematic invasion which resulted in the settlement of Wyoming and the establishment of a Connecticut colony and a Connecticut government on Pennsylvania soil; a determined effort to dismember the State and to create another, to be carved from the territory of Pennsylvania; and all of the varied acts, the dissension and strife, armed conflict and frequent bloodshed of what have been commonly called the "Pennamite Wars." But beyond these effects, the action of the "Yankee" invaders of a coveted land, to which they believed themselves rightly entitled, became inextricably interwoven in cause and consequence with that darkest deed of the border warfare of the Revolution, the bloody massacre of Wyoming. This, in turn, had a marked effect in England in creating sympathy for the colonies. The fame of Wyoming went far abroad, but the effects of the movement, of which the massacre was an episode, became immensely important at home. The half-century of contention opened with the Yankee invasion proved almost too much for colonial ability to adjust; and it became an embarrassing legacy to the young union, which it was feared by many prudent patriots might demonstrate a fatal weakness in its cohesive quality. It was amicably settled, however, in a way which not only avoided disaster but helped to cement the confederation; and when the long lingering clouds of the Pennamite wars had been finally dispersed, it was found that the practical results of Connecticut's persistent colonization project had been the incorporation of a small but beneficial element of Yankee blood in the body politic of Pennsylvania; and—on the part of Connecticut—the proud possession of what equalled a State—more than ten times as much ground as she had fought for in

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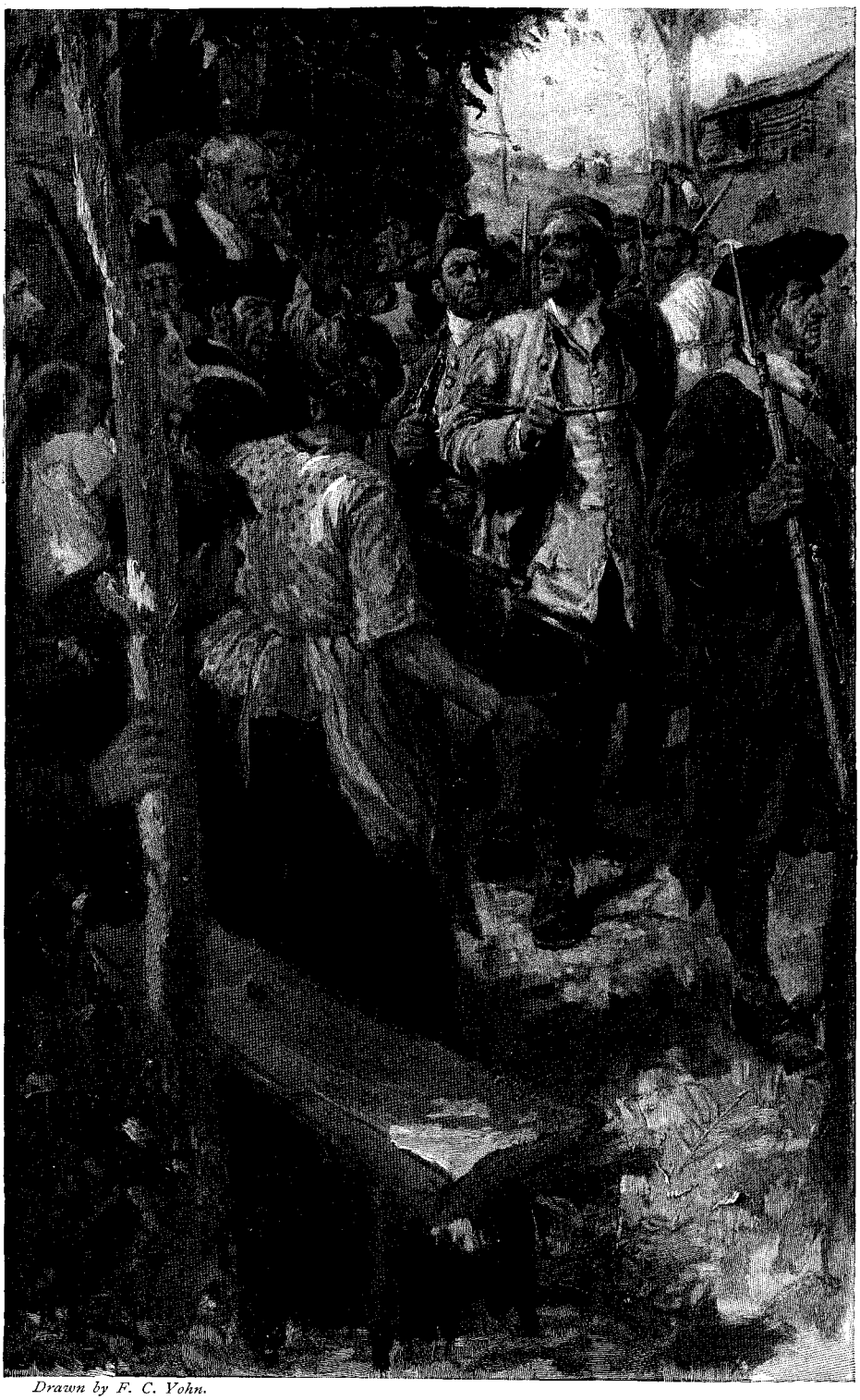

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Arrest of the Connecticut Pioneer Leaders at Wyoming.

Ogden opened the war by the arrest of the Yankee leaders, whom he marched through the woods to Easton Jail sixty miles away.

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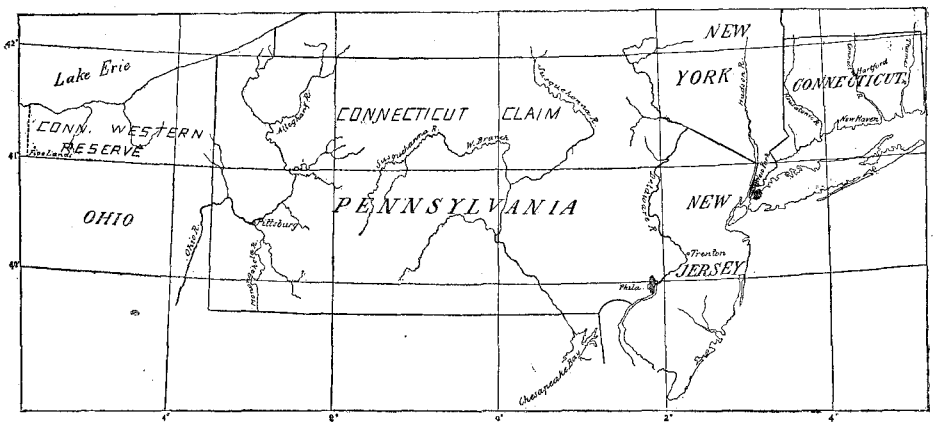

Map Showing the Connecticut Claim in Pennsylvania and the Western Reserve in Ohio.

Pennsylvania—but beyond her borders, in that then No Man's Land, the old Northwest Territory by the shore of Lake Erie, the famous "Western Reserve," in the future State of Ohio. And thus, after long tribulations, ended in triumph the strangest and most strenuous organized movement in the whole history of Western colonization.

So much, in brief, for the Omega of the movement, which had its tangible Alpha at old Cushutunk, on the Delaware.

Cushutunk and Wyoming were established under the auspices of two separate companies organized in Connecticut, and actuated by a common purpose—the colonization of the westward-lying lands covered by Connecticut's charter—in other words, northern Pennsylvania. Wyoming was founded by what was known as the Connecticut Susquehanna Company, and Cushutunk by the Delaware Company. Both had precisely the same basis of claim, and both sought to attain their ends by precisely the same methods, but the Susquehanna Company, because the stronger, became prominent in history, while the Delaware Company was left in comparative obscurity.

All this contention about the possession of a part of the Quaker province with its far-reaching consequences, it will be recalled, had its origin in the ignorance and indifference of the British monarchs concerning American geography, and the confusion that ensued from carelessness in the granting of royal charters to the several colonies. Several of them overlapped, and thus caused conflicts of authority in regard to ownership.

Connecticut's charter, which was granted by Charles II. in 1662, confirming and combining former charters and deeds, conveyed to that colony all of the territory of the present State, *and all of the lands west of it, to the extent of its breadth, from sea to sea,* or "to the South Sea." This would have brought Connecticut's western extension nearly or quite down to the forty-first degree of north latitude—almost to the Delaware Water Gap, and thus (had the claim been maintained) Pennsylvania would have been diminished to the extent of over two-fifths of its present territory.

Connecticut, in her strenuous endeavor to realize her early dreams of territorial expansion, was obliged by certain conditions in her charter to pass over the lovely valley of the Hudson and other territory of New York—which must have caused her acquisitive people a sharp pang of regret; but curiously enough she did not let this interruption of her claim bar her from seizure of the lands still farther west. Many of her sons looked with an intense longing to Wyoming, and some may have seen with prophetic vision the rich reward that awaited the meek in the inheritance of that part of the earth in the future State of Ohio, which ultimately became the "Connecticut Western Reserve." The promised land was not to be relinquished without a struggle.

Pennsylvania's claim to the lands lying about Wyoming, the subject of the Con-

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necticut contention, was as sound and just as to any within her charter limits.

The charter granted to Pennsylvania, upon the north, territory extending through the forty-second degree or to the beginning of the forty-third degree north latitude, thus overlapping by one degree the grant made to Connecticut by the same sovereign nineteen years before. Sir William Jones, the Attorney of the Crown, had reported that "the tract of land desired by Mr. Penn seems to be undisposed of by His Majesty, except the imaginary lines of New England patents, which are bounded westwardly by the main ocean, should give them a real, though impracticable right to all of those vast territories." Thus the seed of strife was sown far away across the ocean; and fate so generously nourished the troublesome transplanted nettle here that the Quaker husbandman labored in vain for half a century to clear it from the soil.

The peace-loving Quaker colony had been assaulted on all sides. Maryland and Virginia had endeavored to despoil her on the south, and New York and even New Jersey had successively sought to secure a fraction of her dominion. These efforts were all brief, bloodless, without result.

But now Connecticut began with well-organized system, persistent purpose, and strong promise of permanent success what with the other colonies had been mere casual and ephemeral aggressions. The little Yankee colony seemed possessed of an irrepressible expansive spirit, which made it impossible for her to rest content within her bounds. As early as 1653 she had made a bold bluster of armed attack upon the placid Dutch of Manhattan Island, and threatened to annex certain towns on Long Island. The same restless pioneering and colonizing spirit which eventually led the Connecticut men to Wyoming and caused the settlement of western New York and northern Ohio, had been active a full forty years before the coming of Penn, in planting settlements on the Delaware.

There was thus nothing particularly new in Connecticut's purpose regarding the invasion of Pennsylvania. It was merely a later manifestation of an old-time tendency turned in a new direction, a trifle more carefully planned and very much more pertinaciously prosecuted.

Spies were sent to spy out the land, and it is probable that in the summer of 1750 some of these for the first time looked down from its flanking mountain-wall upon the fair virginal valley of Wyoming. Three years later, the Susquehanna Company was formed, and under this organization (consisting of 840 persons, afterward augmented to 1,200) it was proposed to occupy the coveted ground. The company as its first step to this end sent agents to Albany, in 1754, to purchase from the Indians of the Six Nations the land in the Wyoming Valley. The Pennsylvanians had been alert to the danger that was menacing the province, but their protests were unavailing against the Susquehanna Company's offer of 2,000 pounds of New York money; and the Connecticut men went away triumphant in the possession of the Indian title to the land, which they regarded as completing the legal title of their colony. Governor Hamilton, of Pennsylvania, about this time wrote to the Governor of Connecticut remonstrating against the proposed settlement at Wyoming. Governor Wolcott, of Connecticut, answered in a non-committal but persuasive way, and at the same time touched upon what was really the keynote of the "Pennamite War," although it has very generally been lost sight of, even by usually careful historians, in viewing the complicated contention which ensued. Ignoring any response to the request that he should restrain the "invaders," he urged that those who became settlers should be made "freeholders," artfully arguing upon the inestimable value of ready and resolute defence to be rendered by men whose vital interest was thus enlisted, in case of French aggression. They should have something "to fight for of their own."

Now the heirs of William Penn owned the lands of the province in fee-simple, and their policy was to settle the best of them under leases. Thus one of the worst features of feudalism was planted upon the soil of Pennsylvania. The question whether those who cultivated the acres they dwelt upon should be serfs or freeholders, really underlay the whole Wyoming controversy.

This explains in a large measure the

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sympathy which came to be extended to the Connecticut settlers by a considerable element among the Pennsylvania people. The "Yankee" settlers were of precisely the kind that the proprietors did not want, for they certainly were not of such character as to offer any promise of tractability or subservience to those ideas which governed the landed aristocracy. Herein lay the secret of the motive for the constant resort to official and military demonstrations by which the Penns sought the forcible expulsion of the settlers rather than the employment of diplomacy to secure their recognition of the proprietary civil jurisdiction and the peaceful settlement of the northern boundary dispute.

Indian war intervening, the Susquehanna Company effected no settlement during all the years between its organization and 1762. But if idle, so far as outward appearances went, it was storing strength, and in the meantime the Delaware Company, having come into existence and bought an Indian title, had settled Cushutunk, as we have seen, in 1757.

This first act of aggression aroused the Penns to a conviction that there would ensue a veritable invasion, and they took steps to fortify their title. They obtained from Charles Pratt (afterward Lord Camden), the Attorney of the Crown, an opinion adverse to Connecticut's claim; but the Yankees were even better grounded in the law, for they had, not from one only, but from four eminent London barristers opinions against Pennsylvania.

Measures of coercion were resorted to by the Penns against the little colony at Cushutunk, proclamations issued, sheriffs' officers sent there with warnings, and a series of actions followed which constituted a prelude to the long contention at Wyoming.

The Delaware Indians, whose home was in Pennsylvania, complicated affairs by contending that they had been victimized by their old-time enemy, the Six Nations, who had "sold their lands from under their feet"; that they themselves, the real owners, had sold none at all.

Such was the situation when in the early spring of 1762 about 200 Connecticut men made the first settlement, under the auspices of the Susquehanna Company (about a mile above the site of Wilkes-Barre) in the Wyoming Valley. This term was then, as now, applied to a stretch of the Susquehanna bottoms about twenty-one miles long and averaging three miles in width, shut in by actual mountain-walls a thousand feet in height. Fertile and fair as heart could wish, abounding in the richest growth of all that was natural to the clime, watered by the broad river and by innumerable cascades that leaped down the verdure-clad hills, it must, in its primeval condition, have seemed to those pioneers a veritable garden of the gods.

Though the Delaware Indians demanded of the Governor of Pennsylvania their immediate expulsion from the new-found Eden, nothing was done, and tranquillity reigned in the lovely land for two seasons. But it was only such calm as lulls to a false sense of security.

A storm was portending. The Indians were sullen. Their great chief, Teedyuscung, had been mysteriously burned to death in his cabin by some of his Indian enemies among the Six Nations, but Indian cunning threw suspicion upon the poor Yankees. The Delawares, brooding for months upon the murder, and obtaining no satisfactory answer to their repeated demands that the settlers should be driven out of the country, at last, on the night of October 15th, fell in fury—but silently, without a single warning whoop — on the little village, and murdered twenty of its people. The rest fled, some to the lower settlements in Pennsylvania, some to Connecticut. This was the first massacre of Wyoming, not indeed an incident of the "Pennamite War," but an example of Indian ferocity in the resentment of real or imagined wrong, and an experience sufficient to deter forever any less pertinacious people than the Connecticut settlers from returning to the scene of its occurrence.

It did indeed keep Wyoming a wilderness for half a dozen years. But in 1769 the natural charms of the region had so far overcome the horrors enacted there, that the Yankees were constrained to possess themselves again of the valley. In February came a body of forty determined men, sent out by the Susquehanna Company to occupy the country and de-

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fend it at all hazards against the Pennsylvanians. They were to be reinforced by 200 more and they were given land and money liberally for their services. They were commanded by a native of Connecticut, a resolute soldier, a hero of the French and Indian wars, who had gained honors also at the taking of Havana in 1762—Colonel Zebulon Butler. He and his men built "Forty Fort," so called from their number, a mere block-house, but destined to be famous — the site of which is still prominently identified.

In the meantime the Penns had induced the Indians to repudiate their sale to the Yankees, and, on the principle that possession is nine points of the law, had founded a settlement in Wyoming, under one Captain Amos Ogden, an Indian-trader from New Jersey, whose armed band Butler was not a little surprised to find there ready for resistance.

And now commenced a hand-to-hand contest for the lovely, fatally alluring valley, and practically for all that part of Pennsylvania between the forty-first and forty-second parallels of latitude—one of the strangest struggles in the history of the country—a contest having many of the elements of an *opera-bouffe* war, but unfortunately a plenitude of tragedy, too.

Ogden opened the war by the arrest of the Yankee leaders, whom he marched through the woods to Easton jail, sixty miles away. They were speedily released on bail furnished by their followers and by some Pennsylvania sympathizers. Then Ogden arrested the whole forty, and the little jail received a glut of prisoners that fairly strained its walls, but again all went free on bail and trooped triumphantly back to Wyoming. By the next summer the settlements contained over 300 men, while more were constantly coming. Some of the later arrivals erected Fort Durkee, named in honor of their captain. Again Ogden appeared on the scene, this time with 200 men, and after he had captured Durkee by strategy, and sent him in irons to Philadelphia, the rest surrendered, possibly awed by the appearance of a little four-pound cannon which the warlike Ogden had unlimbered before the fort. The poor settlers were peremptorily put on the road to Connecticut.

Ogden now went to Philadelphia to receive applause after this first act of the drama, but he had scarcely heard the first congratulations of the Proprietaries when news came that the little garrison he had left to guard the valley had been as summarily ejected as were the Yankees a few days before. And the worst of it was that the aggressors were Pennsylvanians, of the class who sympathized with the Connecticut people. They were under Captain Lazarus Stewart, and had moved with a spirit stimulated by the presentation of a whole township of land from the Susquehanna Company.

In this entry upon the scene of Stewart and his men we have a suggestion of one secret of the long continuance of the Pennamite wars. They were not the only Pennsylvanians who actively sympathized with and succored the Yankees; and there were still more who, while they had no particular love for the intruders, had none whatever for the Penns. These conditions made it well-nigh impossible for the Proprietaries to sweep back, and keep back, the rising tide of immigration. It was not the powerful province of Pennsylvania, but the mere private family of William Penn, impoverished and unpopular, which was opposing the invasion. Had it been a matter of colony against colony, Pennsylvania would doubtless have prevailed over the intruders in one grand decisive action, and so summarily have ended the strife.

But, as it was, there followed a tedious and trying succession of strategic movements, skirmishes, sieges, counter-sieges, sorties, sallies, captures, capitulations, and evictions of one party or the other, all without permanent result.

The first blood flowed soon after Stewart's appearance in the valley, when, he having restored Wyoming to the possession of the Yankees, they were in turn attacked by Ogden's *posse* and one of the Connecticut men was killed and several wounded. This gave to future clashings of the two parties an increased ardor, and from thence onward there were many sanguinary conflicts in this miniature war. Once after Ogden had been long besieged, and had finally to surrender, there came a period of five months of peace. Colonel Butler returned, recruits came

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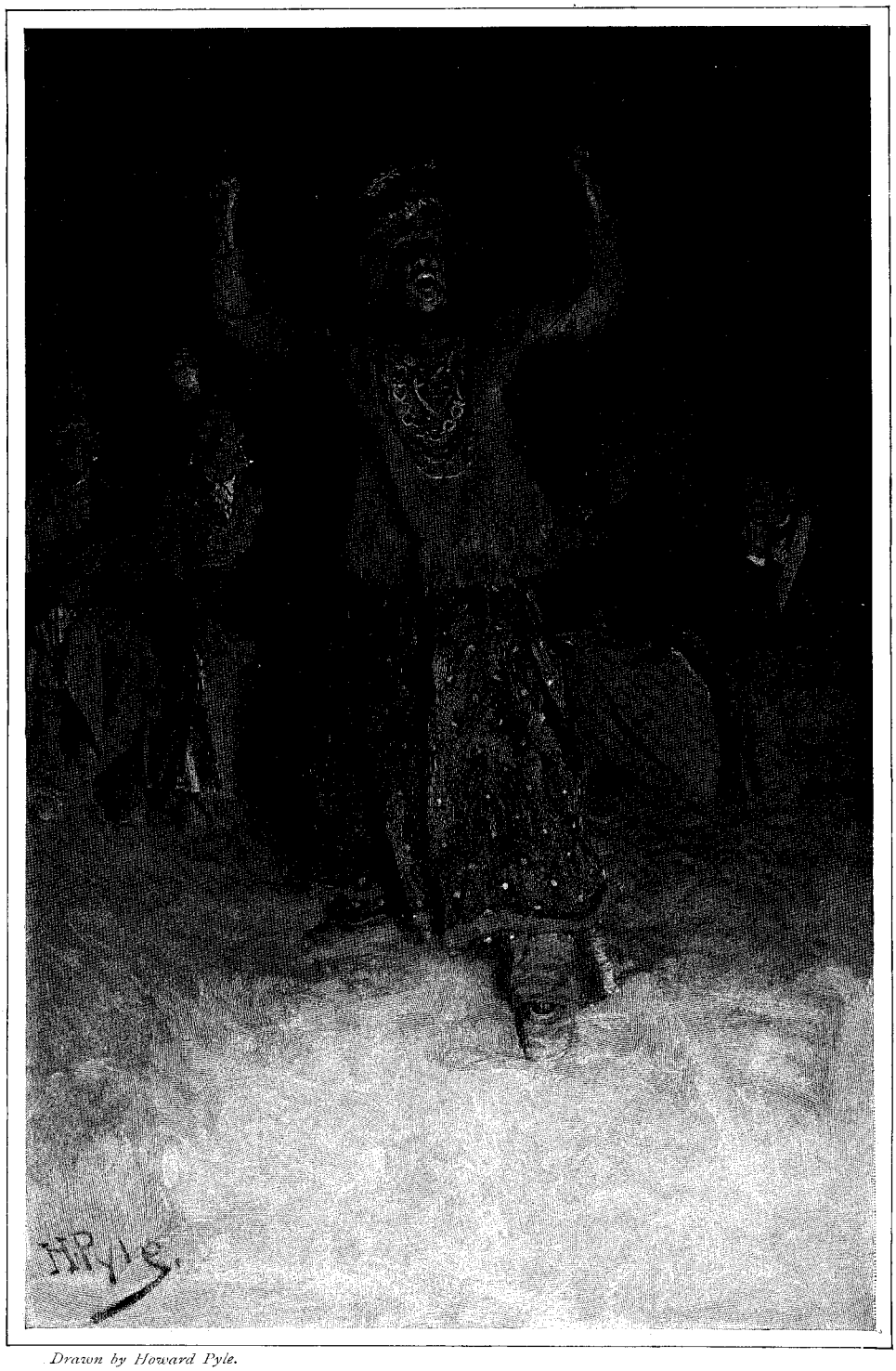

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Queen Esther Inciting the Indians to Attack the Settlers at Wyoming.

The figure to the right is Brant, and the white man is Butler.

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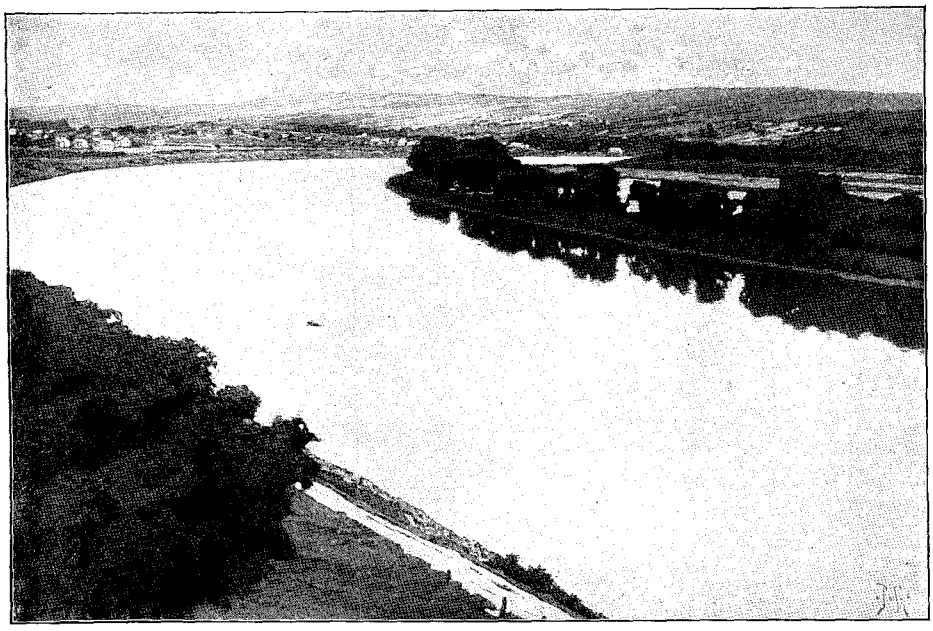

Looking Down the Susquehanna River from Near the Corner of River and Market Streets, Wilkes-Barre.*

Wy-wa-mick (Wyoming), the Delaware Indian town stood (1757-63) a few rods southwest of the group of houses at the bend of the river.

with a rush, and there were new life and activity in the valley. But Ogden was again sent by the alarmed Penns to break up the settlement. A battle ensued in September, 1770, and several of the Connecticut men were killed, many prisoners taken, and all who could do so made their way to their old New England homes. This was the fourth time that Connecticut in Pennsylvania had totally ceased to be.

But the Yankees, as promptly and cheerfully as if nothing had happened, came back in the spring with bluff Colonel Butler again at their head, and hostilities reopened in earnest, which involved enough of thrilling adventure to constitute a whole Odyssey of woodcraft war. Finally, after Ogden had been summarily defeated, with the loss of nine men, an interval of peace ensued which lasted four years.

Up to this time Connecticut as a colony had not, at least openly, taken any part in the Wyoming controversy, but now, when there was for the first time some reason to think that the Penns had succumbed to the inevitable, the colony sought to extend government over the territory so long fought for by its subject the Susquehanna Company. Accordingly, in January, 1774, Wyoming, Pennsylvania, was included in a county of Connecticut, under the name of Westmoreland, and shortly afterward a "town" was established practically coextensive with the former, and of the same name. The principal settlement was duly named Wilkes-Barre, in honor of John Wilkes and Colonel Isaac Barre, champions of the colonies in the British Parliament. The "town meeting" idea of New England root flourished from the first, and soon burst into full bloom. Elections were held and representatives sent to the Connecticut Legislature. The great County of Westmoreland extended from the river Delaware westward fifteen miles beyond Wyoming, and in extent from north to south was the whole width of the charter bounds. It thus included Cushutunk (as we have already seen, the first settlement of the Connecticut people) and other settlements on the Delaware.

All told, some 6,000 people had now come into Yankee Pennsylvania. Peace had prevailed longer than the Connecticut men had ever before experienced it. But the isolation of one of the new, outlying settlements tempted a revival of Penn-

* This and the following illustrations are from material furnished by Oscar J. Harvey, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre.

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View of Wyoming Valley To-day from Inman Hill, Southwest of Wilkes-Barre.

sylvania authority; and the success which attended the expedition of one Plunkett in destroying it made him such a hero that he was given a far larger force with which to strike a supreme blow at the stronger settlements.

There were other and entirely new circumstances, however, which combined to produce this action. The fate of Wyoming was still, indeed, in some sense, involved in the affairs of the Pennamite Wars, but the little ripples on the local sea of trouble were fast being swallowed up in the great ground-swell of the Revolution. Wyoming had for a time enjoyed peace *because* of the Revolution; that is, because the Penns, aware of its approach and long cognizant, too, of the fact that their *régime* was not to the liking of a majority of the people, had desisted from demonstrations which would attract to them undesirable attention. But now the rumblings of the Revolution which had given Wyoming peace, brought it a revival of the Pennamite War; that is, of the Pennamite War with all of the Penn *animus* plus that of entirely new interests. In explanation it must be said that the Penns had begun in 1771 to sell lands in Wyoming which theretofore they would only rent. Many Pennsylvanians had purchased, and so had strong personal motive for the expulsion of the Yankee settlers under Connecticut's claim.

And now came the year 1775 and the battles of Lexington and Concord. The war was begun. If it should end favorably to the colonies, there would attach to Wyoming a new and far greater value than that it had possessed under a feudal proprietorship. Therefore, many more Pennsylvanians became interested, and where it had formerly been a slow and difficult task to raise 100 or so men for one of the Ogden expeditions, 700 were quickly enlisted for Plunkett's. Men who until then had been entirely indifferent to the welfare of Wyoming—such prominent Pennsylvanians as Morris, Meredith, Biddle, Shippen, Tilghman—were liberal contributors to the fund raised for the equipment of the expedition.

An army of 700 men, led by as plucky a commander as Plunkett, would at any time prior to this period have routed the Yankees from Wyoming, and a permanent garrison of half that number would have kept them forever from returning, but now it was too late.

Plunkett marched bravely up with his 700, a formidable train, and a field-piece or so, but Butler, with only half as many fighting-men, beat him off in a decisive battle, and the Pennsylvanians hopelessly

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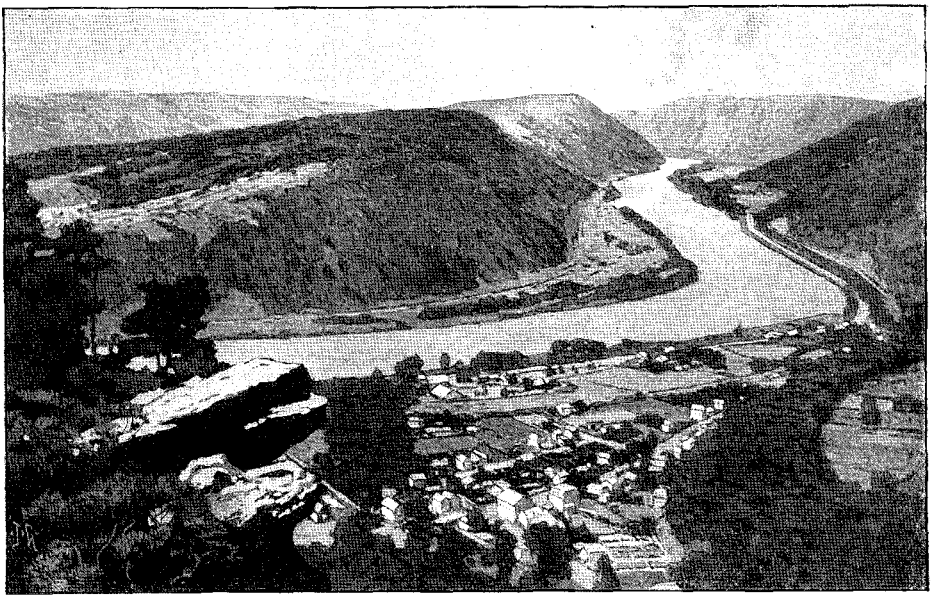

View Down the Susquehanna River from the Mountain at the Southwest End of Wyoming Valley.

The village shown is West Nanticote. Here the Pennamites under Colonel Plunkett encamped after their march in December, 1775, up along the right or west bank of the river to drive the Yankees out of Wyoming.

retired. Thus, by force of arms and with the blood of her sons, Connecticut had sealed the claim she believed right to the soil of a sister-colony, and the Wyoming men now settled down to enjoy the loveliness of that land they had conquered and clothed with law.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Revolutionary war was in progress, and that many of the leaders and able-bodied men were withdrawn from the settlement, having patriotically entered the Continental army, Wyoming was blessed with peace and prosperity. Its people realized pretty closely the condition of those in the fanciful "Happy Valley" of Rasselas. So they might have continued to do, as far as any molestation from their old enemy the Pennamites was concerned; but a new terror was taking form. A great storm was gathering in the North, which was soon to shut the sunshine from the basking valley, and bring down in its place such darkness and devastation as, with all its tribulations, it never yet had known.

The powerful Iroquois, or Six Nations, with other Indians, allies of the British, had, until the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, been held in the northern region; but now they were released, and their war-roused passion was to be wreaked on the defenceless border settlements.

The full fury of the savages was seemingly reserved for fated Wyoming.

There was a partial reason for this in one of the facts which linked with the Wyoming massacre, as an event of the Revolution, the miniature Pennamite War. The intense patriots in the limits of the Connecticut claim had, in 1775, aroused a general enmity among the Tories by expelling from Wyoming some forty of their number (mostly Dutch and Scotch of the Mohawk region), and of course they had incurred the most active and implacable animosity of the individuals whom they had cast out. These now added the venom of their vindictiveness to the composite malevolence brewing as in a caldron. They were associated with the Indians in all of their maraudings on the border; one of their number actually built a blockhouse in the upper part of Wyoming Valley to assist in masking the incursion, and it has been thought by many that their machinations were the chief influence in drawing the Indians thither.

As to the Indians who were regularly in the employ of the British, it is a curious fact that they had been long dominated—speaking in a broad way—by Sir

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William Johnson, and he in turn had been influenced to a considerable extent by one of their number—his mistress, Molly Brant, whose brother, Joseph, was the great chief of the Six Nations. But Sir William was now dead, and whatever of his old-time influence was continued came into operation through his son and nephew and Molly Brant.

As the signs of danger increased at Wyoming in the early summer of 1778, wives besought their husbands to return from the army, and the people generally clamored for protection, calling alike upon the Continental Congress and the Pennsylvania authorities; but no effective measures were taken by either for their aid. Finally, a number of the officers sent in their resignations, and a score or so of the privates deserting, they hurried to the threatened settlements. Among them was Colonel Zebulon Butler, who by common consent became commander. There was not only lack of men, but lack of ammunition; and as danger grew daily nearer, Colonel Butler, having already employed all of the males in scouting, strengthening the forts, and generally preparing for the threatened attack, now set the women all at work in a most strange undertaking—the actual manufacture of much-needed gunpowder, to which even with the crude conveniences at hand, Yankee ingenuity proved equal. And, while they leached saltpetre from the soil in the block-houses, prepared charcoal, bruised quantities of each with pestle and mortar, blended them, cast bullets and rifle-balls—while the situation daily and hourly grew more tense, and no tidings of relief came—the enemy was rapidly massing in the North for an attack which the Wyoming people knew was inevitable.

The Indian and British and Tory forces concentrated at Tioga toward the close of June, 1778, while its leaders sent a delegation of Seneca chiefs to Philadelphia to put Congress off its guard and at the same time sent spies down to Wyoming to ascertain, under the guise of friendship, the exact situation there and to disarm suspicion. But one of them (who was purposely made drunk) revealed enough to confirm positively the worst fears of the settlers—though even the extremest of these were far from foreseeing the sweeping, all-surpassing horror that was swiftly to fall.

And, now, while this army—so soon to bring to Wyoming its crowning calamity and to engage in a sweeping butchery that was to appall the whole world—lies idle at Tioga, let us look at its composition and commanders. Surely, no more heterogeneous herd of murderous soldiers and savages ever assembled in America. It has three elements, and in each many varieties. Its total is not far from twelve hundred fighting-men. First there are 400 British provincials, consisting of Colonel John Butler's Rangers and Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, with a rabble of Tories from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Then there are not far from 700 Indians, chiefly Senecas, with detachments from the Mohawks and other tribes. They are in almost every conceivable dress, and in appearance of every varying degree, from the martial dignity of the trained soldiers down to the ruffian type of the most abandoned and depraved of the Tories. The regulars are in smart uniforms—Butler's Rangers in rich green; the Tories and renegades in every form of backwoods rusticity and tattered motley; the Indians half naked or in savage attire, with their war-paint and barbarous adornment, varied with the martial trappings of soldiers slain in Northern battles. With them swarms a band of squaws, if possible, more blood-thirsty than their masters. Three classes, indeed; but well-nigh 1,000 diverse, fantastic figures, all actuated, however, by a single animus, a ferocious appetite for blood and the possibilities of paltry loot in the humble cabins of the doomed frontiersmen.

But if the rank and file and rabble of this nondescript assemblage are unparalleled in the border war of the Revolution for its complexity, the personalities of its commanders offer contrasts as strange and startling and incongruous. The expedition is avowedly under command of Colonel John Butler (a cousin of Colonel Zebulon Butler, in command of the Wyoming men). He certainly led the British troops, and probably the Indians, at the actual time of the battle and massacre, but the great Mohawk chieftain, Joseph Brant, now in his prime—aged thirty-six—the dignified and able semi-civilized

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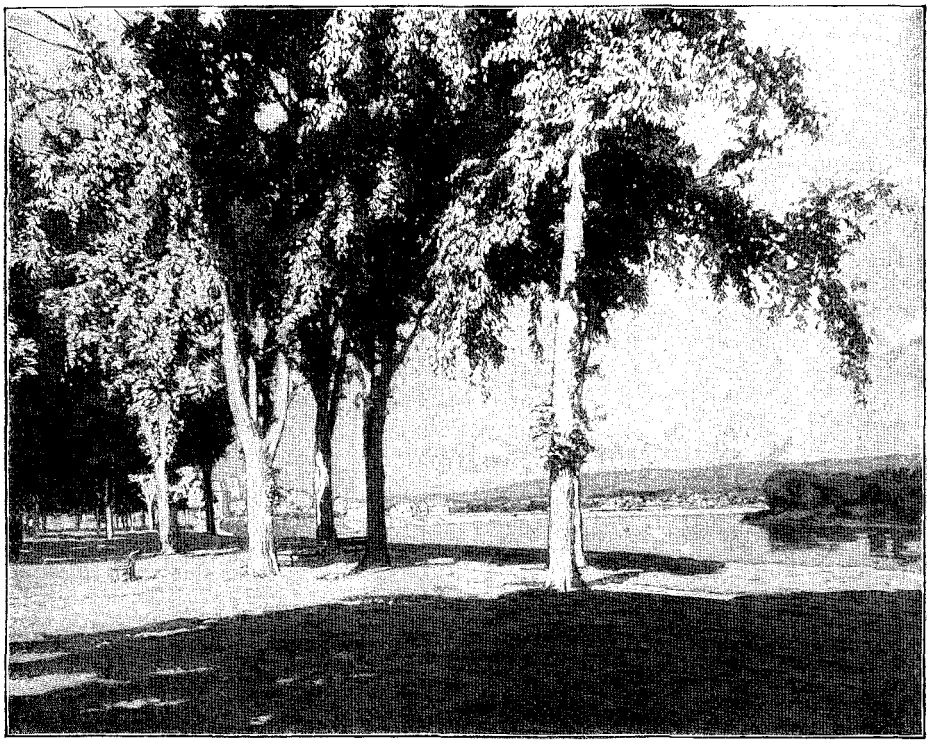

River Common, South, Wilkes-Barre.

In the middle foreground at the left stood Fort Wyoming during the Revolutionary and "Pennamite" wars. It was for a number of years a Continental post.

brother of Sir William Johnson's mistress, and the virtual head of the Six Nations, was with the force shortly before it reached Wyoming, and, if he did not go into the fight, at least assembled the Indians for the expedition. He had attained considerable education, and had translated the Bible into the Mohawk tongue.

Colonel John Butler, commonly called at this time "Indian" Butler, offers a curious contrast to Brant, and is one of the most singular of the sanguinary characters engaged in the great strife. In Brant we see a superb, semi-tamed Indian, for the most part now reverted to savagery, but in whose naturally superior soul some sparks of humanity, engendered by contact with civilization, still glimmer. On the other hand, in Butler there is exhibited, in all that extreme reversion of the type of which the human is capable, the brutalized white man. He was a representative of a more than usually cultivated and gentle line, who had perversely sought savagery, and become more savage than the Indian himself; and now he was called "Indian" Butler, partly to distinguish him from his cousin, Colonel Zebulon Butler, and partly for the simple reason that the *sobriquet* seemed supremely fit. "Indian" Butler was a descendant from a no less personage than that James Butler who was the great Duke of Ormond (1610–1688) of the ancient Anglo-Irish family which traced its genealogy to the dukes of Normandy before the Conquest. He was, perhaps, the ablest, certainly the most atrocious Tory leader of the period, and had figured as the commander of a motley band of marauding whites and Indians in 1776; had fought at their head in the battle of Oriskany, and had otherwise sought fame, and gained infamy.

Fat, and squat of figure, with round, rough visage, he was not in appearance an ideal leader, nor a man of prepossessing person; yet he was noted for his success in the former capacity, and he was not without agreeable traits as a heritage from

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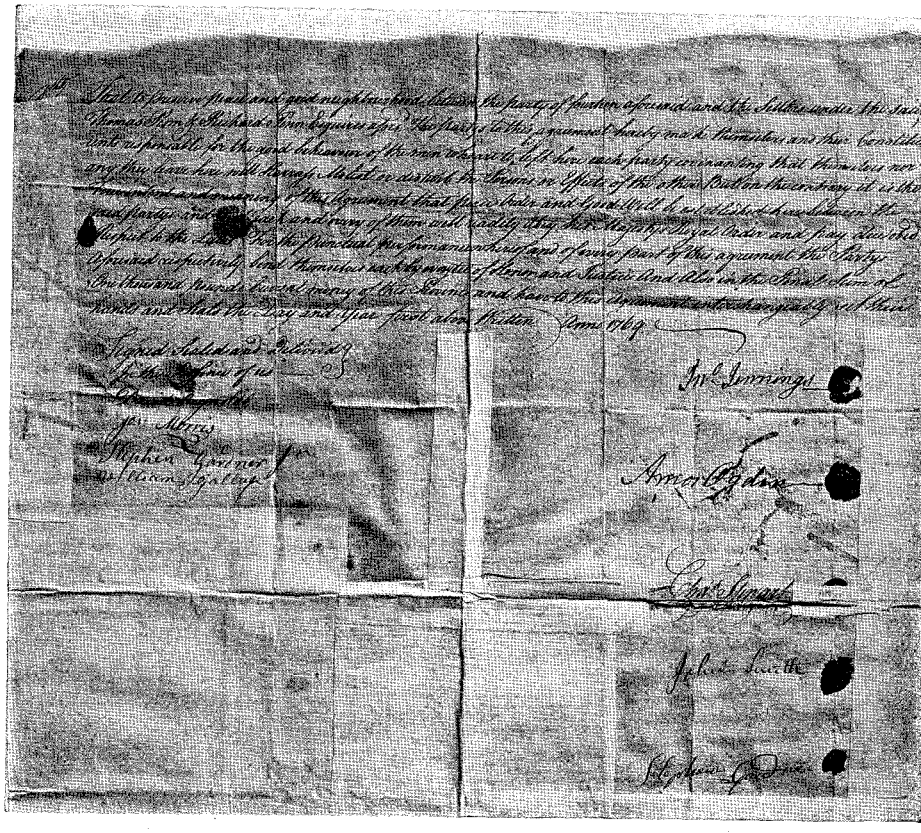
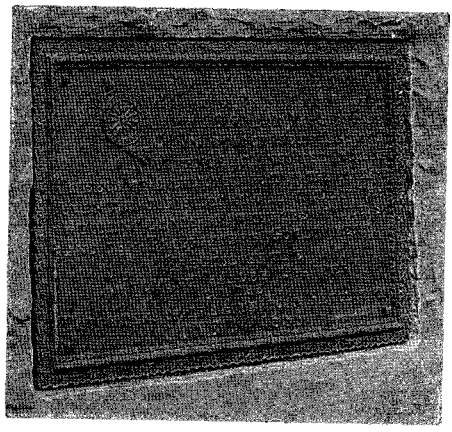


Fac-simile (Reduced) of a Portion of the Articles of Capitulation of Fort Durkee, Wilkes-Barre, by the Connecticut Settlers, November, 1769.

(In the handwriting of Colonel Charles Stewart, one of the signers.)



his high ancestry, that not even his long life among scenes of blood, and his abandonment to more than savage cruelty, could wholly obliterate or conceal. In preparation for the proposed onslaught at Wyoming he was exceedingly active, and no detail escaped him. He was seemingly everywhere at once, never still, nervously but effectively bustling among soldiers, guerillas, and savages alike, inciting them afresh from hour to hour, yet ceaselessly cautioning and exercising control.

If there was contrast between the dignified savage Brant and the excitable, degenerate scion of nobility, "Indian" Butler, the final element of the incongruous and grotesque was reached in a third person of sinister and subtle influence in this strangely mixed mass of harsh humanity. This was a woman, no less than the redoubtable, eccentric enthusiast, "Queen Esther." Catharine Montour was the real name of this picturesque and grewsome figure in the strangest scene of the drama of the Revolution. She was a half-breed, and the reputed daughter of one of the French governors of Canada. She had been liberally educated—possessed refine-

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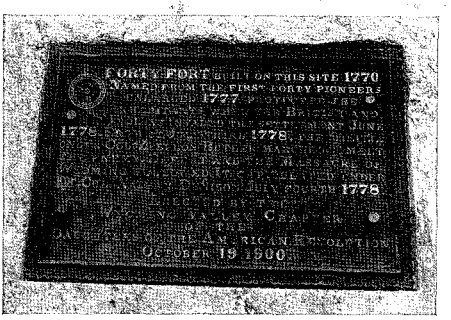
ment, indeed—and the best society of colonial Philadelphia, of Albany, and New York had petted and fêted her as a romantic and engaging young woman, in whose veins coursed a mingling of cultured and savage blood. Soft hands had caressed her, and she was keenly sensible to the gentility of her frequent surroundings, and, in a sense, fitted for them; yet such are the contradictions of wild nature, however restrained temporarily, that this dusky one-time favorite of stately drawing-rooms was the Hecate of the most horrible occurrence in the entire annals of savage war in America.

Queen Esther was a widow now—the widow of a chief—enjoying the repute of a seeress. At all times the possessor of a strange power over the people of her race, but now inflamed by the losses of her kindred, and very recently of a son, she had become a veritable fury who swayed her followers into the utmost extravagances of fanaticism. Even the blood-thirsty Butler, the scourge of the border patriots, though he probably would hesitate at nothing in the way of rapine and murder, feared, upon politic grounds, the supreme ascendancy of this fiery, insanely vengeful "Queen," and hence his activity among his troops, Tory rangers and their red allies. That he did not wholly succeed was shown by the fact that when the final advance was made, Queen Esther became the actual leader of the Indian contingent of the army.

The wild aggregation led by "Indian" Butler and Queen Esther, 1,200 men—soldiers, Indians, renegade whites, all brutalized by three years of fierce frontier warfare; a majority by life-long savagery; many incited by bitter personal animosity, and some by simple thirst for blood; energized by cupidity and cruelty; goaded by race hatred and by human hatred; urged on by all the craft of "Indian" Butler and the crazed cries of the zealot queen—finally advanced as if animated by a single will upon doomed Wyoming. The Indians descended the Susquehanna, their flotilla of canoes, in long, sinuous lines, following the current to a point a score of miles above the settlement, where they took to the shore to continue their advance. To the solitary Wyoming scout who from his lofty mountain station watched every movement of this approach of the enemy, it may easily have seemed that some monster passed the great curves of the stream and drew its slow length over the hills and along the plains—a monster more malignant than the fabled ones of the mediæval forests,—moving upon its prey slowly and inexorably.

(To be concluded in May.)



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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He made our meeting something of a ceremony.—Page 427.

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CAPTAIN MACKLIN

HIS MEMOIRS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT.

IT may seem presumptuous that so young a man as myself should propose to write his life and memoirs, for as a rule one waits until he has accomplished something in the world, or until he has reached old age, before he ventures to tell of the times in which he has lived, and of his part in them. But the profession to which I belong, which is that of a soldier, and which is the noblest profession a man can follow, is a hazardous one, and were I to delay until to-morrow to write down what I have seen and done, these memoirs might never be written, for, such being the fortune of war, to-morrow might not come.

So I propose to tell now of the little I have accomplished in the first twenty-three years of my life, and, from month to month, to add to these memoirs in order that, should I be suddenly taken off, my debit and credit pages may be found carefully written up to date and carried forward. On the other hand, should I live to be an old man, this record of my career will furnish me with material for a more complete autobiography, and will serve as a safeguard against a failing memory.

In writing a personal narrative I take it that the most important events to be chronicled in the life of a man are his choice of a wife and his choice of a profession. As I am unmarried, the chief event in my life is my choice of a profession, and as to that, as a matter of fact, I was given no choice, but from my earliest childhood was destined to be a soldier. My education and my daily environment each pointed to that career, and even if I had shown a remarkable aptitude for any other calling, which I did not, I doubt if I would have pursued it. I am confident that had my education been directed in an entirely different channel, I should have followed my destiny, and come out a soldier in the end. For by inheritance as well as by instinct I was foreordained to follow the fortunes of war, to delight in the clash of arms and the smoke of battle; and I expect that when I do hear the clash of arms and smell the smoke of battle, the last of the Macklins will prove himself worthy of his ancestors.

I call myself the last of the Macklins for the reason that last year, on my twenty-second birthday, I determined I should never marry. Women I respect and admire, several of them, especially two of the young ladies at Miss Butler's Academy I have deeply loved, but a soldier cannot devote himself both to a woman and to his country. As one of our young professors said, "The flag is a jealous mistress."

The one who, in my earliest childhood, arranged that I should follow the profession of arms, was my mother's father, and my only surviving grandparent. He was no less a personage than Major-General John M. Hamilton. I am not a writer; my sword, I fear and hope, will always be easier in my hand than my pen, but I wish for a brief moment I could hold it with such skill, that I might tell of my grandfather properly and gratefully, and describe him as the gentle and brave man he was. I know he was gentle, for though I never had a woman to care for me as a mother cares for a son, I never missed that care; and I know how brave he was, for that is part of the history of my country. During many years he was my only parent or friend or companion; he taught me my lessons by day and my prayers by night, and, when I passed through all the absurd ailments to which a child is heir, he sat beside my cot and lulled me to sleep, or told me stories of the war. There was a childlike and simple quality in his own nature, which made me reach out to him and confide in him as I would have done to one of my own age. Later, I scoffed at this virtue in him as something old-fashioned and credulous. That was when I had reached the age when I

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was older, I hope, than I shall ever be again. There is no such certainty of knowledge on all subjects as one holds at eighteen and at eighty, and at eighteen I found his care and solicitude irritating and irksome. With the intolerance of youth, I could not see the love that was back of his anxiety, and which should have softened it for me with a halo and made me considerate and grateful. Now I see it—I see it now that it is too late. But surely he understood, he knew how I looked up to him, how I loved him, and how I tried to copy him, and, because I could not, consoled myself inwardly by thinking that the reason I had failed was because his way was the wrong one, and that my way was the better. If he did not understand then, he understands now; I cannot bear to think he does not understand and forgive me.

Those were the best days of my life, the days I spent with him as a child in his own home on the Hudson. It stands at Dobbs Ferry, set in a grove of pines, with a garden about it, and a box hedge that shuts it from the road. The room I best remember is the one that overlooks the Hudson and the Palisades. From its windows you can watch the great vessels passing up and down the river, and the excursion steamers flying many flags, and tiny pleasure-boats and great barges. There is an open fireplace in this room, and in a corner formed by the book-case, and next to the wood-box, was my favorite seat. My grandfather's place was in a great leather chair beside the centre-table, and I used to sit cross-legged on a cushion at his feet, with my back against his knees and my face to the open hearth. I can still see the pages of "Charles O'Malley" and "Midshipman Easy," as I read them by the lifting light of that wood fire, and I can hear the wind roaring down the chimney and among the trees outside, and the steamers signalling to each other as they pushed through the ice and fog to the great city that lay below us. I can feel the fire burning my face, and the cold shivers that ran down my back, as my grandfather told me of the Indians who had once hunted in the very woods back of our house, and of those he had fought with on the plains. With the imagination of a child, I could hear, mingled with the shrieks of the wind as it dashed the branches against the roof, their hideous war-cries as they rushed to some night attack, or the howling of the wolves in the snow. When I think of myself as I was then I am very fond of that little boy who sat shivering with excitement, and staring with open eyes at the pictures he saw in the firelight, a little boy who had made no enemies, no failures, who had harmed no one, and who knew nothing of the world outside the walls that sheltered him, save the brave old soldier who was his law and his example, his friend in trouble, and his playmate.

I knew nothing then, and I know very little now, either of my father or my mother. Whenever I asked my grandfather concerning them he always answered vaguely that he would tell me some day, "when you are of age," but whether he meant when I was twenty-one or of an age when I was best fitted to hear the truth, I shall never know. But I guessed the truth from what he let fall, and from what I have since heard from others, although that is but little, for I could not ask strangers to tell me of my own people. For some reason, soon after they were married my mother and father separated and she brought me to live with her father, and he entered the Southern army.

I like to think that I can remember my mother, and it seems I must, for very dimly I recollect a young girl who used to sit by the window looking out at the passing vessels. There is a daguerreotype of my mother, and it may be that my recollection of her is builded upon that portrait. She died soon after we came to live with my grandfather, when I was only three years old, but I am sure I remember her, for no other woman was ever in the house, and the figure of the young girl looking out across at the Palisades is very clear to me.

My father was an Irish officer and gentleman, who came to the States to better his fortunes. This was just before the war; and as soon as it began, although he lived in the North, in New York City, he joined the Southern army and was killed. I believe, from what little I have learned of him, that he was both wild and reckless, but the few who remember him all say that he had many noble qualities, and was much loved by men, and, I am afraid, by

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women. I do not know more than that, except the one story of him, which my grandfather often told me.

"Whatever a man may say of your father," he would tell me, "you need not believe; for they may not have understood him, and all that you need to remember, until when you are of age I shall tell you the whole truth, is how he died." It is a brief story. My father was occupying a trench which for some hours his company had held under a heavy fire. When the Yankees charged with the bayonet he rose to meet them, but at the same moment the bugle sounded the retreat, and half of his company broke and ran. My father sprang to the top of the trench and called, "Come back, boys, we'll give them one more volley." It may have been that he had misunderstood the call of the bugle, and disobeyed through ignorance, or it may have been that in his education the signal to retreat had been omitted, for he did not heed it, and stood outlined against the sky, looking back and waving his hand to his men. But they did not come to him, and the advancing troop fired, and he fell upon the trench with his body stretched along its length. The Union officer was far in advance of his own company, and when he leaped upon the trench he found that it was empty and that the Confederate troops were in retreat. He turned, and shouted, laughing: "Come on! there's only one man here—and he's dead!"

But my father reached up his hand, to where the officer stood above him, and pulled at his scabbard.

"Not dead, but dying, Captain," my father said. "And that's better than retreating, isn't it?"

"And that is the story," my grandfather used to say to me, "you must remember of your father, and whatever else he did does not count."

At the age of ten my grandfather sent me to a military academy near Dobbs Ferry, where boys were prepared for college and for West Point and Annapolis. I was a very poor scholar, and, with the exception of what I learned in the drill-hall and the gymnasium, the academy did me very little good, and I certainly did not, at that time at least, reflect any credit on the academy. Had I been able to take half the interest in my studies my grandfather showed in them, I would have won prizes in every branch; but even my desire to please him could not make me understand the simplest problems in long division; and later here at the Point, the higher branches of mathematics, combined with other causes, have nearly deprived the United States Army of a gallant officer. I believe I have it in me to take a piece of field artillery by assault, but I know I shall never be able to work out the formula necessary to adjust its elevation.

With the exception, perhaps, of Cæsar's "Commentaries," I hated all of my studies, not only on their own account, but because they cut me out of the talks with which in the past my grandfather and I had been wont to close each day. These talks, which were made up on my part of demands for more stories, or for repetitions of those I already knew by heart, did more than any other thing to inspire me with a desire for military glory. My grandfather had served through the Mexican War, in the Indian campaigns on the plains, and during the War of the Rebellion, and his memory recalled the most wonderful and exciting of adventures. He was singularly modest, which is a virtue I never could consider as a high one, for I find that the world takes you at your own valuation, and unless "the terrible trumpet of Fame" is sounded by yourself no one else will blow your trumpet for you. Of that you may be sure. But I can't recall ever having heard my grandfather relate to people of his own age any of the adventures which he told me, and once I even caught him recounting a personal experience which redounded greatly to his credit as having happened to "a man in his regiment." When with childish delight I at once accused him of this he was visibly annoyed, and blushed like a girl, and afterward corrected me for being so forward in the presence of my elders. His modesty went even to the length of his keeping hidden in his bedroom the three presentation swords which had been given him at different times for distinguished action on the field. One came from the men of his regiment, one from his townspeople after his return from the City of Mexico, and one from the people of the State of New York; and nothing I could say would in-

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duce him to bring them downstairs to our sitting-room, where visitors might see them. Personally, I cannot understand what a presentation sword is for except to show to your friends; for, as a rule, they are very badly balanced and of no use for fighting.

Had it not been for the colored prints of the different battles in Mexico which hung in our sitting-room, and some Indian war-bonnets and bows and arrows, and a box of duelling-pistols, no one would have supposed that our house belonged to one of the most distinguished generals of his day. You may be sure I always pointed these out to our visitors, and one of my chief pleasures was to dress one of my schoolmates in the Indian war-bonnet, and then scalp him with a carving-knife. The duelling-pistols were even a greater delight to me. They were equipped with rifle-barrels and hair-triggers, and were inlaid richly with silver, and more than once had been used on the field of honor. Whenever my grandfather went out for a walk, or to play whist at the house of a neighbor, I would get down these pistols and fight duels with myself in front of the looking-glass. With my left hand I would hold the handkerchief above my head, and with the other clutch the pistol at my side, and then, at the word, and as the handkerchief fluttered to the floor, I would take careful aim and pull the trigger. Sometimes I died and made speeches before I expired, and sometimes I killed my adversary and stood smiling down at him.

My grandfather was a member of the Aztec Club, which was organized during the occupation of the City of Mexico by the American officers who had stormed the capital; and on the occasion of one of its annual meetings, which that year was held in Philadelphia, I was permitted to accompany him to that city. It was the longest journey from home I had ever taken, and each incident of it is still clearly fixed in my mind. The event of the reunion was a dinner given at the house of General Patterson, and on the morning before the dinner the members of the club were invited to assemble in the garden which surrounded his house. To this meeting my grandfather conducted me, and I found myself surrounded by the very men of whom he had so often spoken. I was very frightened, and I confess I was surprised and greatly disappointed also to find that they were old and gray-haired men, and not the young and dashing warriors he had described. General Patterson alone did not disappoint me, for even at that late day he wore a blue coat with brass buttons and a buff waistcoat and high black stock. He had a strong, fine profile and was smooth shaven. I remember I found him exactly my ideal of the Duke of Wellington; for though I was only then ten or twelve years of age, I had my own ideas about every soldier from Alexander and Von Moltke to our own Captain Custer.

It was in the garden behind the Patterson house that we met the General, and he alarmed me very much by pulling my shoulders back and asking me my age, and whether or not I expected to be as brave a soldier as my grandfather, to which latter question I said, "Yes, General," and then could have cried with mortification, for all of the great soldiers laughed at me. One of them turned, and said to the only one who was seated, "That is Hamilton's grandson." The man who was seated did not impress me very much. He was younger than the others. He wore a black suit and a black tie, and the three upper buttons of his waistcoat were unfastened. His beard was close cropped, like a blacking-brush, and he was chewing on a cigar that had burned so far down that I remember wondering why it did not scorch his mustache. And then, as I stood staring up at him and he down at me, it came over me who he was, and I can recall even now how my heart seemed to jump, and I felt terribly frightened and as though I were going to cry. My grandfather bowed to the younger man in the courteous, old-fashioned manner he always observed, and said: "General, this is my grandchild, Captain Macklin's boy. When he grows up I want him to be able to say he has met you. I am going to send him to West Point."

The man in the chair nodded his head at my grandfather, and took his cigar from his mouth and said, "When he's ready to enter, remind me, let me know," and closed his lips again on his cigar, as though he had missed it even during that short space of time. But had he made a long oration neither my grandfather nor I could have been more deeply moved. My grandfather said: "Thank you, General. It is very

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kind of you," and led me away smiling so proudly that it was beautiful to see him. When he had entered the house he stopped and bending over me, asked, "Do you know who that was, Roy?" But with the awe of the moment still heavy upon me I could only nod and gasp at him.

"That was General Grant," my grandfather said.

"Yes, I know," I whispered.

I am not particularly proud of the years that preceded my entrance to West Point, and of the years I have spent here I have still less reason to be content. I was an active boy, and behaved as other young cubs of that age, no better and no worse. Dobbs Ferry was not a place where temptations beset one, and, though we were near New York, we were not of it, and we seldom visited it. When we did, it was to go to a matinée at some theatre, returning the same afternoon in time for supper. My grandfather was very fond of the drama, and had been acquainted since he was a young man with some of the most distinguished actors. With him I saw Edwin Booth in "Macbeth," and Lester Wallack in "Rosedale," and John McCullough in "Virginius," a tragedy which was to me so real and moving that I wept all the way home in the train. Sometimes I was allowed to visit the theatre alone, and on these afternoons I selected performances of a lighter variety, such as that given by Harrigan and Hart in their theatre on Broadway. Every Thanksgiving Day I was allowed, after witnessing the annual football match between the students from Princeton and Yale universities, to remain in town all that night. On these great occasions I used to visit Koster & Bial's on Twenty-third Street, a long, low building, very dark and very smoky, and which on those nights was blocked with excited mobs of students, wearing different colored ribbons and shouting the cries of their different colleges. I envied and admired these young gentlemen, and thought them very fine fellows indeed. They wore in those days long green coats, which made them look like coachmen, and high, bell-shaped hats, both of which, as I now can see, were a queer survival of the fashions of 1830, and which now for the second time have disappeared.

To me, with my country clothes and manners and scanty spending money, the way these young collegians wagered their money at the football match and drank from their silver flasks, and smoked and swaggered in the hotel corridors, was something to be admired and copied. And although I knew none of them, and would have been ashamed had they seen me in company with any of my boy friends from Dobbs Ferry, I followed them from one hotel to another, pretending I was with them, and even penetrated at their heels into the café of Delmonico. I felt then for a brief moment that I was "seeing life," the life of a great metropolis, and in company with the young swells who made it the rushing, delightful whirlpool it appeared to be.

It seemed to me, then, that to wear a green coachman's coat, to rush the door-keeper at the Haymarket dance-hall, and to eat supper at the "Silver Grill" was to be "a man about town," and each year I returned to our fireside at Dobbs Ferry with some discontent. The excursions made me look restlessly forward to the day when I would return from my Western post, a dashing young cavalry officer on leave, and would wake up the cafés and clubs of New York, and throw my money about as carelessly as these older boys were doing then.

My appointment to West Point did not, after all, come from General Grant, but from President Arthur, who was in office when I reached my nineteenth year. Had I depended upon my Congressman for the appointment, and had it been made after a competitive examination of candidates, I doubt if I would have been chosen.

Perhaps my grandfather feared this and had it in his mind when he asked the President to appoint me. It was the first favor he had ever asked of the Government he had served so well, and I felt more grateful to him for having asked the favor, knowing what it cost him to do so, than I did to the President for granting it.

I was accordingly entered upon the rolls of the Military Academy, and my career as a soldier began. I wish I could say it began brilliantly, but the records of the Academy would not bear me out. Had it not been that I was forced to study books

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I would not have been a bad student; for in everything but books, in everything that bore directly on the training of a soldier and which depended upon myself, as, for example, drill, riding, marksmanship, and a knowledge of the manual, I did as well, or far better, than any of my classmates. But I could not, or would not, study, and instead of passing high in my class at the end of the plebe year, as my natural talents seemed to promise I would do, I barely scraped through, and the outlook for the second year was not encouraging. The campaign in Mexico had given my grandfather a knowledge of Spanish, and as a boy he had drilled this language into me, for it was a fixed belief of his, that if the United States ever went to war, it would be with some of her Spanish-American neighbors, with Mexico, or Central America, or with Spain on account of Cuba. In consequence he considered it most essential that every United States officer should speak Spanish. He also argued that a knowledge of French was of even greater importance to an officer and a gentleman, as it was, as I have since found it to be, the most widely spoken of all languages. I was accordingly well drilled in these two tongues, and I have never regretted the time I spent on them, for my facility in them has often served me well, has pulled me out of tight places, put money into my pocket, and gained me friends when but for them I might have remained and departed a stranger among strangers. My French accordingly helped me much as a "yearling," and in camp I threw myself so earnestly into the skirmish, artillery, and cavalry drills that in spite of my low marks I still stood high in the opinion of the cadet officers and of my instructors. With my classmates, for some reason, although in all out-of-door exercises I was the superior of most of them, I was not popular. I would not see this at first, for I try to keep on friendly terms with those around me, and I want to be liked even by people of whom I have no very high opinion and from whom I do not want anything besides. But I was not popular. There was no disguising that, and in the gymnasium or the riding-hall other men would win applause for performing a feat of horsemanship or a difficult trick on the parallel bars which same feat, when I repeated it immediately after them, and even a little better than they had done it, would be received in silence. I could not see the reason for this, and the fact itself hurt me much more than anyone guessed. Then as they would not signify by their approbation that I was the best athlete in the class, I took to telling them that I was, which did not help matters. I find it is the same in the world as it is at the Academy—that if one wants recognition, he must pretend not to see that he deserves it. If he shows he does see it, everyone else will grow blind, holding, I suppose, that a conceited man carries his own comfort with him, and is his own reward. I soon saw that the cadet who was modest received more praise than the cadet who was his superior, but who, through repeated success, had acquired a self-confident, or, as some people call it, a conceited manner; and so, for a time, I pretended to be modest, too, and I never spoke of my athletic successes. But I was never very good at pretending, and soon gave it up. Then I grew morbid over my inability to make friends, and moped by myself, having as little to do with my classmates as possible. In my loneliness I began to think that I was a much misunderstood individual. My solitary state bred in me a most unhealthy disgust for myself, and, as it always is with those who are at times exuberantly light-hearted and self-assertive, I had terrible fits of depression and lack of self-confidence, during which spells I hated myself and all of those about me. Once, during one of these moods, a First-Class man, who had been a sneak in his plebe year and a bully ever since, asked me, sneeringly, how "Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena" was feeling that morning, and I told him promptly to go to the devil, and added that if he addressed me again, except in the line of his duty, I would thrash him until he could not stand or see. Of course he sent me his second, and one of my classmates acted for me. We went out that same evening after supper behind Fort Clinton, and I thrashed him so badly that he was laid up in the hospital for several days. After that I took a much more cheerful view of life, and as it seemed hardly fair to make one cadet bear the whole brunt of my displeasure toward the entire battalion, I began picking quarrels with anyone who made pretensions of being

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a fighter, and who chanced to be bigger than myself.

Sometimes I got badly beaten, and sometimes I thrashed the other man, but whichever way it went, those battles in the soft twilight evenings behind the grass-grown ramparts of the old fort, in the shadow of the Kosciusko Monument, will always be the brightest and pleasantest memories of my life at this place.

My grandfather had one other daughter besides my mother, my Aunt Mary, who had married a Harvard professor, Dr. Endicott, and who had lived in Cambridge ever since they married.

In my second year here, Dr. Endicott died and my grandfather at once went to Cambridge to bring Aunt Mary and her daughter Beatrice back with him, installing them in our little home, which thereafter was to be theirs as well. He wrote me saying he knew I would not disapprove of this invasion of my place by my young cousin and assured me that no one, girl or boy, could ever take the place in his heart that I had held. As a matter of fact I was secretly pleased to hear of this addition to our little household. I knew that as soon as I was graduated I would be sent to some army post in the West, and that the occasional visit I was now able to pay to Dobbs Ferry would be discontinued. I hated to think that in his old age my grandfather would be quite alone. On the other hand, when, after the arrival of my cousin, I received his first letter and found it filled with enthusiastic descriptions of her, and of how anxious she was to make him happy, I felt a little thrill of jealousy. It gave me some sharp pangs of remorse, and I asked myself searchingly if I had always done my utmost to please my grandfather and to give him pride and pleasure in me. I determined for the future I would think only of how to make him happy.

A few weeks later I was able to obtain a few hours' leave, and I wasted no time in running down from the Point to make the acquaintance of my cousin, and to see how the home looked under the new régime. I found it changed, and, except that I felt then and afterward that I was a guest, it was changed for the better.

I found that my grandfather was much more comfortable in every way. The newcomers were both eager and loving, although no one could help but love my grandfather, and they invented wants he had never felt before, and satisfied them, while at the same time they did not interfere with the life he had formerly led. Aunt Mary is an unselfish soul, and most content when she is by herself engaged in the affairs of the house and in doing something for those who live in it. Besides her unselfishness, which is to me the highest as it is the rarest of virtues, hers is a sweet and noble character, and she is one of the gentlest souls that I have ever known.

I may say the same of my cousin Beatrice. When she came into the room, my first thought was how like she was to a statuette of a Dresden shepherdess which had always stood at one end of our mantel-piece, coquetting with the shepherd lad on the other side of the clock. As a boy, the shepherdess had been my ideal of feminine loveliness. Since then my ideals had changed rapidly and often, but Beatrice reminded me that the shepherdess had once been my ideal. She wore a broad straw hat, with artificial roses which made it hang down on one side, and, as she had been working in our garden, she wore huge gloves and carried a trowel in one hand. As she entered, my grandfather rose hastily from his chair and presented us with impressive courtesy. "Royal," he said, "this is your cousin, Beatrice Endicott." If he had not been present, I think we would have shaken hands without restraint. But he made our meeting something of a ceremony. I brought my heels together and bowed as I have been taught to do at the Academy, and seeing this she made a low courtesy. She did this apparently with great gravity, but as she kept her eyes on mine I saw that she was mocking me. If I am afraid of anything it has certainly never proved to be a girl, but I confess I was strangely embarrassed. My cousin seemed somehow different from any of the other girls I had met. She was not at all like those with whom I had danced at the hotel hops, and to whom I gave my brass buttons in Flirtation Walk. She was more fine, more illusive, and yet most fascinating, with a quaint old-fashioned manner that at times made her seem quite a child, and the next moment changed her into a worldly and charming young woman.

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She made you feel she was much older than yourself in years and in experience and in knowledge. That is the way my cousin appeared to me the first time I saw her, when she stood in the middle of the room courtesying mockingly at me and looking like a picture on an old French fan. That is how she has since always seemed to me—one moment a woman, and the next a child; one moment tender and kind and merry, and the next disapproving, distant, and unapproachable.

Up to the time I met Beatrice I had never thought it possible to consider a girl as a friend. For the matter of that, I had no friends even among men, and I made love to girls. My attitude toward girls, if one can say that a man of eighteen has an attitude, was always that of the devoted admirer. If they did not want me as a devoted admirer, I put them down as being proud and haughty or "stuck up." It never occurred to me then that there might be a class of girl who, on meeting you, did not desire that you should at once tell her exactly how you loved her, and why. The girls who came to Cranston's certainly seemed to expect you to set their minds at rest on that subject, and my point of view of girls was taken entirely from them. I can remember very well my pause of dawning doubt and surprise when a girl first informed me she thought a man who told her she was pretty was impertinent. What bewildered me still more on that occasion was that this particular girl was so extremely beautiful that to talk about anything else but her beauty was a waste of time. It made all other topics trivial, and yet she seemed quite sincere in what she said, and refused to allow me to bring our talk to the personal basis of "what I am to you" and "what you are to me." It was in discussing that question that I considered myself an artist and a master. My classmates agreed with me in thinking as I did, and from the first moment I came here called me "Masher" Macklin, a sobriquet of which I fear for a time I was rather proud. Certainly, I strove to live up to it. I believe I dignified my conduct to myself by calling it "flirtation." Flirtation, as I understood it, was a sort of game in which I honestly believed the entire world of men and women, of every class and age, were eagerly engaged. Indeed, I would have thought it rather ungallant, and conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, had I not at once pretended to hold an ardent interest in every girl I met. This seems strange now, but from the age of fourteen up to the age of twenty that was my way of regarding the girls I met, and even to-day I fear my attitude toward them has altered but slightly, for now, although I no longer pretend to care when I do not, nor make love as a matter of course, I find it is the easiest attitude to assume toward most women. It is the simplest to slip into, just as I have certainly found it the one from which it is most difficult to escape. But I never seem to remember that until it is too late. A classmate of mine once said to me: "Royal, you remind me of a man walking along a road with garden gates opening on each side of it. Instead of keeping to the road, you stop at every gate, and say: 'Oh! what a pretty garden! I'll just slip in there, and find out where that path will take me.' And then—you're either thrown out, and the gate slammed after you, or you lose yourself in a maze and you can't get out—until you break out. But does that ever teach you a lesson? No! Instead of going ahead along the straight and narrow way, and keeping out of temptation, you halt at the very next gate you come to, just as though you had never seen a gate before, and exclaim: 'Now, this *is* a pretty garden, and *what* a neat white fence! I really must vault in and take a look round.' And so the whole thing is gone over again."

I confess there may be some truth in what he said, but the trouble I find with the straight and narrow way is that there's not room enough in it for two. And, then, it is only fair to me to say that some of the gardens were really most beautiful, and the shade very deep and sweet there, and the memories of the minutes I passed in them were very refreshing when I went back to the dust of the empty road. And no one, man or woman, can say that Royal Macklin ever trampled on the flowers, or broke the branches, or trespassed in another man's private grounds.

It was my cousin Beatrice who was responsible for the change of heart in me

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toward womankind. For very soon after she came to live with us, I noticed that in regard to all other young women I was growing daily more exacting. I did not admit this to myself, and still less to Beatrice, because she was most scornful of the girls I knew, and mocked at them. This was quite unfair of her, because she had no real acquaintance with them, and knew them only from photographs and tintypes, of which I had a most remarkable collection, and of what I chose to tell her about them. I was a good deal annoyed to find that the stories which appealed to me as best illustrating the character of each of my friends, only seemed to furnish Beatrice with fresh material for ridicule, and the girls of whom I said the least were the ones of whom she approved. The only girls of my acquaintance who also were friends of hers, were two sisters who lived at Dobbs Ferry, and whose father owned the greater part of it, and a yacht, in which he went down to his office every morning. But Beatrice held that my manner even to them was much too free and familiar, and that she could not understand why I did not see that it was annoying to them as well. I could not tell her in my own defence that their manner to me, when she was with us and when she was not, varied in a remarkable degree. It was not only girls who carried themselves differently before Beatrice: every man who met her seemed to try and show her the best in him, or at least to suppress any thought or act which might displease her. It was not that she was a prig, or an angel, but she herself was so fine and sincere, and treated all with such an impersonal and yet gracious manner that it became contagious, and everybody who met her imitated the model she unconsciously furnished. I was very much struck with this when she visited the Academy. Men who before her coming had seemed bold enough for any game, became dumb and embarrassed in her presence, and eventually it was the officers and instructors who escorted her over the grounds, while I and my acquaintances among the cadets formed a straggling rear-guard at her heels. On account of my grandfather, both she and my aunt were made much of by the Commandant and all the older officers, and when they continued to visit the Academy they were honored and welcomed for themselves, and I found that on such occasions my own popularity was enormously increased. I have always been susceptible to the opinion of others. Even when the reigning belle or the popular man of the class was not to me personally attractive, the fact that she was the reigning belle and that he was the man of the hour made me seek out the society of each. This was even so, when, as a matter of fact, I should have much preferred to dance with some less conspicuous beauty or talk with a more congenial companion. Consequently I began to value my cousin, whom I already regarded with the most tremendous admiration, for those lighter qualities which are common to all attractive girls, but which in my awe of her I had failed to recognize. There were many times, even, when I took myself by the shoulders and faced the question if I were not in love with Beatrice. I mean truly in love, with that sort of love that one does not talk about, even to one's self, certainly not to the girl. As the young man of the family, I had assumed the position of the heir of the house, and treated Beatrice like a younger sister, but secretly I considered her in no such light.

Many nights when on post I would halt to think of her, and of her loveliness and high sincerity, and forget my duty while I stood with my arms crossed on the muzzle of my gun. In such moments the night, the silence, the moonlight piercing the summer leaves and falling at my feet, made me forget my promise to myself that I would never marry. I used to imagine then it was not the unlicked cubs under the distant tents I was protecting, but that I was awake to watch over and guard Beatrice, or that I was a knight, standing his vigil so that he might be worthy to wear the Red Cross and enter her service. In those lonely watches I saw littlenesses and meannesses in myself, which I could not see in the brisk light of day, and my self-confidence slipped from me and left me naked and abashed. I saw myself as a vain, swaggering boy, who, if he ever hoped to be a man among men, such as Beatrice was a woman above all other women, must change his nature at once and forever.

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I was glad that I owed these good resolutions to her. I was glad that it was she who inspired them. Those nights, as I leaned on my gun, I dreamed even that it might end happily and beautifully in our marriage. I wondered if I could make her care, if I could ever be worthy of her, and I vowed hotly that I would love her as no other woman was ever loved.

And then I would feel the cold barrel of my musket pressing against the palm of my hand, or the bayonet would touch my cheek, and at the touch something would tighten in my throat, and I would shake the thoughts from me and remember that I was sworn to love only my country and my country's flag.

In my third year here my grandfather died. As the winter closed in he had daily grown more feeble, and sat hour after hour in his great arm-chair, dozing and dreaming, before the open fire. And one morning when he was alone in the room, Death, which had so often taken the man at his side, and stood at salute to let him live until his work was done, came to him and touched him gently. A few days later when his body passed through the streets of our little village, all the townspeople left their houses and shops, and stood in silent rows along the sidewalks, with their heads uncovered to the falling snow. Soldiers of his old regiments, now busy men of affairs in the great city below us, came to march behind him for the last time. Officers of the Loyal Legion, veterans of the Mexican War, regulars from Governor's Island, with their guns reversed, societies, political clubs, and strangers who knew him only by what he had done for his country, followed in the long procession as it wound its way through the cold, gray winter day to the side of the open grave. Until then I had not fully understood what it meant to me, for my head had been numbed and dulled; but as the body disappeared into the grave, and the slow notes of the bugle rose in the final call of "Lights out," I put my head on my aunt's shoulder and cried like a child. And I felt as though I were a child again, as I did when he came and sat beside my bed, and heard me say my prayers, and then closed the door behind him, leaving me in the darkness and alone.

But I was not entirely alone, for Beatrice was true and understanding; putting her own grief out of sight, caring for mine, and giving it the first place in her thoughts. For the next two days we walked for hours through the autumn woods where the dead leaves rustled beneath our feet, thinking and talking of him. Or for hours we would sit in silence, until the sun sank a golden red behind the wall of the Palisades, and we went back through the cold night to the open fireside and his empty chair.

St. Charles Hotel,
New Orleans.

Six months ago had anyone told me that the day would come when I would feel thankful for the loss of my grandfather, I would have struck him. But for the last week I have been almost thankful that he is dead. The worst that could occur has happened. I am in bitter disgrace, and I am grateful that grandfather died before it came upon me. I have been dismissed from the Academy. The last of the "Fighting" Macklins has been declared unfit to hold the President's commission. I am cast out irrevocably; there is no appeal against the decision. I shall never change the gray for the blue. I shall never see the U. S. on my saddle-cloth, nor salute my country's flag as it comes fluttering down at sunset.

That I am on my way to try and redeem myself is only an attempt to patch up the broken pieces. The fact remains that the army has no use for me. I have been dismissed from West Point, in disgrace. It was a girl who brought it about, or rather my own foolishness over a girl. And before that there was much that led up to it. It is hard to write about it, but in these memoirs I mean to tell everything—the good, with the bad. And as I deserve no excuse, I make none.

During that winter, after the death of my grandfather, and the spring which has followed, I tried hard to do well at the Point. I wanted to show them that though my grandfather was gone, his example and his wishes still inspired me. And though I was not a studious cadet, I was a smart soldier, and my demerits, when they came, were for smoking in my room or for breaking some other such silly rule, and never

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for slouching through the manual or coming on parade with my belts twisted. And at the end of the second year I had been promoted from corporal to be a cadet first sergeant, so that I was fourth in command over a company of seventy. Although this gave me the advantage of a light after "taps" until eleven o'clock, my day was so taken up with roll-calls, riding and evening drills and parade, that I never seemed to find time to cram my mechanics and chemistry, of which latter I could never see any possible benefit. How a knowledge of what acid will turn blue litmus-paper red is going to help an officer to find fodder for his troop horses, or inspire him to lead a forlorn hope, was then, and still is, beyond my youthful comprehension.

But these studies were down on the roster, and whether I thought well of them or not I was marked on them and judged accordingly. But I cannot claim that it was owing to them or my failure to understand them that my dismissal came, for, in spite of the absence of 3's in my markings and the abundance of 2's, I was still a soldierly cadet, and in spite of the fact that I was a stupid student, I made an excellent drill-master.

The trouble, when it came, was all my own making, and my dismissal was entirely due to an act of silly recklessness and my own idiocy. I had taken chances before and had not been caught; several times I ran the sentries at night for the sake of a noisy, drunken spree at a roadside tavern, and several times I had risked my chevrons because I did not choose to respect the arbitrary rules of the Academy which chafed my spirit and invited me to rebellion. It was not so much that I enjoyed those short hours of freedom, which I snatched in the face of such serious penalties, but it was the risk of the thing itself which attracted me, and which stirred the spirit of adventure that at times sways us all.

It was a girl who brought about my dismissal. I do not mean that she was in any way to blame, but she was the indirect cause of my leaving the Academy. It was a piece of fool's fortune, and I had not even the knowledge that I cared in the least for the girl to console me. She was only one of the several "piazza girls," as we called certain ones of those who were staying at Cranston's, with whom I had danced, to whom I had made pretty speeches, and had given the bell button that was sewn just over my heart. She certainly was not the best of them, for I can see now that she was vain and shallow, with a pert boldness, which I mistook for vivacity and wit. Three years ago, at the age of twenty, my knowledge of women was so complete that I divided them into six classes, and as soon as I met a new one I placed her in one of these classes and treated her according to the line of campaign I had laid down as proper for that class. Now, at twenty-three, I believe that there are as many different kinds of women as there are women, but that all kinds are good. Some women are better than others, but all are good, and all are different. This particular one unknowingly did me a great harm, but others have given me so much that is for good, that the balance side is in their favor. If a man is going to make a fool of himself, I personally would rather see him do it on account of a woman than for any other cause. For centuries Antony has been held up to the scorn of the world because he deserted his troops and his fleet, and sacrificed the Roman Empire for the sake of Cleopatra. Of course, that is the one thing a man cannot do, desert his men and betray his flag; but, if he is going to make a bad break in life, I rather like his doing it for the love of a woman. And, after all, it is rather fine to have for once felt something in you so great that you placed it higher than the Roman Empire.

I haven't the excuse of any great feeling in my case. She, the girl at Cranston's, was leaving the Point on the morrow, and she said if all I had sworn to her was true I would run the sentries that night to dance with her at the hop. Of course, love does not set tests nor ask sacrifices, but I had sworn that I had loved her, as I understood the word, and I told her I would come. I came, and I was recognized as I crossed the piazza to the ball-room. On the morning following I was called to the office of the Commandant and was told to pack my trunk. I was out of uniform in an hour, and that night at parade the order of the War Department dismissing me from the service was read to the assembled battalion.

I cannot write about that day. It was

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a very bright, beautiful day, full of life and sunshine, and I remember that I wondered how the world could be so cruel and unfeeling. The other second-classmen came in while I was packing my things, to say that they were sorry. They were kind enough; and some of them wanted me to go off to New York to friends of theirs and help upset it and get drunk. Their idea was, I suppose, to show the authorities how mistaken they had been in not making me an officer. But I could not be civil to any of them. I hated them all, and the place, and everyone in it. When I was dismissed my first thought was one of utter thankfulness that my grandfather died before the disgrace came upon me, and after that I did not much care. I was desperate and bitterly miserable. I knew, as the authorities could not know, that no one in my class felt more loyal to the service than myself; that I would have died twenty deaths for my country; that there was no one company post in the West, however distant from civilization, that would not have been a paradise to me; that there was no soldier in the army who would have served more devotedly than myself. And now I was found wanting and thrown out to herd with civilians, as unfit to hold the President's commission. After my first outbreak of impotent rage—for I blamed everyone but myself—remorse set in, and I thought of grandfather and of how much he had done for our country, and how we had talked so confidently together of the days when I would follow in his footsteps, as his grandchild, and as the son of "Fighting Macklin."

All my life I had talked and thought of nothing else, and now, just as I was within a year of it, I was shown the door which I never can enter again.

That it might be easier for us when I arrived, I telegraphed Beatrice what had happened, and when I reached the house the same afternoon she was waiting for me at the door, as though I was coming home for a holiday and it was all as it might have been. But neither of us was deceived, and without a word we walked out of the garden and up the hill to the woods where we had last been together six months before. Since then all had changed. Summer had come, the trees were heavy with leaves, and a warm haze hung over the river and the Palisades beyond. We seated ourselves on a fallen tree at the top of the hill and sat in silence, looking down into the warm, beautiful valley. It was Beatrice who was the first to speak.

"I have been thinking of what you can do," she began, gently, "and it seems to me, Royal, that what you need now is a good rest. It has been a hard winter for you. You have had to meet the two greatest trials that I hope will ever come to you. You took the first one well, as you should, and you will take this lesser one well also; I know you will. But you must give yourself time to get over this—this disappointment, and to look about you. You must try to content yourself at home with mother and with me. I am so selfish that I am almost glad it has happened, for now for a time we shall have you with us, all to ourselves, and we can take care of you and see that you are not gloomy and morbid. And then when the fall comes you will have decided what is best to do, and you will have a rest and a quiet summer with those who understand you and love you. And then you can go out into the world to do your work, whatever your work is to be."

I turned toward her and stared at her curiously.

"Whatever my work is to be," I repeated. "That was decided for me, Beatrice, when I was a little boy."

She returned my look for a moment in some doubt, and then leaned eagerly forward. "You mean to enlist?" she asked.

"To enlist? Not I!" I answered hotly. "If I'm not fit to be an officer now, I never shall be, at least not by that road. Do you know what it means? It's the bitterest life a man can follow. He is neither the one thing nor the other. The enlisted men suspect him, and the officers may not speak with him. I know one officer who got his commission that way. He swears now he would rather have served the time in jail. The officers at the post pointed him out to visitors, as the man who had failed at West Point, and who was working his way up from the ranks, and the men of his company thought that *he* thought, God help him, that he was too good for them, and made his life hell. Do you suppose I'd show my musket to men of my old mess, and have the girls I've danced

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with see me marching up and down a board walk with a gun on my shoulder? Do you see me going on errands for the men I've hazed, and showing them my socks and shirts at inspection so they can give me a good mark for being a clean and tidy soldier? No! I'll not enlist. If I'm not good enough to carry a sword I'm not good enough to carry a gun, and the United States Army can struggle along without me."

Beatrice shook her head.

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for, Royal," she warned me.

"You don't understand," I interrupted. "I'm not saying anything against my own country or our army—how can I? I've proved clearly enough that I'm not fit for it. I'm only too grateful. I've had three years in the best military school in the world, at my country's expense, and I'm grateful. Yes, and I'm miserable, too, that I have failed to deserve it."

I stood up and straightened my shoulders. "But perhaps there are other countries less difficult to please," I said, "where I can lose myself and be forgotten, and where I can see service. After all, a soldier's business is to fight, not to sit at a post all day or to do a clerk's work at Washington."

Even as I spoke these chance words I seemed to feel the cloud of failure and disgrace passing from me. I saw vaguely a way to redeem myself, and, though I had spoken with bravado and at random, the words stuck in my mind, and my despondency fell from me like a heavy knapsack.

"Come," I said, cheerfully, "there can be no talk of a holiday for me until I have earned it. You know I would love to stay here now with you and Aunt in the old house, but I have no time to mope and be petted. If you fall down, you must not lie in the road and cry over your bruised shins; you must pick yourself up and go on again, even if you are a bit sore and dirty."

We said nothing more, but my mind was made up, and when we reached the house I went at once to my room and repacked my trunk for a long journey. It was a leather trunk in which my grandfather used to carry his sword and uniform, and in it I now proudly placed the presentation sword he had bequeathed to me in his will, and my scanty wardrobe and $500 of the money he had left to me. All the rest of his fortune, with the exception of the $2,000 a year he had settled upon me, he had, I am glad to say, bequeathed with the house to Aunt Mary and Beatrice. When I had finished my packing I joined them at supper, and such was my elation at the prospect of at once setting forth to redeem myself, and to seek my fortune, that to me the meal passed most cheerfully. When it was finished, I found the paper of that morning, and spreading it out upon the table began a careful search in the foreign news for what tidings there might be of war.

I told Beatrice what I was doing, and without a word she brought out my old school atlas, and together under the light of the student-lamp we sought out the places mentioned in the foreign despatches, and discussed them, and the chances they might offer me.

There were, I remember, at the time that paper was printed, strained relations existing between France and China over the copper mines in Tonkin; there was a tribal war in Upper Burmah with native troops; there was a threat of complications in the Balkans, but the Balkans, as I have since learned, are always with us and always threatening. Nothing in the paper seemed to offer me the chance I sought, and apparently peace smiled on every other portion of the globe.

"There is always the mounted police in Canada," I said, tentatively.

"No," Beatrice answered, quietly, and without asking her reasons I accepted her decision and turned again to the paper. And then my eyes fell on a paragraph which at first I had overlooked—a modest, brief despatch tucked away in a corner, and unremarkable, except for its strange date-line. It was headed, "The Revolt in Honduras." I pointed to it with my finger, and Beatrice leaned forward with her head close to mine, and we read it together.

"Tegucigalpa, June 17th," it read. "The revolution here has assumed serious proportions. President Alvarez has proclaimed martial law over all provinces, and leaves to-morrow for Santa Barbara, where the Liberal forces under the rebel leader, ex-President Louis Garcia, were last in camp. General Laguerre is coming from Nicaragua to assist Garcia with his for-

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eign legion of 200 men. He has seized the Nancy Miller, belonging to the Isthmian Line, and has fitted her with two Gatling guns. He is reported to be bombarding the towns on his way along the coast, and a detachment of Government troops is marching to Porto Cortez to prevent his landing. His force is chiefly composed of American and other aliens, who believe the overthrow of the present government will be beneficial to foreign residents.

"General Laguerre!" I cried, eagerly, "that is not a Spanish name. General Laguerre must be a Frenchman. And it says that the men with him are Americans, and that the present government is against all foreigners."

I drew back from the table with a laugh, and stood smiling at Beatrice, but she shook her head, even though she smiled, too.

"Oh, not that," she said.

"My dear Beatrice," I expostulated, "it certainly isn't right that American interests in—what's the name of the place—in Honduras, should be jeopardized, is it? And by an ignorant half-breed like this President What's-his-name? Certainly not. It must be stopped, even if we have to requisition every steamer the Isthmian Line has afloat."

"Oh, Royal," Beatrice cried, "you are not serious. No, you wouldn't, you couldn't be so foolish. That's no affair of yours. That's not your country. Besides, that is not war; it is speculation. You are a gentleman, not a pirate and a filibuster."

"William Walker was a filibuster," I answered. "He took Nicaragua with 200 men and held it for two years against 20,000. I must begin somewhere," I cried, "why not there?" A girl can't understand these things—at least, some girls can't—but I would have thought you would. What does it matter what I do or where I go?" I broke out, bitterly. "I have made a failure of my life at the very start. I am sick and sore and desperate. I don't care where I go or what——"

I would have ranted on for some time, no doubt, but that a look from Beatrice stopped me in mid-air, and I stood silent, feeling somewhat foolish.

"I can understand this much," she said, "that you are a foolish boy. How dare you talk of having made a failure of your life? Your life has not yet begun. You have yet to make it, and to show yourself something more than a boy." She paused, and then her manner changed, and her came toward me, looking up at me with eyes that were moist and softened with a sweet and troubled tenderness, and she took my hand and held it close in both of hers.

I had never seen her look more beautiful than she did at that moment. If it had been any other woman in the world but her, I would have caught her in my arms and kissed her again and again, but because it was she I could not touch her, but drew back and looked down into her eyes with the sudden great feeling I had for her. And so we stood for a moment, seeing each other as we had never seen each other before. And then she caught her breath quickly and drew away. But she turned her face toward me at once, and looked up at me steadily.

"I am so fond of you, Royal," she said, bravely, "you know, that—that I cannot bear to think of you doing anything in this world that is not fine and for the best. But if you will be a knight errant, and seek out dangers and fight windmills, promise me to be a true knight and that you will fight only when you must and only on the side that is just, and then you will come back bringing your sheaves with you."

I did not dare to look at her, but I raised her hand and held the tips of her fingers against my lips, and I promised, but I would have promised anything at that moment.

"If I am to be a knight," I said, and my voice sounded very hoarse and boyish, so that I hardly recognized it as my own, "you must give me your colors to wear on my lance, and if any other knight thinks his colors fairer, or the lady who gave them more lovely than you, I shall kill him."

She laughed softly and moved away.

"Of course," she said, "of course, you must kill him." She stepped a few feet from me, and, raising her hands to her throat, unfastened a little gold chain which she wore around her neck. She took it off and held it toward me. "Would you like this?" she said. I did not answer,

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nor did she wait for me to do so, but wound the chain around my wrist and fastened it, and I raised it and kissed it, and neither of us spoke. She went out to the veranda to warn her mother of my departure, and I to tell the servants to bring the carriage to the door.

A few minutes later, the suburban train drew out of the station at Dobbs Ferry, and I waved my hand to Beatrice as she sat in the carriage looking after me. The night was warm and she wore a white dress and her head was uncovered. In the smoky glare of the station lamps I could still see the soft tints of her hair; and as the train bumped itself together and pulled forward, I felt a sudden panic of doubt, a piercing stab at my heart, and something called on me to leap off the car that was bearing me away, and go back to the white figure sitting motionless in the carriage. As I gripped the iron railing to restrain myself, I felt the cold sweat springing to the palm of my hand. For a moment I forgot the end of my long journey. I saw it as something foolish, mad, fantastic. I was snatching at a flash of powder, when I could warm my hands at an open fire. I was deserting the one thing which counted and of which I was certain; the one thing I loved. And then the train turned a curve, the lamps of the station and the white ghostly figure were shut from me, and I entered the glaring car filled with close air and smoke and smelling lamps. I seated myself beside a window and leaned far out into the night, so that the wind of the rushing train beat in my face.

And in a little time the clanking car-wheels seemed to speak to me, beating out the words brazenly so that I thought everyone in the car must hear them.

"Turn again, turn again, Royal Macklin," they seemed to say to me. "She loves you, Royal Macklin, she loves you, she loves you."

And I thought of Dick Whittington when the Bow bells called to him, as he paused in the country lane to look back at the smoky roof of London, and they had offered him so little, while for me the words seemed to promise the proudest place a man could hold. And I imagined myself still at home, working by day in some New York office and coming back by night to find Beatrice at the station waiting for me, always in a white dress, and with her brown hair glowing in the light of the lamps. And I pictured us taking long walks together above the Hudson, and quiet, happy evenings by the fireside. But the rhythm of the car-wheels altered, and from "She loves you, she loves you," the refrain now came brokenly and fiercely, like the reports of muskets fired in hate and fear, and mixed with their roar and rattle I seemed to distinguish words of command in a foreign tongue, and the groans of men wounded and dying. And I saw, rising above great jungles and noisome swamps, a long mountain-range piercing a burning, naked sky; and in a pass in the mountains a group of my own countrymen, ragged and worn and with eyes lit with fever, waving a strange flag, and beset on every side by dark-faced soldiers, and I saw my own face among them, hollow-cheeked and tanned, with my head bandaged in a scarf; I felt the hot barrel of a rifle burning my palm, I smelt the pungent odor of spent powder, my throat and nostrils were assailed with smoke. I suffered all the fierce joy and agony of battle, and the picture of the white figure of Beatrice grew dim and receded from me, and as it faded the eyes regarded me wistfully and reproached me, but I would not heed then, but turned my own eyes away. And again I saw the menacing negro faces and the burning sunlight and the strange flag that tossed and whimpered in the air above my head, the strange flag of unknown, tawdry colors, like the painted face of a woman in the street, but a flag at which I cheered and shouted as though it were my own, as though I loved it; a flag for which I would fight and die.

The train twisted its length into the great station, the men about me rose and crowded down the aisle, and I heard the cries of newsboys and hackmen and jangling car-bells, and all the roar and tumult of a great city at night.

But I had already made my choice. Within an hour I had crossed to the Jersey side, and was speeding south, south toward New Orleans, toward the Gulf of Mexico, toward Honduras, to Colonel Laguerre and his foreign legion.

(To be continued.)

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THE SHERIFF'S BLUFF

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. RANSOM

THE county of H—— was an old Colonial county, and contained many old Colonial relics even as late as the time of my story. Among them were the court-house and the jail, and, at that time, the Judge and the Sheriff.

The court-house was an old brick edifice of solemn and grayish brown, with a portico whose mighty columns might have stood before a temple of Minerva overlooking the Ægean Sea. With its thick walls and massive-barred windows, it might have been thought the jail, until one saw the jail. The jail once seen stood alone. A cube of stone, each block huge enough to have come from the Pyramid of Cheops, the windows, or rather the apertures, were small square openings, crossed and recrossed with great bars of wrought iron, so massive that they might have been fashioned on the forge of Cyclops. Looking through them from the outside, one saw just deep enough into the narrow cavern to see another iron grating, and catch a suspicion of the darkness beyond. The door was but a slit letting into a stone-paved corridor on which opened the grinding iron doors of the four small cells, each door a grate of huge iron bars, heavily crossed, with openings just large enough to admit a hand. The jail was built, not to meet the sentimental or any other requirements of a reasonable and humane age, but in that hard time when crime was reckoned crime, when the very names of "gaol" and "prison" stood for something clear and unmistakable.

The Judge of the circuit was himself a relic of the past, for his youth had been cast among those great ones of the earth whose memory had come down coupled with deeds so heroic and far-reaching, that even to the next generation their doers appeared half enveloped in the halo of tradition, and stood rather as historical personages than as real men. His life had been one of great rectitude and dignity, while habits of unusual studiousness and a work on great Executors had added a reputation of vast learning, and in his old age both in his manner and his habit he preserved a distance and a dignity of demeanor which lent dignity to the bar, and surrounded him wherever he went with a feeling akin to awe. Though he had given up the queue and short clothes, he still retained ruffles, or what was so close akin to them that the difference could scarcely be discerned. Tall, grave, and with a little bend, not in the shoulders but in the neck; with white hair just long enough to be brushed behind in a way to suggest the knot which once appeared at the back; with calm, quiet eyes under bushy white eyebrows; a face of pinkish red inherited from Saxon ancestors, who once lived in the sun and on the brine, and a mouth and chin which bespoke decision and self-respect in every line and wrinkle, wherever he moved he produced an impression of one who had survived from a preceding age. Moreover, he was a man of heroic ideals, of Spartan simplicity, and of inflexible discipline.

If he had a weakness it was his susceptibility to feminine testimony.

The county was a secluded one—a fitting field for such a judge. And the great meetings of the year were the sessions of the Circuit Court.

The Judge's name was then on every lip, and his passage to the court-house was a procession. Everyone except those unfortunates who had come under his ban, or might be too far gone with drink to venture into his presence, drew up along the path from the tavern to bow to him and receive his courteous bow in return as he passed with slow and thoughtful step along, preceded by the Sheriff and his deputies, and followed by the bar and "the multitude." Whenever he entered the court or rose from the bench the lawyers stood.

If he was impressive off the bench, on the bench he was imposing.

At heart one of the kindest of men, he

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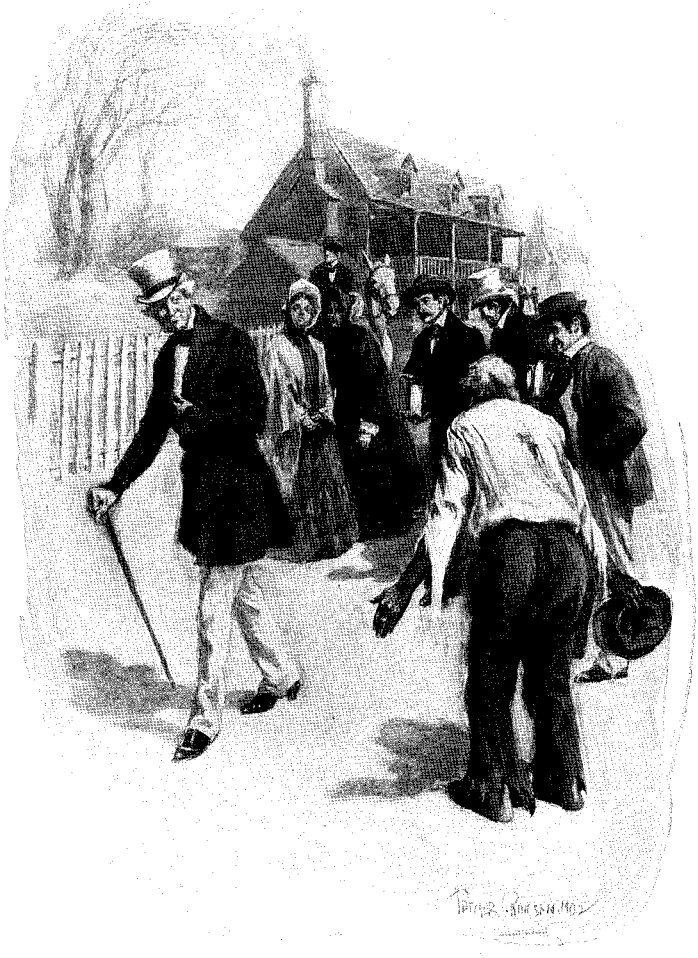

Drew up along the path from the tavern to bow to him.—Page 436.

added to great natural dignity a high sense of the loftiness of a position of the bench and preserved, with impartial and inexorable rigor, the strictest order in his court, ruling bar and attendants alike up to a high accountability.

No one would any more have thought of taking a liberty with Judge Lomax than he would have done so with an old lion. Just one man might have thought of it, but he would not have done it—Aleck Thompson, the Sheriff of the county, a jovial man past middle age, a rubicund bachelor, who had courted half the girls in the county and was intimate with more than half the people in the circuit. He was daring even to rashness. He had held the office of Sheriff—not as long as the Judge had sat on the bench, but, at least, since he first stood for the place, and he could hold it as long as he wished it. He was easily the most popular man in the county. He treated everybody with unvarying joviality and indiscriminate generosity, and it was known that his income, though large, was, except so much as was absolutely necessary for his support, distributed with impartial fairness among the people of his county, some over the poker-table, some in other popular ways. He had a face that no one could read, and bluffed as well with a pair of threes as with fours.

Now and then some opposition to him would arise and a small headway would be made against him. As, for instance, after

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he advised Squire Jefford's plump daughter, Mary, not to marry Dick Creel, because Dick was too dissipated. There were some who said that the Sheriff had designs himself on Sam Jefford's buxom, black-eyed daughter, while others held that he was afraid of young Dick, who was an amiable and popular young fellow, and that he did not want him to get too much influence in the lower end of the county. However it was, Mary Jeffords not only married her young lover, but sobered him, and as she was young, pretty, and ambitious, and worshipped her husband, Dick Creel, at the next election, to use the vernacular, "made cornsideruble show runnin' ag'inst the Sheriff, and give him cornsideruble trouble." Still, Thompson was elected overwhelmingly, and few people believed Mary Creel's charge that the Sheriff had got Dick drunk on purpose to beat him. Thompson said, "Didn't anybody have to *git* Dick drunk—the work was t'other way."

II

THE session of the Circuit Court in the "—— year of the Commonwealth," as the writs ran, and "in the sixteenth year of Aleck Thompson's Sheriffalty," as that official used to say, was more than usually important. The noted case of "*Dolittle et al. vs. Dolittle's Executrix*," was tried at the autumn term of the court, and caused considerable excitement in the county; for, in addition to the amount of property and the nice questions of law which were involved, the two sides had been severally espoused by two sister churches, and nearly half the county was in attendance, either as witnesses or interested spectators. Not only was every available corner in the little village filled to overflowing with parties, witnesses, and their adherents, but during the first week of the term the stable-yards and road-sides were lined with covered wagons and other vehicles, in or under which some of those who had not been fortunate enough to obtain shelter in the inn used to sleep, and "Briles's bar" under the tavern did a thriving business.

As the case, however, wore on, and the weather became inclement, the crowd dropped off somewhat, though a sufficient number still remained to give an air of life to the little road-side village.

Certain of these visitors found the bar-room on the ground floor of the tavern across the road more attractive than the court-room, and as the evening came the loud talking in that direction told that the visits had not been fruitless.

Perfect order, however, prevailed in the court, until one evening one of these visitors, a young man named Turkle, who had been spending the afternoon at the bar, made his way into the court-room. He was in a dingy, weather-stained overcoat and an old slouch-hat. He sank into a seat at the end of a bench near the door and, being very drunk, soon began to talk aloud to those about him.

"Silence!" called the Sheriff over the heads of the crowd from his desk in front, and those near the man cautioned him to stop talking. A moment later, however, he began again. Again the Sheriff roared "Silence!" But by this time the hot air of the court-room had warmed up Mr. Turkle, and in answer to the warning of those about him, he declared, in a maudlin tone, that he "Warn't goin' to keep silence."

"I got 's much right to talk 's anyone, and I'm a goin' to talk 's much 's I please."

His friends tried to silence him, and the Sheriff made his way through the crowd and endeavored to induce him to leave the court-room; but to no purpose. Jim Turkle was much too "far gone" to know what he was doing, though he was in a delightfully good humor. He merely hugged the Sheriff and laughed drunkenly.

"Aleck, you jist go 'way f'om here. I ain't a goin' to shet up. You shet up yourself. I'm a goin' to talk all I please. Now you hear it."

Then as if to atone for his rudeness, he caught the Sheriff roughly by the arm and pulled him toward him:

"Aleck, how's the case goin'? Is Mandy a goin' to win? Is that old rascal rulin' right?"

The Sheriff urged something in a low voice, but Turkle would not be silenced.

"Now you see thar';" he broke out with a laugh to those about him, "didn't I tell you Aleck wan't nothin' but a ol' drunkard? What d' you s'pose the ol'

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"Bet yer he's got a bottle in 's pocket right now."

rascal wants me to do? He wants me to go over there to the bar and git drunk like 'im, and I ain't goin' to do it. I never drink. I've come here to see that my cousin Mandy's chil'ern gits their patrimony, and I ain' a goin' to 'sociate with these here drunken fellows like Aleck Thompson."

The Sheriff made a final effort. He spoke positively, but Turkle would not heed.

"Oh, 'Judge' be damned! You and I know that ol' fellow loves a dram jest's well's the best of 'em—jest's well 's you do. Look at his face. You think he got that drinkin' well-water? Bet yer he's got a bottle in 's pocket right now."

A titter ran over the crowd, but was suddenly stopped.

A quiet voice was heard from the other end of the court-room, and a deathly silence fell on the assemblage. "Mr. Sheriff, bring that person to the bar of the Court."

The crowd parted as if by magic, and the Sheriff led his drunken constituent to the bar, where his befuddled brain took in just enough of the situation to make him quiet enough. The Judge bent his sternest look on him until he quailed.

"Have you no more sense of propriety than to disturb a court of justice in the exercise of its high function?"

Turkle, however, was too drunk to understand this. He tried to steady himself against the bar.

"I ain't is-turbed no Court of function, and anybody 't says so, Jedge, iz a liar."

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He dragged his hand across his mouth and tried to look around upon the crowd with an air of drunken triumph, but he staggered and would have fallen had not the Sheriff caught and supported him.

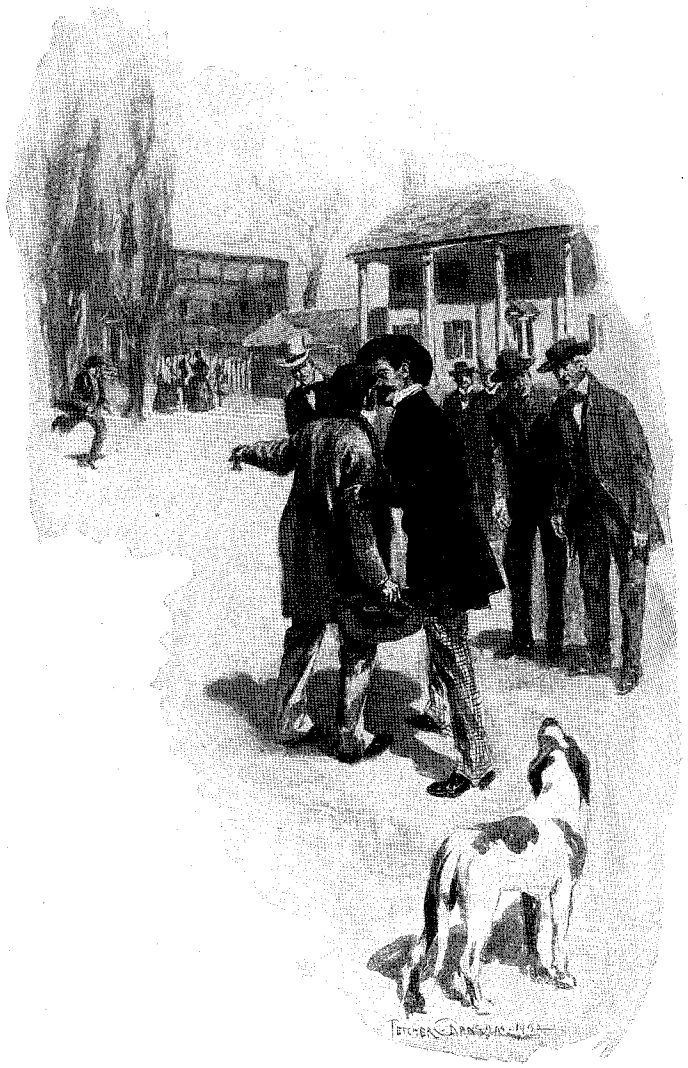
The Judge's eyes had never left him.

"Mr. Sheriff, take this intoxicated creature and confine him in the county gaol until the expiration of the term. The very existence of a court of justice depends upon the observance of order. Order must be preserved and the dignity of the Court maintained."

There was a stir—half of horror—throughout the court-room. Put a man in that jail just for being tight!

Then the Sheriff on one side and his deputy on the other, led the culprit out, now sufficiently quiet and half whimpering. A considerable portion of the crowd followed him.

Outside, the prisoner was sober enough, and he begged hard to be let off and allowed to go home. His friends, too, joined in his petition and promised to guarantee that he would not come back



'You ain't goin' to put me in thar, Aleck!'"—Page 441.

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again during the term of court. But the Sheriff was firm.

"No. The Judge told me to put you in jail, and I'm goin' to do it." He took two huge iron keys from his deputy and rattled them fiercely.

Turkle shrank back with horror.

"You ain't goin' to put me in thar, Aleck! Not in that hole! Not just for a little drop o' whiskey. It was your whiskey, too, Aleck. I was drinkin' yo' health, Aleck. You know I was."

"The Judge won't know anything about it. He'll never think of it again," pleaded several of Turkle's friends. "You know he has ordered a drunken man put there before and never said any more about it—just told you to discharge him next day."

Turkle stiffened up with hope.

"Yes, Aleck." He leant on the Sheriff's arm heavily. "He's drunk himself — I don't mean that, I mean you're drunk—oh, no——I mean I'm drunk. Everybody's drunk."

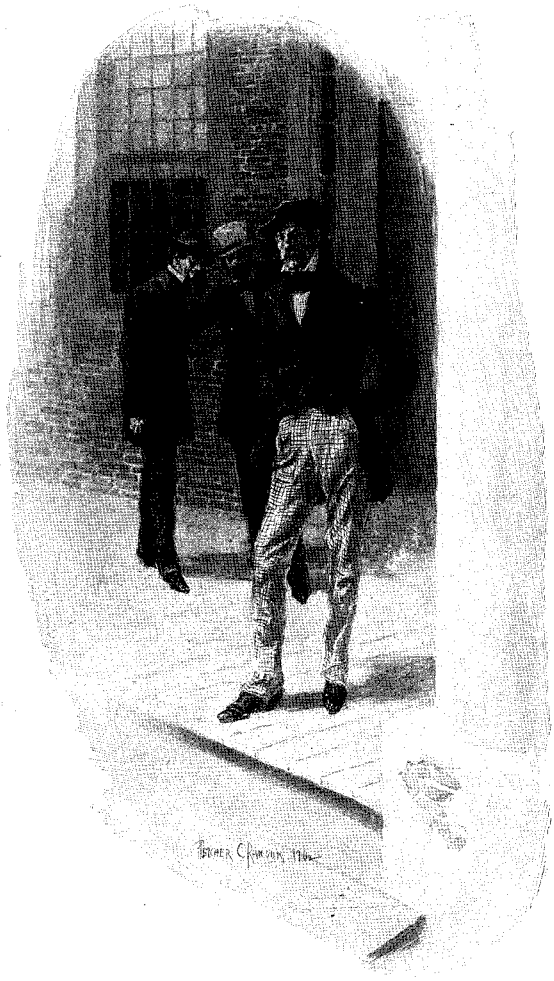
"Yes, you've gone and called me a drunkard before the court. Now I'm goin' to show you." Thompson rattled his big keys again savagely. Turkle caught him with both hands.

"Oh, Aleck, don't talk that a-way," he began in a tremulous voice. "Don't talk that a-way!" He burst into tears and flung his arms around the Sheriff's neck. He protested that he had never seen him take a drink in his life; he would go and tell the Judge so; if necessary, he would swear to it on a Bible.

"Aleck, you know I love you better than anybody in this world—except my wife and children. Yes, better than them —better than Jinny. Jinny will tell you that herself. Oh, Aleck!" He clung to him.

His friends endorsed this and declared that they would bring him back if the Judge demanded his presence. They would "promise to bring him back dead or alive at any time he sent for him."

As Turkle and his friends were always warm supporters of the Sheriff, a fact of which they did not fail to remind him, Thompson was not averse to letting him



He had still stood and looked as in a dream.—Page 444.

off, especially as he felt tolerably sure that the Judge would, as they said, forget all about the matter, or, if he remembered it, would, as he had done before, simply order him to discharge the prisoner. So, after dragging the poor fellow to the jail door to scare him well and make his clemency the more impressive, he turned him over to the others on condition that he would mount his mule and go straight home and not come back again during the

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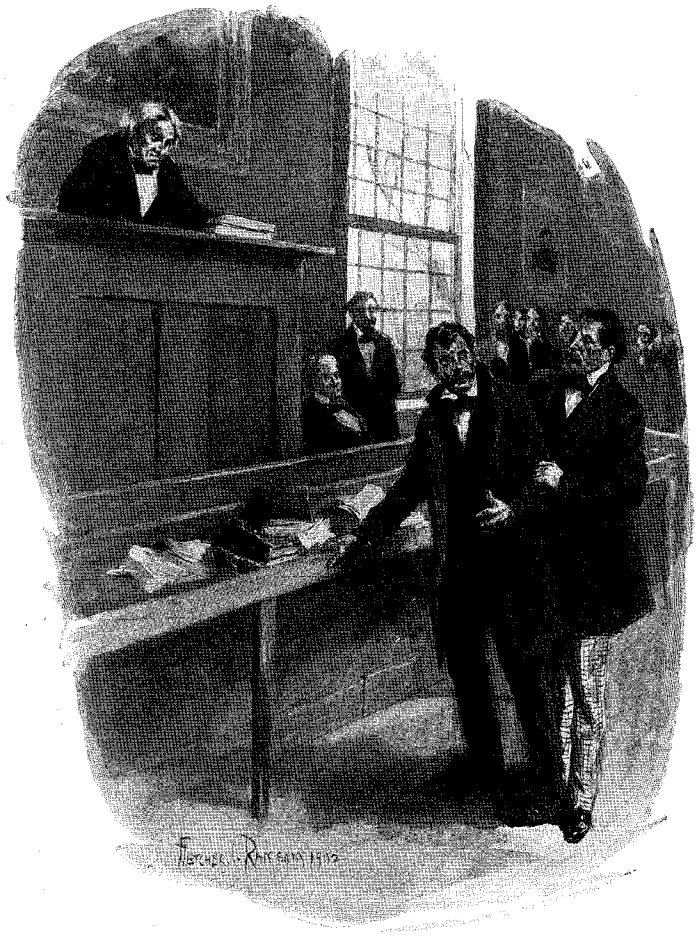

"Mr. Sheriff, conduct the young man to the door."—Page 446.

term. This Turkle was so glad to do that he struck out at once for the stable at what Thompson called a "turkey trot," and five minutes later he was galloping down the road, swinging mightily on his sorrel mule, but whipping for life.

That night Thompson was much toasted about the court-house for his humanity. Several of his admirers, indeed, got into somewhat the same condition that Turkle had been in. Even Dick Creel, who had come to court that day, lapsed from virtue and fell a victim to the general hilarity.

III

THE next morning when court was opened, the Judge was even more than usually dignified and formal. The customary routine of the morning was gone through with; the orders of the day before were read and were signed by the Judge with more than wonted solemnity. The Clerk, a benignant looking old man with a red face and a white beard, took up his book and adjusted his glasses to call the pending docket; the case of "*Dolittle vs. Dolittle's Ex'ex.*," and the array of counsel drew their chairs up to the bar and prepared for the work of the day, when the Judge, taking off his spectacles, turned to the Sheriff's desk:

"Mr. Sheriff, bring in that unfortunate inebriate whom I sentenced to confinement in the gaol yesterday. The Court, while sensible of the imperative necessity of protecting itself from all unseemly disorder and preserving its dignity undiminished, never-

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"I don't forget the pretty girls."—Page 447.

theless always leans to the side of mercy. The Court trusts that a night's incarceration may have sufficiently sobered and chastened the poor creature. The Court will therefore give him a brief admonition and will discharge him."

The Judge sat back in his large arm-chair and waited benignantly with his gaze resting placidly in front of him, while a deathly silence fell on the crowd and every eye in the court-house was turned on the Sheriff.

Thompson, standing at his desk, was staring at the Judge with jaw dropped and a dazed look like a man who had suddenly to face judgment. He opened his lips twice as if to speak, then turned and went slowly out of the court-house like a man in a dream, while those left behind looked in each others' eyes, some half scared and others more than half amused.

Outside, Thompson stopped just between two of the great pillars. He rammed his hands deep in his pockets and gazed vacantly over the court-green and up the road.

"What will he do with you? Remove you?" asked two or three who had slipped out of the door behind him and now stood about him.

"He'll put me in jail—*and* remove me."

"Can't you go and get Jim back here?"

"Or put a man on a horse and send for him. You can get a man to go there for a dollar and a half."

"No, he can't do that," declared another, half testily; "it's over twenty-five miles to Jim's, and like as not, Jim's drunk

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"Mary, please—For kingdom's sake, don't!"—Page 448.

at home. He wouldn't get here till tomorrow night."

"Aleck, you tell him he was sick. I reckon he *is* sick enough, drunk as he was," suggested the last speaker in a friendly tone; but the first dashed his hope.

"Next thing, the Judge would be sendin' the Doctor to see about him and askin' him how he is comin' on—if he didn't go and see how he was comin' on himself."

"Jee-rusalem! that would be bad!"

Thompson's face had not changed a whit. He had still stood and looked as in a dream. Suddenly, as his eyes rested on the tavern across the road beyond the court green, they lit up. His friends followed his gaze. A young man had just come out of the tavern bar and was making his way unsteadily across the road toward a horse-rack, where a thin bay horse stood tied. He was clad in a sunburnt overcoat and slouch hat, much as Turkle had been dressed the evening before.

"There's Turkle now," exclaimed one of the men behind Thompson.

"No, it's Dick Creel," corrected another. "He ain't been drunk before in a year. He's goin' home now."

"Sorry for him when he gits home. His wife will straighten him out."

But Thompson paid no heed to them. He darted down the walk and pounced on the young man just as he reached his horse.

"Come here," he said in a tone of authority. "The Judge wants you."

The young man looked at him in vague amazement.

"The Judge wants me? What th'

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Judge want with me? 'S he want to consult me?"

"Never mind what he wants—he wants you. Come along, and mind, no matter what he says to you, don't you open your mouth. If you do, he'll put you in jail. He's been kind o' curious lately about all this drinkin' and he's in an all-fired fury this morning and he'll clap you in jail in a minute. Come along."

The young man was too much dazed to understand, and Thompson was hurrying him along so rapidly that he had no time to expostulate. At every step the Sheriff was warning him, under terrific penalties, against answering the Judge a single word.

"No matter if he says black 's white and white 's black, don't you open your mouth or you'll get it. It's much as I can do to keep you out of jail this minute."

"But, Sheriff—! But, Aleck—! Just wait a minute! I don't——!"

The next instant he was inside the court-house and the Sheriff was marching him up the aisle between the upturned faces. He planted him at the bar immediately before the Court, pulling off his hat in such a way as to drag his hair over his face and give him an even more disheveled appearance than before. Then he moved around to his own desk, keeping his eye fixed piercingly on the astonished Creel's bewildered face. A gasp went over the court-room, and the bar stared at the prisoner in blank amazement.

The Judge alone appeared oblivious of his presence. He had sat absolutely silent and motionless since he had given the order to the Sheriff to produce the prisoner, his face wrapped in deep reflection. Now he withdrew his eye from the ceiling.

"Oh!"

With impressive deliberation he put on his large gold-rimmed spectacles; sat up in his chair; assumed his most judicial expression, which sat curiously on his benignant face, and looked severely down upon the culprit. The court-room shivered and Thompson's round face grew perceptibly whiter; but his eyes, after a single fleeting glance darted at the Judge, never left the face of the man at the bar.

The next second the Judge began to speak, and Thompson, and the court-room with him, heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Young man," began the Judge, "you have committed an act of grievous impropriety. You have been guilty of one of the most reprehensible offences that any citizen of a Commonwealth founded upon order and justice could commit, an act of such flagrant culpability that the Court, in the maintenance of its dignity and in the interest of the Commonwealth found it necessary to visit upon you punishment of great severity and incarcerate you in the gaol usually reserved for the most depraved malefactors. Intemperance is one of the most debasing of vices. It impairs the intellect and undermines the constitution. To the inhibition of Holy Writ is added the cumulative if inferential prohibition of the law, which declines to consider inebriety, though extreme enough in degree to destroy the reasoning faculty, in mitigation of crime of the highest dignity. If you had no beloved family to whom your conduct would be an affliction, yet you have a duty to yourself and to the Commonwealth which you have flagrantly violated. To shocking inebriety you added the even grosser misdemeanor of disturbing a Court in the exercise of its supreme function; the calm, orderly, and deliberate administration of justice between the citizens of the Commonwealth."

"But, Judge—?" began the man——

A sharp cough from the Sheriff interrupted him and he glanced at the Sheriff to meet a menacing shake of the head.

The strangeness of the scene and the impressive solemnity of the Judge so wrought upon the young man that he began to whimper. He looked at the Judge and once more opened his mouth to speak, but the Sheriff called, sharply:

"Silence!"

Creel looked appealingly from the Judge to the Sheriff, only to meet another shake of the latter's head and a warning scowl.

Then the Judge proceeded, in a tone that showed that he was not insensible to his altered manner.

"The Court, always mindful of that mercy whose quality 'is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath,' trusts that your recent incarceration, though brief, may prove adequate to the exigencies of the occasion. It hopes that the incarceration of one night in the common gaol may prove

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in case of a young man like yourself sufficiently efficacious to deter you from the repetition of so grave a misdemeanor, and at the same time not crush too much that generous spirit of youth which in its proper exercise may prove so advantageous to its possessor, and redound so much to the benefit of the Commonwealth. The order of the court, therefore, is that the Sheriff discharge you from further imprisonment.

"Mr. Sheriff, conduct the young man to the door, caution him against a recurrence of his offence, and direct him toward his home.

"We will now proceed to call the docket."

The court-room with another gasp broke into a buzz, which was instantly quelled by the sharp command of the Sheriff for silence and order in the court.

"But, Judge—" began Creel again, "I don't understand——"

What he did not understand was not heard, for Thompson seized the prisoner before he could finish his sentence, and, with a grip of steel on his arm, hustled him down the aisle and out of the court-room.

A good many poured out of the court-room after them and with subdued laughter followed the Sheriff and his charge down the walk. Thompson, however, did not wait for them. The young man appeared inclined to argue. But the Sheriff gave him no time. Hurrying him down the walk, he unhitched his horse for him and ordered him to mount.

"But, Sheriff—Mr. Thompson, I'm darned if I understand what it is all about."

"You were drunk," said Thompson—"flagrantly inebriated. Go home. Didn't you hear the Judge?"

"Yes, I heard him. He's doty. I might have been drunk, but I'm darned if I slept in jail last night—I slept in——"

"I'm darned if you didn't," said the Sheriff. "The Judge has ruled it so, and so you did. Now go home and don't you come back here again during this term, or you will sleep in jail again."

"That old Judge is doty," declared the young man with a tone of conviction.

"So much the worse for you if you come back here. Go home now, just as quick as you can."

Creel reflected for a moment.

"Well, it beats my time. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Thompson," he said, half pleadingly. "I'll go home and stay there if you will promise not to tell my wife I was in jail."

"I promise you," said Aleck, solemnly. "I give you my word I won't."

"And what's more, if you'll keep anybody else from doing it, I'll vote for you next time for Sheriff."

"I promise you that, too," said Aleck, "and if anybody says you were there, let me know, and I'll come up there and—and tell her you weren't. I can't do any more than that, can I?"

"No, you can't do any more than that," admitted Creel, sadly, and, leaning over and shaking hands with the Sheriff cordially for the first time in some years, he rode away in profound dejection.

"Well, I've got to face Mary," he said, "and I reckon I might as well do it. Whiskey is a queer thing. I must have been a lot drunker than I thought I was, because if the Court hadn't ruled it, I would have sworn I slept in that there wing room last night."

"Well, that's the best bluff I ever put up," said Thompson.

IV

THE Sheriff's bluff became the topic of the rest of the term. Such audacity, such resourcefulness had never been known. Thompson became more popular than ever, and his re-election the following spring was admitted to be certain.

"That Aleck Thompson's the smartest man that is," declared one of his delighted adherents.

Thompson himself thought so, too, and his imitation of the Judge, of Dick Creel, and of himself in court became his most popular story.

Only the old Judge moved among the throng of tittering laymen, calm, dignified, and unsuspecting.

"If ever he gets hold of you, Aleck," said one of that worthy's worshippers, "there's likely to be a vacancy in the office of sheriff."

"He'll put me in jail," laughed Aleck. "Dick Creel says he's kind o' doty."

The court was nearing the end of the

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term. *Dolittle et al. vs. Dolittle's Executrix*, with all its witnesses and all its bitternesses, had resulted in a mistrial, and the sister churches were wider apart than ever. The rest of the docket was being daily disposed of.

The Sheriff was busy one day telling his story to an admiring throng on the court green when some one casually observed that Mrs. Dick Creel had got off the train that morning.

The Sheriff's face changed a little.

"Where is she?"

"Waitin' in the tavern parlor."

"What is she doing here? What is she doing in there?"

"Jest a settin' and a waitin'."

"I 'spect she is waitin' for you, Aleck?"

There was a burst of laughter, for Squire Jefford's daughter, Mary, was known to be "a woman of her own head."

The Sheriff laughed, too; but his laughter was not as mirthful as usual. He made an ineffectual attempt to keep up his jollity.

"I reckon I'll go and see Mary."

He left the group with affected cheerfulness, but his heart was heavier than he liked to admit. He made his way to the "ladies' parlor," as the little sitting-room in the south wing of the rambling old tavern, overlooking the court green was called, and opened the door.

On one side of the wood fire in a stiff, high-backed chair sat a young woman, in her hat and wrap and gloves, "jest a settin' and a waitin'." She was a well-made and comely young woman under thirty, with a ruddy face, smooth hair and bright eyes that the Sheriff knew could both smile and snap. Her head was well set on rather plump shoulders; her mouth was well formed, but was now close drawn and her chin was strong enough to show firmness—too much firmness, as Thompson mentally decided when he caught its profile.

The Sheriff advanced with an amiable smile. He was so surprised.

"Why, you here, Mary? When did you come?" His tone was affable and even showed pleasure. But Mary did not unbend. She was as stiff as the chair she sat in. Without turning her head she turned her eyes and looked at him sideways.

"*Mrs. Creel.*"

There was a glint in her black eyes that meant war, and Thompson's countenance fell.

"Ah—ur—Mrs. Creel."

"I didn't know as you'd know me?" She spoke quietly, her eyes still on him sidewise.

"Not know you! Why, of course, I know you. I don't forget the pretty girls—leastways, the prettiest girl in the county—. Your father and I——"

"I heard you made a mistake about my husband and Jim Turkle. I thought maybe you might think I was *Mrs.* Turkle."

There was the least perceptible lifting of her shoulders and drawing down of her mouth, but quite enough to suggest Jenny Turkle's high shoulders and grim face.

The Sheriff tried to lighten the conversation.

"Oh! Come now, Mary, you mustn't get mad about that. It was all a joke. I was comin' right up after court adjourned to tell you about it—and—. It was the funniest thing! You'd 'a' died laughing if you'd been here and seen——"

"I heard they was all laughin' about it. *I* ain't so easy to amuse."

"Oh! Yes, you would, too," began Thompson, cajolingly. "If you'd seen——"

"What time does Court adjourn?" she asked, quietly and irrelevantly.

"Oh, not for two or three—not for *several* days yet—probably t'will hold over till well into next week. But if you'd seen——"

"I mean what time does it let out *to-day?*"

Thompson's face fell again.

"Why—ah—about—ah—. Why? What do you want to know for?"

"I want to see the Judge." Her voice was a dead level.

"What about?"

"About business."

"What business?"

"*Co'te* business," with cold irony.

"You don't mean that you're goin' to——?"

He paused without framing the rest of the question. She suddenly stood up and flamed out.

"Yes, I am—that's just what I am goin' to do. That's what I've come here for. You may take a liberty with the Judge—he's doty; but you can't take a

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liberty with me—I'm Squire Jefford's daughter, and I'm goin' to show you."

She was facing him now, and her black eyes were darting fire. Thompson was quite staggered.

"Why, Mary! I am surprised at you. Your father's old friend—who has had you on his knee many a time. I am shocked and surprised—and mortified and—astonished—and—mortified——"

"You've done said that one once," she said, icily.

"Why, Mary, I thought we were friends—" he began. But she cut in on him.

"Friends!" She spoke with contempt. "You've had it in for Dick ever since he was a boy." Her voice suddenly broke and the tears sprang to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Why, Mary—no such thing—I assure you—Dick and I are the best of friends—*dear* friends."

His sniff was more forcible than words. She wiped her eyes and looked at him with cold contempt.

"I'm a fool!—And I don't want you to be, *Mary*-in' me, either. If Dick chooses to let you get him drunk and make a beast and a fool of him and drag him up before the Court like a—a—like that drunkard, Jim Turkle, what don't know how to behave himself seemly in Court, and Circuit Court at that—he may; but I'll let you know, *I'm* not goin' to do it. I don't mean the Judge to think my husband's a thing like that. I mean to set him right. And I'll tell him you are nothing but an old gambler who spends his time ruinin' young men, and braggin' as how you can bluff anybody."

"Mary!—ur—Mrs. Creel!" gasped the Sheriff.

She stalked by him wiping her eyes, and marched straight to the door; but the Sheriff was too quick for her. His office, his reputation, everything hung on his pacifying her. He sprang to the door and, standing against it, began to apologize in so humble a tone that even the angry wife could not but listen to him.

He said everything that any mortal could have said, and declared that he would do anything on earth that she might ask.

She reflected, and he began to hope again. When their eyes met, hers were still hard, but they were calmer.

"I know you think you are making a fool of me," she began, and then as he protested she shut him up with a sharp gesture.

"Yes, you do, you think so; but you are not. There is but one thing I will accept in apology."

"What is that?"

"You are to make Dick your deputy."

"But, M——!"

"I knew you wouldn't—. Stand aside." She gave a sweep of the arm.

"But, Mary!"

"Stand aside, I say—I'd rather have you removed any way."

"But, Mary, just listen——"

"Stand aside, or I will call." She straightened herself and looked past him, as if listening.

"But, Mary, do be reasonable!"

She opened her mouth as if to cry out. The Sheriff threw up both hands.

"Mary, please— For kingdom's sake, don't! What unreasonable creatures women are!"

"You'd better let women alone. One is as much as you can manage now." She spoke witheringly. "I give you one more chance."

"More than I can manage. You know Dick will get drunk——"

"Not unless you make him. Who was drunk at that barbecue at Jones's Cross Roads last summer?"

"Oh, Mary!"

"Who set up till after Sunday mornin' playin' kyards——. Yes, *gamblin'*, the last night of last County Co'te?"

"Oh, Mary!—All right. I lay down my hand."

She drew paper and pencil from her little bag and held them out to him.

"Write it down."

"Ain't my word good enough?"

"If you mean to do it, why are you afraid to write it?"

"I'm not afraid."

"Then write it." She held the paper to him with outstretched arm.

"What shall I write?"

"Write what I say: 'I, Aleck Thompson, promise and bind myself if I remain in office for another term to appoint my *dear* friend, Dick Creel'—underscore

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that—'my first deputy, and to keep him in as long as he keeps sober and attends to his business.' Now sign it."

"What consideration do I get for this?" Thompson looked up from the paper at her cajolingly. She met his gaze with a little flash.

"Oh! I forgot the consideration," she murmured, "and I Squire Jefford's daughter, too! Write: 'The consideration for the above is the love I bear the aforesaid Richard Creel, and the fear I have that his wife will tell the Judge what a smart Aleck I am.'"

"Mary, you don't want me to write that?"

"Them very words. I little more forgot the consideration."

The paper was written.

"Now I want a witness. I see the court is broken up."

"'Tain't necessary."

"I want a witness, and I'm goin' to *have* him."

"Who?"

"The Judge."

"Look here, Mary——?"

"I'm goin' to have him. You come and introduce me."

"Mary, are you after all goin' to——?"

She met his gaze frankly.

"No, unless you go back on me. If you do, I'll tell him and show him the paper; and what's more, I'll show it all around this county."

A flash of genuine admiration came into the Sheriff's eyes.

"Mary, you ought to have been a man, or—Mrs. Aleck Thompson."

The paper was signed and witnessed. The Judge inquired of the Sheriff that evening,

"Who is that handsome and very interesting young woman?"

"She is the wife of a young man I want to get as my deputy, sir."

"A very interesting young woman," observed the Judge. "I should say she is a young woman of some intellect and some determination."

"She is, indeed, sir," said the Sheriff.

Long afterward Aleck Thompson used to tell the story and always wound up with, "She bluffed me clean, but she was the best deputy I ever had."

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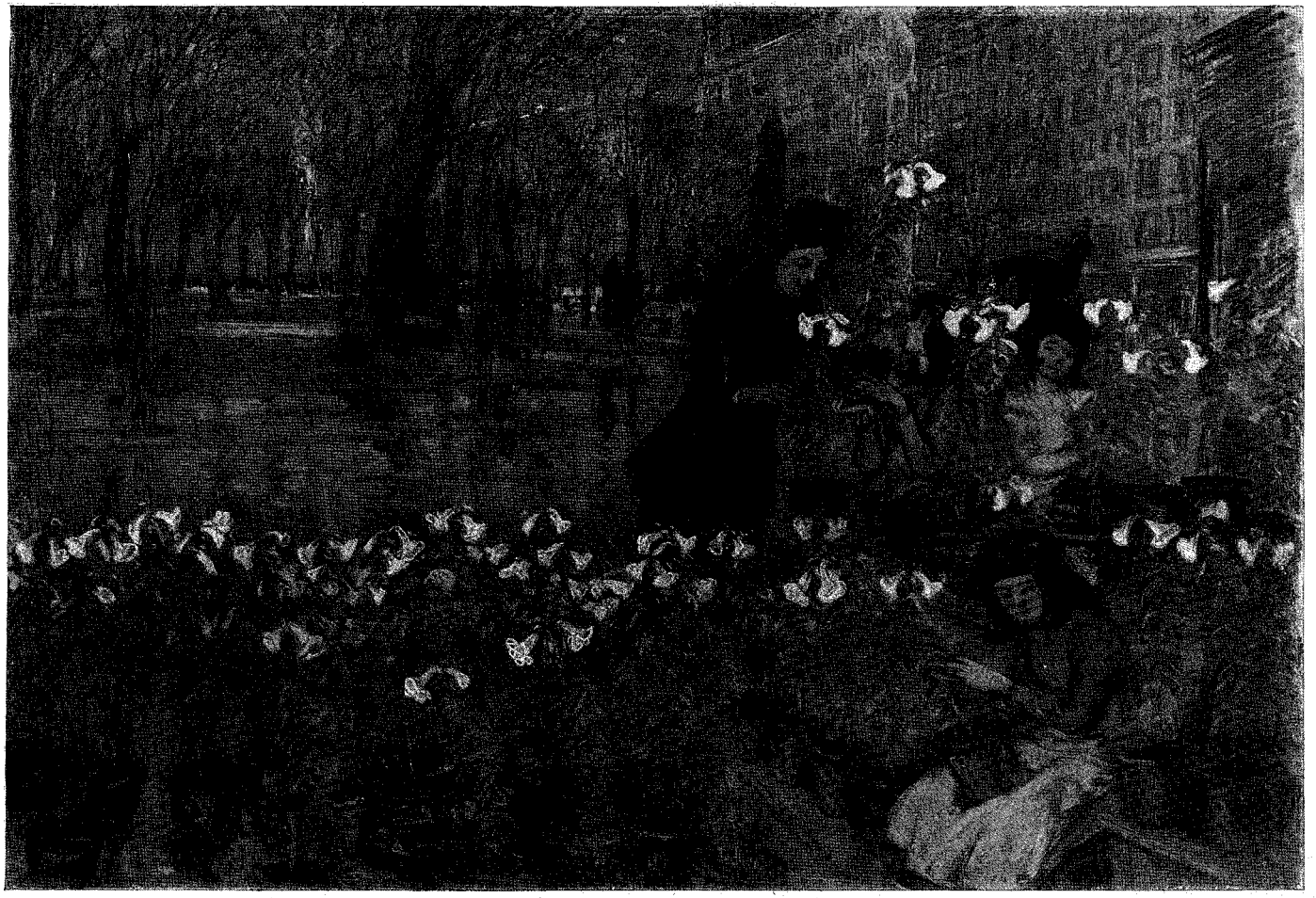

HOW EASTER COMES IN THE CITY.

Drawn by Everett Shinn.

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Her cheeks flaming under her wide, dark hat.—Page 458.

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A REVERSION TO TYPE

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

SHE had never felt so tired of it all, it seemed to her. The sun streamed hot across the backs of the shining seats into her eyes, but she was too tired to get the window-pole. She watched the incoming class listlessly, wondering whether it would be worth while to ask one of them to close the shutter. They chattered and giggled and bustled in, rattling the chairs about, and begging each other's pardon vociferously, with that insistent politeness which marks a sharply defined stage in the social evolution of the young girl. They irritated her excessively—these little airs and graces. She opened her book with a snap, and began to call the roll sharply.

Midway up the room sat a tall, dark girl, not handsome, but noticeably well dressed. She looked politely at her questioner when spoken to, but seemed as far in spirit as the distant trees toward which she directed her attention when not particularly addressed. She seemed to have a certain personality, a self-possession, a source of interest other than collegiate; and this held her apart from the others in the mind of the woman who sat before the desk.

What was that girl thinking of, she wondered, as she called another name, and glanced at the book to gather material for a question. What a perfect taste had combined that dark, brocaded vest with the dull, rough cloth of the suit—and she dressed her hair so well! She had a beautiful band of pearls on one finger: was it an engagement ring? No, that would be a solitaire.

And all this time she called names from the interminable list, and mechanically corrected the mistakes of their owners. Her eyes went back to the girl in the middle row, who turned her head and yawned a little. They took their education very easily, these maidens.

How she had saved and denied herself and even consented to the indebtedness she so hated, to gain that coveted German winter! And how delightful it had been!

Almost she saw again the dear home of that blessed year—the kindly house-mother; the chubby *Mädchen*, who knitted her a silk purse, and cried when she left; the father with his beloved 'cello and his deep, honest voice.

How cunning the little Bertha had been! How pleasant it was to hear her gay, little voice when one came down the shady street—"*Da ist sie, ja!*" she would call to her mother, and then Hermann would come up to her with his hands outstretched. "Had she had a hard day? Was the lecture good?" How brown his beard was, and how deep and faithful his brown eyes were! And he used to sing—why were there no bass voices in the States? "*Kennst du das Land*" he used to sing, and his mother cried softly to herself for pleasure. And once she herself had cried a little.

"No," she said to the girl who was reciting, "no, it takes the Dative. I cannot seem to impress sufficiently on your minds the necessity for learning that list thoroughly. You may translate now."

And they translated. How they drawled it over—the beautiful, rich German. Hermann had begged so, but she had felt differently then. She had loved her work in anticipation. To marry and settle down—she was not ready. It would be so good to be independent. And now—but it was too late. That was years ago. Hermann must have found some yellow-braided, blue-eyed Dorothea by this. Some *Mädchen* who cared not for Calculus and Hebrew, but only to be what her mother had been, wife and house-mother—but this was treason. Our grandmothers had thought that.

She looked at the girl in the middle row. What beautiful hair she had—what an idiot she was to give up four years of her life to this round of work and play and pretence of living. Oh! to go back to Germany—to see Bertha and her mother again, and hear the father's 'cello! Her-

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mann had loved her so: he had said so quietly and yet so surely, "But thou wilt come back, my heart's own. And always I wait here for thee. Make me not wait long!" He had seemed too quiet, then; too slow and too easily content. She had wanted quicker, busier, more individual life. And now her heart said, "O fool!"

Was it too late? Suppose she should go, after all? Suppose she should go, and all should be as it had been, only a little older, a little more quiet and peaceful? The very fancy filled her heart with sudden calm. A love so deep and sure, so broad and sweet, could it not dignify any woman's life? And she had been thought worthy and had refused this love! O fool!

Suppose she went and found—her heart beat too quickly, and her face flushed. She called on the bright girl in the front row.

"And what have *you* learned?" she said. The girl coughed importantly. "It is a poem of Goethe's," she announced, in her high, satisfied voice. "*Kennst du das Land*——"

"That will do," said the German assistant. "I fear we shall not have time for it to-day. The hour is up. You may go on with the translation for to-morrow." And as the class rose with a growing clamor she realized that though she had been thinking steadily in German, she had been talking in English. So that was why they had comprehended so well and answered so rapidly! And yet she was too glad to be annoyed at the slip. There were other things: her life was not a German class!

As the girls crowded out, one stepped by the desk. She laid her hand with the pearl band on the third finger on the teacher's arm. "You look tired," she said, "I hope you're not ill?"

"Ill?" said the woman at the desk, "I never felt better. I've been neglecting my classes, I fear, in the study of your green gown. It is so very pretty." The girl smiled and colored a little.

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "I like it, too." Then with a sudden feeling of friendship, an odd sense of intimacy, a quick impulse of common femininity, she added:

"I've had some good times in this dress. Wearing it up here makes me remember them very strangely. It's queer, what a difference it makes—" she stopped and looked questioningly at the older woman.

But the German assistant smiled at her. "Yes," she said, "it is. And when you have been teaching seven years the difference becomes very apparent." She gathered up her books, still smiling in a reminiscent way. And as she went out of the door, she looked back at the glaring, sunny room, as if already it were far behind her, as if already she felt the housemother's kiss, and heard the 'cello, and saw Klara's tiny daughter standing by the door, throwing kisses, calling, "*Da ist sie, ja!*"

Lost in the dream, her eyes fixed absently, she stumbled against her fellow-assistant, who was making for the room she had just left.

"I beg your pardon—I wasn't looking—Oh, it's you!" she murmured, vaguely. Her fellow-assistant had a headache, and forty-five written papers to correct. She had just heard, too, a cutting criticism of her work made by the self-appointed Faculty critic; the criticism was cleverly worded and had just enough truth to fly quickly and hurt her with the head of her department. So she was not in the best of tempers.

"Yes, it's I," she said, crossly. "If you had knocked these papers an inch farther, I should have invited you to correct them. If you go about in that abstracted way much longer, my dear, Miss Selbourne will inform the world (on the very best authority) that you're in love!"

"I? What nonsense!"

It was a ridiculous thing to say and she flushed angrily at herself. It was only a joke, of course.

The other woman laughed shortly.

"Dear me! I really believe you are!" she exclaimed. "The girls were saying at breakfast that Professor Tredick was ruining himself in violets, yesterday—so it was for you!" and she went into the lecture-room.

A chattering crowd of girls closed in behind her. One voice rose above the rest:

"Well, I don't know what you call it, then—he skated with her all the winter, and at the Dickinson party they sat on one sofa for an hour and talked steadily!"

"Oh, nonsense! She skates beautifully, that's all."

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"She sits on a sofa beautifully, too." A burst of laughter, and the door closed.

The German assistant smiled satirically. It was all of a piece. At least the younger women were perfectly frank about it; they did not feel themselves forced to employ sarcasm in their references; it was not necessary for them to appear to have definitely chosen this life in preference to any other. Four years was little to lend to such an experiment. But the older women, who sat on those prim little platforms year after year—a sudden curiosity possessed her to know how many of them were really satisfied. Could it be that they had preferred—actually preferred—but she had, herself, three years ago. She shook her head decidedly. "Not for nine years, not for nine!" she murmured, as she caught through the heavy door a familiar voice raised to emphasize some French phrase.

And yet, somebody must teach them. They could not be born with foreign idioms and historical dates and mathematical formulæ in their little heads. She herself deplored the modern tendency that sent a changing drift of young teachers through the colleges, to learn at the expense of the students a soon relinquished profession. But how ridiculous the position of the women who prided themselves on the steadiness and continuity of their service! Surely they must find it an empty success at times. They must regret.

She was passing through the chapel. Two scrubbing-women were straightening the chairs, their backs turned to her.

"From all I hear," said one, with a chuckle and a sly glance, "we'll be afther gettin' our invitations soon."

"An' to what?" demanded the other, quickly.

"Sure, they say it's a weddin'."

"Ah, now, hush yer noise, Mary Nolan, 'tis no such thing. I've had enough o' husbands. I know when I'm doin' well, an' that's as I am!"

"'Tis strange that the men sh'd think different, now, but they do!"

They laughed heartily and long. The German assistant looked at the broad backs meditatively. Just now they seemed to her more consistent than any other women in the great building.

She walked quickly across the greening campus. The close-set brick buildings seemed to press up against her; every window stood for some crowded, narrow room, filled with books and teacups and clothes and photographs—hundreds of them, and all alike. In her own room she tried to reason herself out of this intolerable depression, to realize the advantages of a quiet life in what was surely the same pleasant, cultured atmosphere to which she had so eagerly looked forward three years ago. Her room was large, well furnished, perfectly heated; and if the condition of her closet would have appeared nothing short of appalling to a householder, that condition was owing to the hopeless exigencies of the occasion. With the exception of that whited sepulchre all was neat, artistic, eminently habitable. She surveyed it critically: the Mona Lisa, the large Melrose Abbey, the Burne-Jones draperies, and the Blessed Damozel that spread a placid if monotonous culture through the rooms of educated single women. A proper appreciation of polished wood, the sanitary and æsthetic values of the open fire, a certain scheme in couch pillows, all linked it to the dozen other rooms that occupied the same relative ground-floor-corners in a dozen other houses. Some of them had more books, some ran to handsome photographs, some afforded fads in old furniture, but it was only a question of more or less. It looked utterly impersonal to-day; its very atmosphere was artificial, typical, a pretended self-sufficiency.

How many years more should she live in it—three, nine, thirteen? The tide of girls would ebb and flow with every June and September; eighteen to twenty-two would ring their changes through the terms, and she could take her choice of the two methods of regarding them—she could insist on a perennial interest in the separate personalities, and endure weariness for the sake of an uncertain influence, or she could mass them frankly as the student body, and confine the connection to marking their class-room efforts and serving their meat in the dining-room. The latter was at once more honest and more easy; all but the most ambitious or the most conscientious came to it sooner or later.

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The youngest among the assistants, themselves fresh from college, mingled naturally enough with the students; they danced and skated and enjoyed their girlish authority. The older women, seasoned to the life, settled there indefinitely, identified themselves more or less with the town, amused themselves with their little aristocracy of precedence, and wove and interwove the complicated, slender strands of college gossip. But a woman of barely thirty, too old for friendships with young girls, too young to find her placid recreation in the stereotyped round of social functions, that seemed so perfectly imitative of the normal and yet so curiously unsuccessful at bottom—what was there for her?

Her eyes were fixed on the hill-slope view that made her room so desirable. It occurred to her that its changelessness was not necessarily so attractive a characteristic as the local poets practised themselves in assuring her.

A light knock at the door recalled to her the utter lack of privacy that put her at the mercy of laundress, sophomore, and expressman. She regretted that she had not put up the little sign, whose "*Please do not disturb*," was her only means of defence.

"Come!" she called shortly, and the tall girl in the green dress stood in the open door. A strange sense of long acquaintance, a vague feeling of familiarity surprised the older woman. Her expression changed.

"Come in," she said, cordially.

"I—am I disturbing you?" asked the girl, doubtfully. She had a pile of books on her arm; her trim jacket and hat, and something in the way she held her armful seemed curiously at variance with her Tam-o'-Shantered, golf-caped friends.

"I couldn't find out whether you had an office-hour, and I didn't know whether I ought to have sent in my name—it seemed so formal, when it is only a moment I need to see you——"

"Sit down," said the German assistant, pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"I have been talking with Fräulein Müller about my German, and she says if you are willing to give me an outline for advanced work and an examination later on, I can go into a higher division in a little while. Languages are always easy for one, and I could go on much quicker."

"Oh, certainly. I have thought more than once that you were wasting your time. The class is too large and too slow. I will make you out an outline and give it to you after class to-morrow," said the German assistant, promptly. "Meanwhile, won't you stay and make me a little call? I will light the fire and make some tea, if that is an inducement."

"The invitation is inducement enough, I assure you," smiled the girl, "but I must not stay to-day, I think. If you will let me come again when I have no work to bother you with, I should love to."

There was something easily decisive in her manner, something very different from the other students, who refused such invitations awkwardly, eager to be pressed, and when finally assured of a sincere welcome prolonged their calls and talked about themselves into the uncounted hours. Evidently she would not stay this time: evidently she would like to come again.

As the door closed behind her the German assistant dropped her cordial smile and sank back listlessly in her chair.

"After all, she's only a girl!" she murmured. For almost an hour she sat looking fixedly at the unlit logs, hardly conscious of the wasted time. Much might have gone into that hour. There was tea for her at one of the college houses—the hostess had a "day," and went so far as to aspire to the exclusive serving of a certain kind of tinned fancy biscuit every Friday—if she wanted to drop in. This hostess invited favored students to meet the Faculty and townspeople on these occasions, and the two latter classes were expected to effect a social fusion with the former—which linked it, to some minds, a little too obviously with professional duties. She might call on the head of her department, who was suffering some slight indisposition, and receive minute advice as to the conduct of her classes mingled with general criticism of various colleagues and their methods. She might make a number of calls, but if there is one situation in which the futility of these social mockeries becomes most thoroughly obvious it is the situation presented by an attempt to imitate the conventional society life in a woman's col-

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lege. And yet—she had gone over the whole question so often—what a desert of awkwardness and learned provincialism such a college would be without the attempt! How often she had cordially agreed to the statement that it was precisely because of its insistence upon this connection with the forms and relations of normal life that her college was so successfully free from the tomboyishness or the priggishness or the *gaucherie* of some of the others! And yet its very success came from begging the question, after all.

She shook her head impatiently. A strong odor of boiling chocolate crept through the transom. Somebody began to practise a monotonous accompaniment on the guitar. Over her head a series of startling bumps and jarring falls suggested a troupe of baby elephants practising for their first appearance in public. The German assistant set her teeth.

"Before I die," she announced to her image in the glass, "I propose to inquire flatly of Miss Burgess if she *does* pile her furniture in a heap and slide down it on her toboggan! There is no other logical explanation of that horrible disturbance."

The face in the glass caught her attention. It looked sallow, with lines under the eyes. The hair rolled back a little too severely for the prevailing mode, and she recalled her late visitor's effectively adjusted side-combs, her soft, dark waves.

"They have time for it evidently," she mused, "and after all it is certainly more important than modal auxiliaries!"

And for half an hour she twisted and looped and coiled, between the chiffonier and a hand-glass, fairly flushing with pleasure at the result.

"Now," she said, looking cheerfully at a pile of written papers, "I'll take a walk, I think, a real walk." And till dinner-time she tramped some of the old roads of her college days; more girlish than those days had found her; lighter footed, she thought, than before.

The flush was still in her cheeks as she served her hungry tableful, and she could not fail to catch the meaning of their frank stares. Pausing in the parlor-door to answer a question, she overheard a bit of conversation:

"Doesn't she look well with her hair low? Quite stunning, I think."

"Yes, indeed. If only she wouldn't dress so old: it makes her look older than she is. That red waist she wears in the evening is awfully becoming."

"Yes, I hate her in dark things."

The regret that she had not found time to put on the red waist was so instant and keen that she laughed at herself when alone in her room. She moved vaguely about, aimlessly changing the position of the furniture. How absurd! To do one's hair differently and take a long walk and feel as if an old life were somehow far behind one!

Later she found herself before her desk, hunting for her foreign letter-paper, and once started, her pen flew. There were long meditative lapses, followed by nervous haste, as if to make up the lost time; and just before the ten o'clock bell she slipped out to mail a fat brown-stamped envelope. The night-watchman chuckled as he watched the head shrouded in the golf-cape hood bend a moment over the little white square.

"Maybe it's one o' the maids, maybe it's one o' the teachers, maybe it's one o' the girls," he confided to his lantern; "they're all alike, come to that! An' a good thing, too!"

In the morning the German assistant dismissed her last class early and took train for Springfield. On the way to the station a deferential clerk from the book-shop waylaid her.

"One moment, please—those books you spoke of. Mr. Hartwell's library is up at auction and we're sending a man to buy to-day. If you could get the whole set for $25——"

She smiled and shook her head. "I've changed my mind, thank you—I can't afford it. Yes, I suppose it is a bargain, but books are such a trouble to carry about, you know. No, I don't think of anything else."

What freedom, what a strange baseless exhilaration! Suppose—suppose it was all a mistake and she should wake back to the old, stubborn, perfunctory reality! Perhaps it was better, saner—that quiet taken-for-granted existence. Perhaps she regretted—but even with the half-fear at her heart she laughed at that. If wake she must, she loved the dream. How she trusted that man! "*Always I will*

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wait"—and he would. But seven years—she threw the thought behind her.

The next days passed in a swift, confused flight. She knew they were all discussing her, wondering at her changed face, her fresh, becoming clothes; they decided that she had had money left her.

"Some of my girls saw you shopping in Springfield last Saturday—they say you got some lovely waists," said her fellow-assistant tentatively, "was this one? It's very sweet. You ought to wear red a great deal, you look so well in it. Did you know Professor Riggs spoke of your hat with wild enthusiasm to Mrs. Austin Sunday? He said it was wonderful what a difference a stylish hat made. Not that he meant, of course . . . Well, it's lovely to be able to get what you want. Goodness knows, I wish I could."

The other laughed. "Oh, it's perfectly easy if you really want to," she said; "it all depends on what you want, you know."

For the first week she moved in a kind of exaltation. It was partly that her glass showed her a different woman, soft-eyed, with cheeks tinted from the long, restless walks through the spring that was coming on with every warm, greening day. The excitement of the letter hung over her. She pictured her announcement, Fräulein Müller's amazed questions.

"'But—but I do not understand! You are not well?'

"'Perfectly, thank you.'

"'But I am perfectly satisfied: I do not wish to change. You are not sick, then?'

"'Only of teaching, Fräulein.'

"'But the instructorship—I was going to recommend—do not be alarmed, you shall have it surely!'

"'You are very kind, but I have taught long enough.'

"'Then you do not find another position? Are you to be——'"

Always here her heart sank. Was she? What real basis had all this sweet, disturbing dream? To write so to a man, after seven years! It was not decent. She grew satiric. How embarrassing for him to read such a letter in the bosom of an affectionate, flaxen-haired family! At least she would never know how he really felt, thank heaven. And what was left for her then? To her own mind she had burned her bridges already. She was as far from this place in fancy as if the miles stretched veritably between them. And yet she knew no other life. She knew no other men. He was the only one—in a flash of shame it came over her that a woman with more experience would never have written such a letter. Everybody knew that men forget, change, easily replace first loves. Nobody but such a cloistered, academic spinster as she would have trusted a seven-years' promise. This was another result of such lives as they led—such helpless, provincial women. Her resentment grew against the place. It had made her a fool.

It was Sunday afternoon, and she had omitted, in deference to the day, the short skirt and walking hat of her week-day stroll. Sunk in accusing shame, her cheeks flaming under her wide, dark hat, her quick step more sweeping than she knew, her eyes on the ground, she just escaped collision with a suddenly looming masculine figure. A hasty apology, a startled glance of appeal, a quick breath that parted her lips, and she was past the stranger. But not before she had caught in his eyes a look that quickened her heart, that soothed her angry humility. The sudden sincere admiration, the involuntary tribute to her charm was new to her, but the instinct of countless generations made it as plain and as much her prerogative as if she had been the most successful *débutante*. She was not, then, an object of pity, to be treasured for the sake of the old days; other men, too—the impulse outstripped thought, but she caught up with it.

"How dreadful!" she murmured, with a consciousness of undreamed depths in herself. "Of course he is the only one—the only one!" and across the water she begged for his forgiveness.

But through all her agony of doubt in the days that followed, one shame was miraculously removed, one hope sang faintly beneath: she, too, had her power! A glance in the street had called her from one army of her sisters to the other, and the difference was inestimable.

Her classes stared at her with naïve admiration. The girls in the house begged for her as a chaperone to Amherst entertainments, and sulked when a report that the young hosts found her too attractive

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to enable strangers to distinguish readily between her and her charges rendered another selection advisable. The fact that her interest in them was fitful, sometimes making her merry and intimate, sometimes relegating them to a connection purely professional, only left her more interesting to them; and boxes of flowers, respectful solicitations to spreads and tempting invitations to long drives through the lengthening afternoons began to elect her to an obvious popularity. Once it would have meant much to her; she marvelled now at the little shade of jealousy with which her colleagues assured her of it. How long must she wait? When would life be real again? She seemed to herself to move in a dream that heightened and strained quicker as it neared an inevitable shock of waking—to what? Even at the best, to what? Even supposing that—she put it boldly, as if it had been another woman—she should marry the man who asked her seven years ago, what was there in the very obvious future thus assured her that could match the hopes her heart held out? How could it be at once the golden harbor, the peaceful end of hurried, empty years, and the delicious, shifting unrest that made a tumult of her days and nights? Yet something told her that it was, something repeated insistently: "*Always I will wait.*" . . . He would keep faith, that grave, big man!

But every day as she moved with tightened lips to the table where the mail lay spread, coloring at a foreign stamp, paling with the disappointment, her hope grew fainter. He dared not write and tell her. It was over. Violet shadows darkened her eyes, a feverish flush made her, as it grew and faded at the slightest warning, more girlish than ever.

But the young life about her seemed only to mock her own late weakened impulse. It was not the same. She was playing heavy stakes; they hardly realized the game. All but one, they irritated her. This one, since her first short call had come and come again. No explanations, no confidences had passed between them; their sympathy, deep-rooted, expressed itself perfectly in the ordinary conventional tone of two reserved if congenial natures. The girl did not discuss herself, the woman dared not. They talked of books, music, travel; never, as if by tacit agreement, of any of the countless possible personalities in a place so given to personal discussion.

She could not have told how she knew that the girl had come to college to please a mother whose great regret was to have missed such training, nor did she remember when her incurious friend had learned her tense determination of flight. She could have sworn that she had never spoken of it. Sometimes, so perfectly did they appear to understand each other beneath an indifferent conversation, it seemed to her that the words must be the merest symbols, and that the girl, who always caught her lightest shade of meaning, knew to exactness her alternate hope and fear, the rudderless tossing toward and from her taunting harbor-light.

They sat by an open window breathing in the moist air from the fresh, upturned earth. The gardeners were working over the sprouting beds; the sun came in warm and sweet.

"Three weeks ago it was almost cold at this time," said the girl. "In the springtime I give up going home, and love the place. But two years more—two years!"

"Do you really mind it so much?"

"I think what I mind the most is that I don't like it more," said the girl, slowly. "Mamma wanted it so. She really loved study. I don't, but if I did—I should love it more than this. This would seem so childish. And if I just wanted a good time, why, then, this would seem such a lot of trouble. All the good things here seem—seem remedies!"

The older woman laughed nervously. Three weeks—three weeks and no word!

"You will be making epigrams, my dear, if you don't take care," she said, lightly. "But you're going to finish just the same? The girls like you, your work is good, you ought to stay."

The girl flashed a look of surprise at her. It was her only hint of sympathy.

"You advise me to?" she asked, quietly.

"I think it would be a pity to disappoint your mother," with a light hand on her shoulder. "You are so young—four years is very little. Of course you could do the work in half the time, but you admit that you are not an ardent student. If no-

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body came here but the girls that really needed to, we shouldn't have the reputation that we have. The girls to whom this place means the last word in learning and the last grace of social life are estimable young women, but not so pleasant to meet as you."

Three weeks—but he had waited seven years!

"I am very childish," said the girl. "Of course I will stay. And some of it I like very much. It's only that Mamma doesn't understand. She over-estimates it so. Somehow the more complete it is, the more like everything else, the more you have to find fault with on all sides. I'd rather have come when Mamma was a girl."

"I see. I have thought that, too."

Ah, fool, give up your senseless hope! You had your chance—you lost it. Fate cannot stop and wait, while you grow wise.

"When that shadow covers the hill, I will give it up forever. Then I will write to Henry's wife and ask her to let me come and help take care of the children. She will like it, and I can get tutoring if I want it. I will make the children love me, and there will be a place where I should be wanted and can help," she thought.

The shadow slipped lower. The fresh turf steeped in the last rays, the birds sang, the warming earth seemed to have touched the very core of spring. Her hopes had answered the eager year, but her miracle was too wonderful to be.

A light knock at the door and a maid came toward her, tray in hand. She lifted the card carelessly—her heart dropped a moment and beat in hard, slow throbs. Her eyes filled with tears; her cheeks were hot and brilliant.

"I will be there in a moment—" how deep her voice sounded! The girl slipped by her.

"I was going anyway," she said softly, "good-by! Don't touch your hair—it's just right."

She did not wait for an answer, but went out. As she passed by the little reception-room a tall, eager man made toward her with outstretched hands. Her voice trembled as she laughed.

"No, no—I'm not the one," she murmured, "but she—she's coming!"

SOME NOTEWORTHY SCHOLARS

By Daniel C. Gilman

THE merit of a university, in the long run, depends upon the men who are called upon to conduct it — upon them, absolutely if not exclusively, for although the teachers must have such auxiliaries as books and instruments, books are nothing but paper and ink until they are read, and instruments but brass and glass until craft and skill are applied to the handling. So, after a university has been launched, eternal vigilance is requisite in order that the highest standards may be kept up when new appointments are made, and that every member of the faculty may receive encouragement and help in the prosecution of his studies. I do not think that what is called "pull" has had much to do with appointments in American institutions, although I have known a few instances where "Pull" and "Push," twin reprobates, interlopers from other fields, have been invoked in behalf of university candidates. As a rule, aspirants are too well aware that their disqualifications will be uncovered if "Push" and "Pull" are cross-questioned, and that the truest evidence of ability is not found in the testimonials of friendship, but in records of the past—personal, domestic, and scholastic antecedents—discipline, examinations, writings, investigations, prizes, honors. Work performed is the surety of work that will be performed in future. Even without the interference of "Push" and "Pull," it is hard to discover the best men, and hard to capture them when they are discovered. There is a still greater difficulty in educing from every professor the best of which

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he is capable. The country is full of cases so similar that they might be presented in the form of a mathematical formula. The young man of talent, especially when under the inspiration of a strong mind, rises rapidly, buoyed up by hope and elated by praise. He gets his title; he wins his wife; he opens his house; hospitality is expected of him; children come; books must be bought; journeys must be made; bills must be paid; in fine, the pot must be kept boiling. The salary which seemed so liberal for Bachelor proves inadequate for Benedick. Beatrice makes a difference. Many have to resort to expedients in order to get the necessities. Few are they who resist the levelling tendency of this period; who rise above the table-land upon which they are travelling, and reach the mountain-peaks.

It is a great advantage to any university if the older members of the faculty are those who drink of the fountain of perennial youth—like Peirce and Gray in Cambridge, Silliman and Dana in New Haven, the Le Conte in California, and the like—men whose enthusiasm never died out, whose mental and physical vigor remained unabated, and who found their highest pleasure in doing, and not in dozing. The original men at Baltimore were of this type. Others like them have followed. Indeed, we have been fortunate, from the beginning, in having as permanent members of the faculty men of inspiring qualities, men who "could light their own fires" and show others how to do the same—men who never were tired of work.

We have been fortunate, too, in our guests. It is of great advantage to bring into an academical circle men from other universities — observing, critical, suggestive, familiar with different ways, looking, perhaps, for colleagues or for assistants, asking help, answering questions, showing methods. Whatever may be the conditions in other countries, I have no doubt that in this period of American development there are great advantages in calling men of renown, from a distance, into the intimacy of our secluded, if not cloistered, lives. To meet other travellers is almost as good as to travel ourselves. It may be even better.

To illustrate these principles, I shall speak of some noteworthy scholars with whom I have been in familiar relations; but I shall rarely allude to any who are living.

The winter of 1876–77 was memorable in Baltimore. It was an era of good-feeling—of great expectations. The differences of the Civil War were not forgotten, but they received no emphasis. The new foundation was welcomed as an agency of conciliation. One evening, for example, there was a social "reunion" of good citizens brought together to show their interest in and their respect for the faculty of this incipient university. Men of all shades of opinion were assembled —Union soldiers, Confederate soldiers, judges, ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers—the prominent citizens —all of them ready to welcome an institution devoted to science and letters. "We have had no such gathering," it was said, "since 1861. Men are here who have not met on common ground since the election of Lincoln." This was an auspicious beginning, never to be forgotten. The world was expectant, everybody was inquisitive, not a few were sceptical—some may have been distrustful, none were hostile.

In order to illustrate the activities of other universities, and to secure the counsel of eminent scholars in respect to our development, the decision had been reached already that academic lectures on various important and attractive themes should be opened to the public, and that the professors should come from institutions of acknowledged merit, established in the North, South, and West. The usages of the *Collége de France* were in mind. Thus the instructions of a small faculty were to be supplemented by courses which should be profitable to the enrolled students, and entertaining, if not serviceable, to the educated public. Gildersleeve and Mallet, the Grecian and the chemist, were representatives of the inimitable methods of the University of Virginia. Judge Cooley, the constitutional lawyer, the distinguished jurist, came from the great State University of Michigan; and Allen, the classical-historian, from a kindred institution in Wisconsin. Harvard loaned to us its two leading men of letters, Child and Lowell. Whitney, then at the height of his re-

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nown, came from Yale, and likewise Francis A. Walker. Hilgard and Billings represented the scientific activities of Washington — the former chosen because of his experience in geodesy, and because of our desire, at that early day, to initiate surveys in the State of Maryland; and the latter, because of his acknowledged distinction in medicine, which was soon to be a leading department of study among us. Simon Newcomb, the illustrious astronomer, was another man of science in the service of the Government.

Each course included twenty lectures. They were given in a hall that held about 150 persons, and the hour was usually five o'clock. Ladies and gentlemen attended, without enrolment or fees, as well as the students and professors of the university. The lecturers were accessible to all who wished to confer with them, and many among us then formed friendships which lasted until the ties were severed by death. Sometimes bright students were spotted by these visiting professors, and afterward invited to positions of usefulness and distinction elsewhere—three at least to Harvard.

Ever since that opening session, public lectures have been given on the plans originally projected, somewhat changed as to the arrangements from time to time. There are differences of opinion as to the value of such public courses, but I firmly believe in them, not because they promote exact scholarship or incite the hearers to investigation and study, but because the presence of an invigorating teacher, presenting the best results of his thought, is inspiring to the younger, stimulating to the older, lovers of knowledge. This theme requires more than a passing paragraph, but I refrain from writing more.

I have made no count of the lecturers and speakers who have spoken in Baltimore, but in the course of five-and-twenty years there must have been 300—some, indeed, giving but single addresses, like Huxley, Moissan, and Klein; others, like Cayley and Kelvin, remaining a good while. Thus it has come to pass that I have met upon familiar terms a great many of the scholars of this generation, and have learned to estimate their services and admire their genius. They and their peers, at home and abroad, are the men by whose learning, investigation, and publications, society is carried forward. The world applauds the heroes of great struggles, and it does so rightly; it showers its plaudits upon the orator; it witnesses, breathless, the achievements of surgeons; it calls our times the age of electricity; and yet it is prone to forget or overlook the hidden workers of the laboratory and the library, the quiet men who are the necessary precursors of those who are devoted to the application of knowledge. It underpays them while they are in service; it rarely thinks of providing pensions for their advancing years, or of giving stipends to their families when premature death interrupts activities; the honors it bestows are the empty privileges of placing after their names a few letters of the alphabet in order to show their academic rank. The world knows little, until they are ended, of the anxieties that harass the scholar when he thinks of his future life—I mean his future life here below; it cares nothing for his family. But these quiet men of the desk and the den, of the pen and the book, of the balance and the lens, are they who have kept alive the traditions of literature and have extended the bounds of science.

An English mathematician, lately a fellow in one of the colleges of the University of Cambridge, called on me one day and opened the conversation with this pleasant remark: "I have heard a great deal that is good about Baltimore." "Indeed," I replied, "and pray, what have you heard?" "That Baltimore is a seaport which exports corn and imports mathematics." This drollery was founded upon fact. The newspapers and the railroad men of the day were loud in their mention of "our terminal facilities" for shipping Western grain to foreign countries; and the new university had acquired some note by the engagement of the two most famous mathematicians of England —Sylvester and Cayley.

Professor Cayley, of the University of Cambridge, spent a winter in Baltimore and endeared himself to all who met him, by his gentleness and consideration, while they felt honored by an introduction to one whose renown they could appreciate,

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though they could not follow the light he was carrying into the mazes of modern algebra, and had never heard of the Abelian functions. I suppose we should never have secured his lectures except for that export of grain from America, in which Baltimore had its share. It was this way. The income of the Sadlerian professorship, which he held in the University of Cambridge, was cut down by the diminution of the rents that maintained it, and the rents were reduced by the fall in the price of "corn," due to the importation of our wheat by Great Britain. To us who were non-mathematical, Cayley was the very opposite of Sylvester. He was calm, undemonstrative, orderly. His lectures were upon a definite plan, and his manuscript was distinct and legible, so that it might have been sent at once to the printer. He was the embodiment of modesty, and yet no one who saw his great head could doubt that he had force. Those who could follow him were profoundly impressed by his ability. He did not have many hearers, and most of them were mathematical teachers — "a regiment of brigadiers," Sylvester called them.

Professor Sylvester spent seven years with us, the seven which preceded his seventieth birthday. He left Baltimore to enter upon the Savilian professorship in the University of Oxford, and he died the incumbent of that post in 1897. The service in Johns Hopkins was not his first experience as a professor in this country, for when quite a young man he had been one of the brilliant staff of the University of Virginia, and stories may still be heard at Charlottesville respecting the manifestations of his irascible disposition while he was there resident. It was at the earnest request of Benjamin Peirce and Joseph Henry, men of science both eminent and wise, that I called upon Sylvester in London, introduced by Sir Joseph Hooker, the botanist, then president of the Royal Society of London. It was obvious that the mathematician was willing, perhaps eager, to be called to Baltimore. He was harassed by what seemed to him a grievous wrong, his displacement by the Government from the post which he had held at the military college in Woolwich; his pecuniary resources were limited; and he longed not only for a salary, but for the recognition of a university appointment, which for no fault of his own had been denied him in England. I was not so ready to invite him as he was to receive an invitation, for there were many intimations that he was "hard to get on with." More than one American correspondent reminded me of the importance of co-operation among the members of a faculty, with dark hints of possible effervescence. Before asking him to this country I made many inquiries among his English friends respecting his temper, and I received very guarded answers, which awakened the alarm they were designed to allay. Nevertheless, the evidence of Sylvester's intellectual brilliancy and of his renown were so great that the possibility of discord seemed infinitesimal in comparison with his merits; so he was called and came.

Many good stories are afloat about the eccentricities of this professor—most of them exaggerated or twisted—but those which I shall tell came under my own observation. An apocryphal anecdote about his alarm because one leg had become shorter than the other, as he walked to the lecture-room one foot in the gutter, is a story that I had heard in Berlin, decades before, attributed to Neander. College traditions are full of such academic Joe Millerisms. Sylvester had a good deal of skill in versification, and had published a small volume, full of racy remarks and witty notes, on the "Laws of Verse," in the course of which he argued that imagination has much to do with the science of mathematics. In the appendix are some very good versions of classical and modern German poems. If his poetical fire had gone no farther, all would have been well; but he became possessed by a sort of monomania for rhyme, and soon after he came among us his friends were confidentially treated to a long series of lines, every one of which ended with a syllable that he pronounced as *ind*. Rosalind was the theme. Some of the rhymes were forced to a ridiculous degree — Bowdoined, I remember; Bodind, he called it, the derivative of Bowdoin. This extraordinary composition, a veritable *tour de force*, reached four or five hundred verses, each closing with the three monotonous letters or their vocal equivalents. I do not know whether he ever gave away

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printed copies of this extraordinary production of his fertile brain, but he read his verses to many unwilling hearers, and I know that he kept the type standing for months at the printer's for additions and emendations. An early manuscript copy is in the archives of the university, and I will give a few lines from it—I am afraid to give more.

TO ROSALIND

(*Key to the sentence of some hundreds of lines, all rhyming with* ind.)

In Cecilia's name I find—
(Deem not thou the guess unkind)—
Celia, with a sigh combined,*
Whose five letters, loose aligned,
Magic set, and recombined,
Fairest O! of lily kind,
Shall disclose to every mind,
From Far West to Orient Ind
With each mortal thing unkinned,
Thy sweet name, dear Rosalind!

He certainly distributed a few printed copies of "Spring's Début: a Town Idyll," more than 200 lines of nonsense verse, rhyming with *in*, more remarkable for the appended notes than for any merit as a poem.

Sylvester enjoyed stimulants—I do not mean such vulgar and material articles as alcohol and opium. I never saw any indications that he cared for their support. But he loved such stimulants to intellectual activity as music, and light, and lively society in which he was not called upon to participate. Once at a symphony concert I sat just behind him, admiring the dome of his capacious cranium, unconcealed by hair, and I noticed how absorbed he was. The next day, Sunday, he came to me impetuously to say that he had worked out some mathematical proposition at the concert of the evening before, the music having quickened his mathematical mind. He really thought this was his greatest achievement yet, and he had hastened to write it out and mail it to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Once he told me that having a special paper to prepare, he went to a store and bought a pound of candles, which he placed about his room, on all sorts of extemporaneous candlesticks, "for light," he said, "is a most powerful tonic." He complained that the members of his club thought him dull, and the passers on the street thought him queer, when the truth was, as he told me, that the activity of others around him kept his brain active, and enabled him to carry on his own intellectual abstractions. Sometimes, however, he was very absent-minded. For example, he arrived from Philadelphia on a late train and walked bareheaded to his hotel. The next morning he demanded his hat, and insisted that it was in the house, and then he could not be persuaded that it was not stolen, until a telegram revealed the fact that the hat had travelled in the Pullman car to Washington.

Once, in print, he speaks of one of his effusions as "evolved out of an improvised epigram which, as he wended his way home that morning, formed itself in the author's mind, intoxicated with the bright sun shining overhead, the balmy air, the song of the birds, and the new-come-out virgin Spring just beginning to peep over Old Father Winter's reverend shoulder."

Sylvester was a genius, with all the admirable qualities, and with many of the limitations and eccentricities of genius. He was often elated by the honors that were showered upon him by the men of science, and complimented by the deference and courtesy that came to him in society; but his mercury sometimes sank below zero. He could be irate, very much so, but his wrath was like "the crackling of thorns beneath a pot." For a moment it was furious, then the flame became extinct and the embers died.

By recalling his oddities, I must not blind the reader to the extraordinary strength and fertility of Sylvester's mind. From every point of view he was a marvel—first and foremost as a mathematician, as all the world has acknowledged; then as a teacher of gifted scholars, not by any means a drill-master, but an inspirer; then as a man of letters, loving English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek literature, carrying the Odyssey in Greek for his light reading at sea, and working for years to perfect his version of one of the odes of Horace, *ad Mæcenatem* (iii. 29).

Among the American investigators of light and heat, Rumford the earliest, and

* Celia + ci = Cecilia.

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Rowland the latest, about a century apart, are the most distinguished. Rumford founded a prize for the recognition of important contributions to those twin branches of physics, and very long afterward Rowland received that prize from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. So their names are associated, but their studies bring their names into closer relations. Rumford died past sixty years of age; Rowland has just departed at the age of fifty-three, both cut off before their work was done, not before their fame was secure. For a quarter of a century Rowland had free scope in the University at Baltimore, and his freedom was justified by his achievements. He was a great man—great in talents, great in achievements, great in renown. So it was said at his funeral. So we shall ever say. He was one of those rare scholars who owe but little, if anything, to a mortal teacher. They learn their lessons in the school of nature. Investigation is their watchword, observation and experiment their instruments. The sun is one of their chief instructors; the earth, another; the sea, the air, the ether, give knowledge to such minds. Of these lessons Rowland was never wearied. But he rebelled in his boyhood against the tasks of ordinary schools; he abhorred Latin and Greek; he would not go to college; he would not swear in the words of any master; conscious of his own accuracy in research and in calculation, he asked for no indorsement. When he entered his teens he began to make notes of hard problems in physics, and to begin their solution. While he was an obscure assistant in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy he made some discoveries respecting the electrical discharge, and this paper gave him instantaneous celebrity. It led to his intimacy with Clerk Maxwell, to his call from the Johns Hopkins, to his winter in Helmholtz's laboratory, and to a noteworthy investigation which was reported by Helmholtz to the Berlin Academy when its author was twenty-seven years old.

As a part of his duties, Rowland was requested by the trustees to buy the requisite instruments for the physical laboratory. Everything was left to his discretion. Those were the days when the scientific lecture-rooms in America gloried in demonstrations of "the wonders" of nature—"the bright light, the loud noise, and the bad smell." Rowland would none of this. Instruments of precision he would have, and would have them in abundance, and of the best makers, no matter about the cost. So his laboratory was well equipped; and when at Harvard a few years later Professor Wolcott Gibbs published a catalogue of the instruments of precision in this country available for research, Johns Hopkins led the column.

From that time onward Rowland was conspicuous and his course was brilliant. The university secured temporary lodgement in two private dwelling-houses. "All I want," said Rowland, "is the back kitchen and a solid pier built up from the ground." As usual, he got what he wanted, though it must be said that his requests were not always so restrained. Something—I do not know what—turned his attention to the importance of redetermining the mechanical equivalent of heat, and he was encouraged by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to undertake this inquiry. He devised his own method, made his own instrument, and worked out the results, which stand, I believe, as the nearest approach to absolute accuracy that has yet been attained by the eminent men who have attacked this fundamental problem.

The subsequent career of Professor Rowland is now a part of the history of science in America, an important chapter in the science of light and heat. There is no reason why I should repeat the list of the honors that he has received, nor enumerate the investigations which he carried forward, nor the names of physicists in all parts of the country who acknowledge him as their illustrious teacher, for Dr. Mendenhall has made a critical estimate of his contributions to science, and many other eulogies have been called out by his death.

Yet perhaps a few more words of personal delineation may help to keep in mind his remarkable individuality. He was tall, slender, but not slim, well proportioned, alert, giving every indication of a healthy body. Of physical exercise he was very fond; in winter the horse, in summer the sail-boat, gave him never-failing delight. He knew where to find

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the trout and how to handle the rod. He would take great risks in following the hounds. "You should think of the fox, and not of the ditch," I have heard him say when he was chided for his rash horsemanship. He landed once in Liverpool and saw an advertisement of a meet. He took a train to the nearest station, hired the best nag he could find, joined in the run, won the brush, and then disappeared from among his competitors, who hardly knew what to make of this unexpected victor. He designed a sail-boat, and before it was launched he told the builders to paint the water-line where his calculations said that it should be. They objected; he persisted. The boat was launched, and the builders smiled when they saw that the line was above the water's edge. "Put in the mast," said Rowland, and the boat sank to the painted line. "That was what I had figured on," he exultingly said. The incident was closed.

Rowland's enduring fame will rest partly on his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, partly on his accurate ascertainment of the value of the ohm, and chiefly on his spectrum analysis. He contrived the dividing-engine, which could rule many thousand lines to the inch, and he made one of the most perfect, if not the most perfect, screw that the world has ever seen, to guide the diamond needle which ruled the concave gratings. By the agency of these gratings the solar spectrum is analyzed. But Rowland did not stop here; he experimented in photography till he became a master of the art, and made a map of the solar spectrum, more explicit and more exact than any previous map. This is not the place, nor am I the person, to give a detailed account of this achievement, and of the wonderful discoveries to which it led in respect to the nature of light.

Instead of making the attempt, I will give a few sentences which I do not remember that I ever showed to Rowland, written to me in 1882 by a Harvard friend who went with Rowland to the Electrical Congress in Paris. This friend of ours was Professor John Trowbridge.

"Rowland invited Mascart, Sir W. Thomson, Wiedemann, Rossetti, and Kohlrausch to his room at the Hôtel Continental in Paris, and showed them his photographs and gratings. It is needless to say that they were astonished. Mascart kept muttering '*Superbe*'—'*Magnifique*.' The Germans spread their palms, looked as if they wished they had ventral fins and tails to express their sentiments. Sir W. Thomson evidently knew very little about the subject, and maintained a wholesome reticence, but looked his admiration, for he knows a good thing when he sees it, and also had the look that he could express himself upon the whole subject in fifteen minutes when he got back to Glasgow.

"In England, Rowland's success was better appreciated, if possible, than in Paris. He read a paper before a very full meeting of the Physical Society—De la Rive, Professor Dewar of Cambridge, Professor Clifton of Oxford, Professor Adams (of Leverrier fame), Professor Carey Foster, Hilger the optician, Professor Guthrie, and other noted men being present. I was delighted to see his success. The English men of science were actually dumfounded. Rowland spoke extremely well, for he was full of his subject, and his dry humor was much appreciated by his English audience. When he said that he 'could do as much in an hour as had hitherto been accomplished in three years,' there was a sigh of astonishment and then cries of 'Hear! Hear!' Professor Dewar arose and said: 'We have heard from Professor Rowland that he can do as much in an hour as has been done hitherto in three years. I struggle with a very mixed feeling of elation and depression: elation for the wonderful gain to science; and depression for myself, for I have been at work for three years in mapping the ultra violet.' De la Rive asked how many lines to the inch could be ruled by Rowland. The latter replied: 'I have ruled 43,000 to the inch, and I can rule 1,000,000 to the inch, but what would be the use? No one would ever know that I had really done it.' Laughter greeted this sally. This young American was like the Yosemite, Niagara, Pullman palace car—far ahead of anything in England. Professor Clifton referred in glowing terms to the wonderful instrument that had been put into the hands of physicists, and spoke of the beautiful geometrical demonstrations of Rowland. Professor Dewar said

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that Johns Hopkins University had done great things for science, and that greater achievements would be expected from it. Captain Abney wrote a letter which Rowland ought to show you, for, after having been read at the meeting, it was given to him.

"The letter concluded with this characteristic anecdote: 'I introduced Rowland to a fox-hunting gentleman, an old acquaintance of mine, and I imagine Rowland got enough of English fox-hunting, for on my return from Birmingham, one evening, I found him stretched on the bed, a symphony in brown and red mud, his once glossy hat crushed into nothingness, his top-boots, once so new, a mass of Warwickshire mud. He dryly remarked that he "guessed there wouldn't be any trouble about getting his hunting-suit through the custom-house now." He came very near breaking his neck, having been thrown on his head before he "could calculate his orbit," as he remarked. I could not help shuddering from friendship and from love of science.'"

One of the most extraordinary and renowned of the physicists of the nineteenth century lectured before the Johns Hopkins University in 1884. Years before, I had sought the counsel of Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, in Glasgow, where I found him in his laboratory surrounded by a dozen students watching, with the attention of a clinic, an experiment which he was making. It may have been the working of the syphon recorder—that ingenious device by which the feeble currents received from an ocean cable are reduced to curves, which are afterward translated into words—I am not sure, but I have treasured to this day a bit of the script which he then gave me. One day Professor Wolcott Gibbs suggested, to my great surprise, that we should invite Lord Kelvin to lecture in Baltimore. We hardly thought it likely that he would accept our invitation, but, supported by one or more indorsements, it was favorably received by this eminent man, and he came.

Long may it be before anyone shall write a memorial sketch of Lord Kelvin, but when it is written there must be a paragraph or a chapter about his visit to Johns Hopkins and his reception by the "coefficients," the company of mathematicians to whom he gave his lectures upon light. The lectures went on from day to day upon the topics that occurred to the lecturer, or that were suggested by the questions of his hearers. Everyone who was capable of following him was enchanted. "How long will these lectures continue?" asked one of the auditors. "I do not know," replied Lord Rayleigh, who was one of the followers. "I suppose they will end some time, but I confess I see no reason why they should."

Our celebrities were not always mathematical. Dean Stanley, for example, belonged to many schools, but not, so far as I have ever heard, to the school of mathematics. He came to Baltimore from Philadelphia under the escort of that generous and hospitable internationalist, Mr. George W. Childs. As he could only stay over night, I said to him, as he came into the railroad station: "What would you most like to see in Baltimore? We have a superb hospital," I began. "I cannot endure a hospital," was his quick interruption. "Dr. Harper, my young medical companion, might like to see that, but show me something historical." "Historical?" I inquired. "You come from Westminster Abbey to a town a century and a half old. Dear me, what would you call 'historical'? We have a Roman Catholic Cathedral, where a Provincial Council has been held, and it has some paintings given by a King of France. We have the Maryland Historical Society, with archives and pictures that interest local antiquaries. We have a university that has passed its second summer. And there are the Bonaparte portraits and mementoes." "Take me to see the Bonapartes," was his prompt reply. I explained to him that they were a private possession, and I must ask permission. While he was taking his afternoon cup of tea, the permission was readily and graciously given. The dean was delighted with what he saw. Every object, every portrait, interested him and drew forth some appropriate question or comment. I have a vivid remembrance of his kneeling before a group of miniatures which hung so low that even one of his stature could not read-

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ily see them standing. At dinner he was full of anecdotes and inquiries. Among other things, he told the famous Inveraw and Ticonderoga story, which was soon afterward printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1878. At nine o'clock he was ready to meet the assembled officers and students in Hopkins Hall. Of course he was called on for a speech, and he said a few words, which were recalled, the next day, by Sir George Grove, a member of the party and a man of ready pen and editorial habits. The company was naturally pleased by his historical allusions to Walter of Merton and Devorguilla of Balliol, for, although we did not know much about either of them, we projected our imaginations forward and wondered whether Hopkins of Baltimore would be as long remembered. These were Dean Stanley's words:

"When I see an institution like this in its first beginnings, I am carried back to the time my own university in England was begun, perhaps a thousand years ago, in the fabulous obscurity of the age of Alfred, or the more recent historic times of Walter of Merton or Devorguilla of Balliol; and I observe the repetition of the same yearnings, after a distant future of improvement, as those which were before the minds of those old mediæval founders. The same spirit is needed for that improvement on this side of the ocean and on the other. I am led to think of the description given by Chaucer in that inestimable Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' which I hope you will all read one day or other, of the Good Scholar and the Good Pastor, bred in Oxford in his time; and I see how, in spite of all the vast changes which have passed over the minds of men since that age, the same qualities are still necessary to make a good and sincere scholar, a good scientific student, an efficient medical or legal adviser, an efficient spiritual pastor. Simplicity, sincerity, love of goodness, and love of truth are as powerful and as much needed in our day as they were in the days long ago, which formed the great professions that are still the bulwarks of society."

The remarks of Dean Stanley were appropriate—of course they were; he never said anything inappropriate—but his manner in meeting those who were presented to him was more remarkable. Each name set him thinking. "From what part of England did your forefathers come?" "Are you of the —— family?" "You surely are not of English stock?" "Did your people emigrate to Virginia?" These and like questions, with the answers they elicited, put everyone at ease as he came up to greet him. His biographers have truly said that everywhere, in his American visit, "he put himself on a level with the commonest person and without a touch of self-consciousness. His tact was unfailing, and it flowed from the desire and the power to throw himself into the feelings and circumstances of others." Many people have this desire—how few have the ability as well as the wish!

I notice one slight inaccuracy in their memoir, and that is so amusing that I must mention it. "Whether he spoke to the Congregationalist students of the Johns Hopkins University, or to the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Episcopalians elsewhere, his audience felt that in each utterance the speaker was sincere in the effort to discover points of union sympathy." As the new foundation in Baltimore was non-denominational, and the president was the only Congregationalist on the governing boards—this wholesale classification of his colleagues, as Congregationalists, by an ecclesiastical historian, was gratifying, but unwarranted.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, then Professor Lowell, and Professor Child spent the month of February, 1877, with us, and during a part of the same period Professor Charles E. Norton was lecturing at the Peabody Institute. They were revered as three wise men of the East. Lowell made but little preparation for his lectures, which were devoted to Romance poetry, with Dante as the central theme—I mean that he made but little special preparation for each discourse. He had with him the accumulated notes of a long-continued professorship, and I think he told me that he had read Dante forty times over. His manner was so captivating that he would have delighted his auditors if he had simply stated the most commonplace reflections on mediæval poetry; but his literary sagacity, his humor, his learning, and his citations charmed all who heard him, more,

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perhaps, than greater elaboration and more logical treatment would have done. In private, he was delightful. I treasure a vivid picture of his getting down on his knees so as to be of the same height as a little girl seven years old, and offering her his arm as he escorted her to the supper-table; and I know a lady who still counts as a valuable memento the offhand verses with which he acknowledged a bunch of roses received from her on his recovery from an attack of illness.

At the commemoration exercises on Washington's Birthday, Mr. Lowell read by request that part of his "Ode under the Old Elm" (Canto viii.), in which a glowing tribute is paid to Virginia. In a letter to Miss Norton, the scene is thus described by the poet himself. After speaking of the address by Professor Gildersleeve on classical studies and that by Professor Sylvester on the study of mathematics, "both of them very good and just enough spicy with the personality of the speaker to be taking," he goes on to say: "Then I, by special request, read a part of my Cambridge Elm poem, and actually drew tears from the eyes of bitter Secessionists—comparable with those iron ones that rattled down Pluto's cheek. I didn't quite like to read the invocation to Virginia here—I was willing enough three or four hundred miles north—but I think it did good. Teackle Wallis (Charles will tell you who he is), a prisoner of Fort Warren, came up to thank me with dry eyes (which he and others assured me had been flooded), and Judge Brown, with the testifying drops still on his lids."

Lowell was a constant listener to Child, and he enjoyed the lectures as much as any of us. "You missed a great pleasure," he says to Professor Norton, "in not hearing him read the Nonnes Prestes tale. I certainly never heard anything better. He wound into the meaning of it (as Dr. Johnson says of Burke) like a serpent, or perhaps I should come nearer to it if I said that he injected the veins of the poem with his own sympathetic humor till it seemed to live again. I could see his hearers take the fun before it came, their faces lighting with the reflection of his. I never saw anything better done. I wish I could inspire myself with his example, but I continue dejected and lumpish. . . . Child goes on winning all ears and hearts. I am rejoiced to have this chance of seeing so much of him, for though I loved him before, I did not know *how* lovable he was till this intimacy." There is another letter from "Bahltimer" to Miss Norton, from which I make a longer citation, chiefly for the sake of Child—partly for the sake of Baltimore hospitality. "Sylvester paid a charming compliment to Child, and so did Gildersleeve. The former said that Child had invented a new pleasure for them in his reading of Chaucer and Gildersleeve, that you almost saw the dimple of Chaucer's own smile as his reading felt out the humor of the verse. The house responded cordially. If I had much vanity I should be awfully cross, but I am happy to say that I have enjoyed dear Child's four-weeks' triumph (of which he alone is unconscious), to the last laurel-leaf. He is *such* a delightful creature! I never saw so much of him before, and should be glad I came here if it were for nothing but my nearer knowledge and enjoyment of him.

"We are overwhelmed with kindness here. I feel very much as an elderly oyster might who was suddenly whisked away into a polka by an electric eel. How I shall ever do for a consistent hermit again, heaven only knows. I eat five meals a day, as on board a Cunarder on the mid-ocean, and on the whole bear it pretty well, especially now that there are only four lectures left."

Mr. Lowell engaged to come again a year later, and to take Don Quixote for his theme, but in the meantime President Hayes selected him for the legation at Madrid, from which he was soon transferred to London. I met him in London as we were entering the gateway of the Fisheries Exhibition on "American Day." "I must make an opening speech," he said, "as the presiding officer, and I have no idea what to say." "Tell them the story of the American oyster," I replied. "What is that?" he asked. So I told him that our Baltimore biologist, Dr. Brooks, had discovered recently that the American oyster differs from the European oyster by beginning its career outside the parental shell. In the oyster world, as in the human world, young America is eager to begin life on his own

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account, without parental supervision. Pretty soon I heard Mr. Lowell tell the story in his agreeable way, and it was correctly given in the report of his speech.

Professor Child was the most companionable and lovable of visitors. He had not been accustomed to the lecture platform, and was evidently both surprised and delighted by the reception given him. His theme was Chaucer. It was before the day of Lounsbury's masterly volumes, and Child's narrative of Chaucer's life, his pictures of Chaucer's time, his exposition of Chaucer's language, and his Chaucerian pronunciation of passages from the "Canterbury Tales" were a fresh contribution to English literature. Everybody who owned a Chaucer brought it to the lecture-room, and those who owned no copy betook themselves to the book-stores. The local supply was soon exhausted, the libraries were despoiled, and for days there was "a corner" in Chaucers such as history has never before recorded, and never will again. In the second year Child read us old ballads, in different versions and texts. This was part of his *opus magnum*—learned, exhaustingly so—but not nearly as acceptable to his auditors as his Chaucerian discourses. I think he may have been conscious of this, for he volunteered some extra appointments, in which he read Shakespeare with almost as much skill as, in later days, Horace Howard Furness. The memory of Professor Child is still a cherished possession. I have many letters from him, almost all of them full of messages to or inquiries after those whose acquaintance he made on those two memorable visits. All these memories have been recently revived by the gift of a medallion likeness of Child by Miss Upshur, of Boston. When Dr. Kelly made us this present, we held a meeting to commemorate the lectures of early years, and to dwell upon the rare attainments of Professor Child, as a scholar, his rarer virtues as a friend.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian, would have been better appreciated by the Americans whom he addressed if they had understood his tenses and moods, or, in other words, if they had mastered his mode of speech. It has often seemed to me that scholars, certainly those who dwell within college walls or live secluded lives, have, each of them his own "lingo." By this I mean that each has his characteristic use of words, and if you would quickly apprehend his meaning you will do well to observe his habitual diction. A word of praise, even a laudatory tone, means more from some men than a paragraph of eulogy from others. So likewise with criticism and censure. Now the minute exactness which is apparent in Freeman's writings, and is one of his great merits, governed his familiar correspondence and conversation. For example, his letters from America give many allusions to the epithets by which he was accosted. He is offended, or pretends to be so, because they call him "Professor" and "Doctor." "Once," he says, "I was called 'Colonel.'" He declined to speak at the university because he was under engagements to give lectures at the Peabody Institute. If he would not "lecture," I asked him to give some familiar talks to the students. "Familiar talks?" he said, ironically. He seemed to be as much surprised as if I had asked him for nursery tales. "Well, conferences," I suggested. "Do you mean that the students are to do a part of the talking and I a part?" was his next inquiry. I forget how we got round the difficulty, but I believe that the term "informal lectures" suited him. At any rate he spoke, and made many friends among us. "There are not so many swells here at Baltimore as at the 'Hub of the Universe,' but we have made some pleasant acquaintances here—judges, professors, and others. Johns Hopkins, his University, seems to be doing very good work"—so wrote the historian from Baltimore November 25, 1881. He took a great liking to Professor Herbert B. Adams, to whom he alluded in phrases of just praise in his books on America; and Adams took a great liking to Freeman, of which there is a lasting memorial. Over the lecturer's desk in the historical room were words of Freeman which appealed strongly to Dr. Adams, "History is past politics, and politics present history"—the motto, likewise, of Adams's series of historical studies. "Mr. Freeman, where did you write your great work on the Norman Conquest?" asked a modest student, ex-

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pecting as an answer, no doubt, "the British Museum" or the "Bodleian." "In my own library. Where did you suppose?" came the gruff reply. I have been credibly informed that when conversation lagged at a dinner-table the great historian was known to nod. If this was so, it is not a solitary instance of the soporific tendency of advancing years.

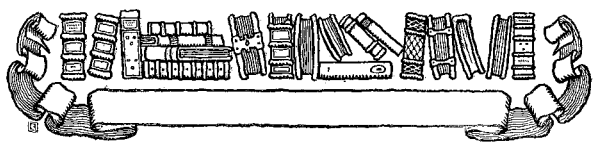
Professor Bryce, as it happened, was in Baltimore at the same time, and the two men rendered a great service to the State of Maryland, by urging the Legislature to make a liberal appropriation for printing the colonial, or more strictly, the provincial, records of that remarkable, in some particulars that unique, Commonwealth. Freeman's name is still held in personal reverence among our men of that day. A few years after his visit, in spending a Sunday at Trinity College, Oxford, I found him robed, sitting in a stall, as an Honorary Fellow, at early morning prayers. Then and later he was full of courtesies and kindness.

As we went into the dining-hall on "Gaudy day," my escort pointed to a portrait on the wall, and said: "That is your great enemy, Lord North;" and when I repeated the remark a few minutes later to Freeman, "Yes," he said, indicating another portrait, "and that is your great friend, Lord Chatham." He was not at his ease in Oxford, especially not in a professor's chair. "It is all so disappointing and disheartening"—these are his words. "I have tried every kind of lecture I can think of, and put my best strength into all, *but nobody comes!*" This was pitiful, indeed. I think the fault must have been in the system, not in the man. Certainly such students as listened to him in Baltimore would have been delighted to follow the master for a year through the mazes of historical research. They might not have cared for didactic lectures, crowded with detail, but they could not have failed to watch closely the methods followed by a great investigator, his ways of finding out, his habits of verification. After all, a great teacher is not to be measured by his learning; it is rather by his example.

Although I am not one of those who knew Freeman best, I would echo the words of Professor Bonney, who thus wrote of him: "He always reminded me of a lion, and had he roared when roused it would have seemed quite natural. Some men complained that, like the king of beasts, he was apt to rend those who crossed his path. I can only speak of him as I found him—one of the kindest of friends, most tolerant of my ignorance, and ever ready to open to me his stores of knowledge."

One word more let me add. Freeman's correspondence is racy in a high degree; everybody should know it. To appreciate the extraordinary acquisitions, industry, and versatility of this historian, it is only necessary to glance at a full and well-arranged list of his principal writings from 1846 to 1892, which is given at the end of his Memoirs.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. In the conduct of a university, secure the ablest men as professors, regardless of all other qualifications excepting those of personal merit and adaptation to the chairs that are to be filled. Borrow if you cannot enlist. Give them freedom, give them auxiliaries, give them liberal support. Encourage them to come before the world of science and of letters with their publications. Bright students, soon to be men of distinction, will be their loyal followers, and the world will sing a loud Amen.



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THE LINGE OF M'SIEUR

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I AM Bob. That isn't much of a description of course, but you'll see, later on. My brother calls me the cub, I don't know why, unless because I'm only thirteen, but that seems to me quite a fair age, though of course I don't think myself an octagonarian. This story that I'm going to write is all because of Margaret—my sister-in-law she is now. I told it to her last night, just the way it happened, and she laughed—well, you just ought to have seen her laugh. She laughed herself all over the room, so she tried to talk and couldn't, and then she laughed herself out on to the piazza, but, knowing the nature of women, I wasn't surprised. Girls are queer, anyway, you know, but she's a nice one. She's a sport and likes to do reasonable things, swimming and so forth. She's a really sensible person, as girls go. She said she declared if I'd write this down the way I told it to her, she'd send it to a magazine. Well now, I don't know the way I told it, but I'll do the best I can, only it's a good deal of work to write so much. Walter says my words are all wool and a yard wide, which he means to state, I suppose, that I use long ones. Well then, you see Walter took me up into camp in Canada last summer, to his club, where all the guides talk French, and I think that's a good deal of the reason he took me. I talk good French; I don't mean to brag, but I began when I was a child, about five, and I've lived in Paris a year, so I ought. But Walter talks the funniest French you ever heard, and lots of it, with a strong American accent. Anything that ends with "ong" goes. This is what he said to one of the guides:

"Si nous pouvons venons pendant le printemps, nous allons attraperons beaucoup de poissons." Now if anyone speaks French they will see that is funny. Walter pounds away at the guides like that and they never crack a smile, they're so polite, but I just squeal. So sometimes when he gets balled up worse than usual he's pretty glad of me to talk French for him, and I guess it's a relief to the guides too.

Walter and I had been having a fine time in camp, fishing and paddling and tramping about over the portages. We had been in about a week when the first of September came along, which is the beginning of the open season for caribou, you know, and of course we both wanted to get one. So we talked it over with the guides—one of them was the redoubtabull Joe Véro, a Montagnais Indian and the best hunter in the club—and we decided on a plan. Anybody who doesn't know the country won't understand, but it was a good plan. We were to go to a lake near the hunting-ground and camp there over night, and then get up very early in the morning for the hunt. Walter, with Joe Véro, was to go over to the Rivière Mouche Noire, right near us, and hunt there in a canoe, and I was to take a guide and watch on a little marshy lake, which would be only about twenty minutes from us in another direction. It's the best fun there is, going off on a hunt like that. Everybody ought to try it. I had a lovely time, even if I did miss my caribou. I can't understand why I didn't hit that thing, but I think there's something wrong, perhaps, with the sight of my rifle, which is a 30-30 smokeless Winchester, and a splendid gun. But I must have that sight examined. It takes so little, in a sight, to make you shoot wrong, you know, and I can't understand how I could have missed it otherwise, for I held right on. Well, anyway I missed it, and we needn't dwell on that, but will pass on. Walter killed his. He always *is* lucky. It was a big buck, "un gros," the guides said, and they thought it would weigh between four and five hundred. I didn't see it, at least not all together, because they chopped it up before they brought it into camp,

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Walter killed his.—Page 472.

but Walter said it looked like a big pony. But one must always make allowances for a fortunate hunter. When I observed that to Walter he said "You young cuss," and grinned. Well, they got the beast into camp in chunks, the head being the showiest one, and we had a big supper to celebrate; flapjacks and maple sugar, and orange marmalade and canned lobster, and onions and fried potatoes, and mulligatawney soup and toast, and pickles and chocolate with canned "lait" and a lot more—all the provisions we had, in fact; for now we had meat we were going back to camp next day. We couldn't eat the caribou because it hadn't been killed long enough. Walter felt fine and let me eat all I wanted and didn't kick at waiting. Then after supper he stood up and looked at the guides with his hands in his pockets, the way he always does when he wants to explain something and is thinking up the French.

"Godin," he said. That's the head guide, Godin, and he cocked his head and said, "Oui, M'sieur," quick, in the nice polite way the guides all have, as if you were doing them a favor when you order them to grease your boots. Walter went on talking.

"Godin, je crois que demain nous faisait cela." Then I squealed, but he just proceeded to continue.

"S'il ne mouillait pas trop beaucoup, nous allons chez nous par la Rivière Mouche Noire, jusqu'à nous arriverons à Lac Nacsitan"—then I cut in and said, "Voilà! On peut s'arrêter à Château Nacsitan, ou se trouve"—and then Walter kicked me quite hard, and I saw that I was becoming unpopular. But he understood that I saw through *that* move, and knew that he was going home the long way around so as to see Miss Margaret Nelson—which was what she was then. I knew he liked her, you see—Oh, you can't fool me! So I just grinned at Henri Jeunesse, who was one of my two

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guides, but he didn't know the difference. Then Walter asked them.

"Est-ce que vous avez pensé que nous allons mouiller?"

"Mouiller" means "to rain" in French-Canadian, you know, and Walter always asked them that every night, in variegated language, just before he said, "Bon soir." And they always answered without a smile.

"C'est difficile à dire, à c't heure," and cocked their eyes up at the sky.

And then they all said, "Bon soir, M'sieur," and "Bon soir, M'sieur Bob," and it sounded something like the people saying "Amen" together in church. Then we went off to our tent, and I'll bet they laughed at Walter when we got away.

The next morning when I woke up I opened one eye and peeped across the tent at Walter. He was way down in his blankets on his cot, and you couldn't see much but an ear or so, but there was one of his eyes gleaming fixedly over at me. The minute he saw mine open, he said:

"You young cuss, get up and make the fire."

So I involuntarily snuggled into my blankets and squealed pitifully a little and moaned:

"It's too cold. It's too soon," and I shut my eyes right up in a hurry.

Pretty soon I heard Walter crooning to himself, and I surmised he was making poetry, so I listened. He makes the funniest poetry you ever heard. He made a lot I can't remember, but this was some of it:

> Too soon, too soon, too soon, too soon.
> The fishes peep
> In the vasty deep,
> Where down below
> The winding snow
> Covers the ocean's ebb and flow.
> And the birds in the air
> Without any hair;
> And the mighty moon
> Too soon, too soon!

That is entirely different from the sort I have to recite in school. Walter's poetry always makes me laugh, it's so queer, and I always know he's happy when he begins.

But before long he got over that fit, and then he roared:

"Cub! Make the fire! Make the merry flames roar amid the greenwood tree! Make 'em. Rise! Rise, son of a mighty race, and race down to the lake and ablute yourself. Hurry up! Dépêchez! Courons! N'arrête pas! Ablute! Washez vous!"

I just crawled way in under and moaned. Finally I said:

"Call the guides, why don't you? They'll make it."

Walter shook his head dejectedly.

"Oh, no, my son! I wouldn't be cruel. Not to a guide. *They* don't like to make a fire, either—*you* don't; why should they?"

Then he began to get up, moaning miserably. "Nobody to make a fire for me—have to do all the work myself. Four guides and a brother, and I have to make the fires"—and all the time he was crawling out in his pink flannel pajamas. "I'm an awfully good brother to you," he said, solemnly. "Some day, when I'm cold in my grave, you'll know how good."

Well, he carried on like an Indian that way, while he piled up birch-bark and sticks, and pulled together the ends of the logs that had been last night's fire. The guides would have made it in half the time, and there were four of them within a hundred yards. I'll bet he wished, later, he'd given them a hail. But it blazed up all right pretty soon, and I lay there comfortably and looked at it and at him, and watched the sunlight jump about the tent in white splotches between the shadows. Out in front the light-green birch branches—the "bouleau"—were waving among the dark-green "épinette"—that's spruce—and now and then I could see a scrap of water, like a bright steel sword, cutting through them both. It looked awfully pretty.

But Walter kept on complaining about everything on earth, though of course I knew it was nonsense, and that he wouldn't do it so much if he wasn't feeling pretty jolly. Finally he struck his clothes, and then he raised Cain.

"All wet! Sopping! Mouillé! N'important—nobody cares! It's only just me. C'est moi—violà tout! Look at that coat—regarde!"

He held it up and I regarded, and it *was* rather damp and mussy. Then he hung it up on a cross-stick back of the

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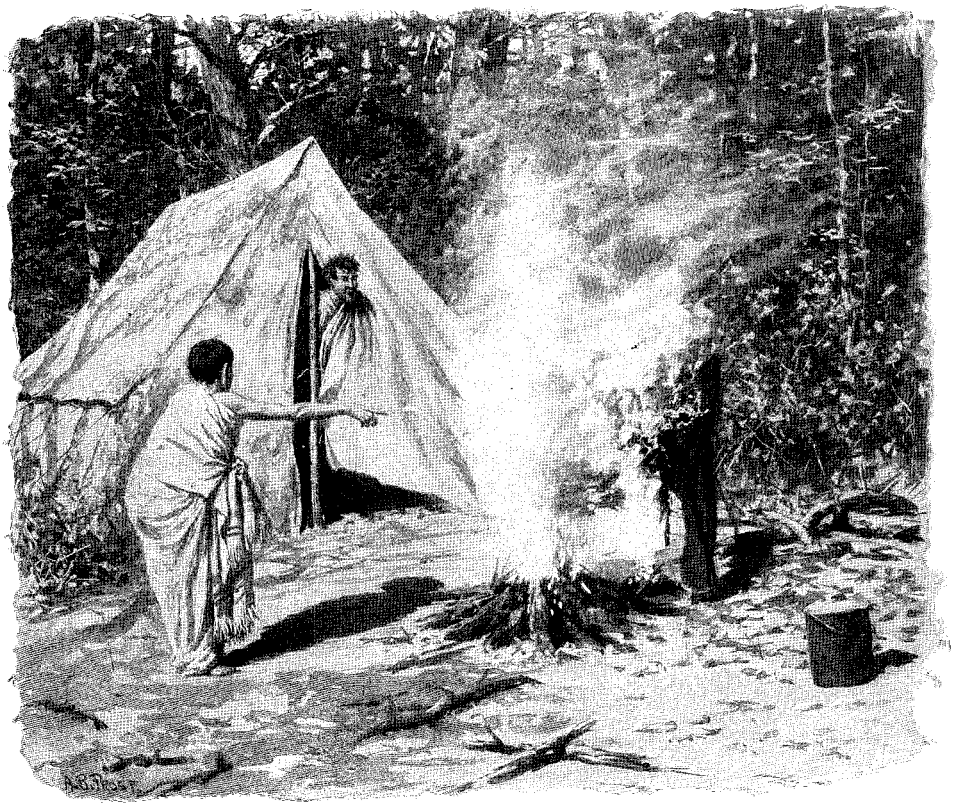

He saw quick enough, and then his maniac cries rose to the heavens,—Page 476.

fire that Godin had put up the night before to dry my stockings on, and he took his trousers and held them up. Now, trousers have such a funny, straddly, helpless look when they're empty, that I laughed out loud.

"What are you laughing at, you young cuss? What's funny, I'd like to know, about my—my—what's that Godin called them the other day?"

I suggested "pantalons," but he despised that.

"No. *Non.* Pas de tout. Tout de suite. 'Pantalons' indeed! That's coarse. It was something refined and exquisite—now what was that word?"

Then I remembered that the guides call everything to wear "linge" from shoes to an umbrella.

"That's it," said Walter. "Mon linge. Mon linge sont mouillé. Voilà mon pauvre linge! Je vais sécherai mon linge," and he hung the things up on the cross-stick so tenderly, and patted them so lovingly that I just rolled around and shrieked with laughter. Then he made one dive for his blankets again and wrapped himself up and ordered me out.

"Now cub, up! It's your turn. Go and ablute yourself in the lake and when you're dressed I also will bathe and array my form," and then he turned over for another nap.

So I pulled myself out and went shivering down to the lake, for it was a pretty crisp morning. But the water felt so fine when I got in that I took a little swim and then I took just a little other swim, so it was perhaps ten minutes when I ran back to the tent again. What horrible vision should meet my despairing eyes when I got there, but Walter's poor, beloved "linge," half burned up, smoking and burning, with a sharp, wiggly red edge all around the lower part, and smelling like a herd of sheep on fire. And Walter himself snoring! How I yelled! My! Walter and the pink pajamas bound-

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ed up, horror-struck and dazed. But he saw quick enough, and then his maniac cries rose to the heavens.

"Godin! Véro! Toutes les guides! Venez! Venez damn vite—ici! Apportons de l'eau! De l'eau frette! De l'eau chaude! Venez! Mes choses brûlons! Mes linge, il brûte vite," and then some English that my mother wouldn't allow me to write.

But it brought the guides, and in about half a minute the fire was out and the guides were mourning like doves over the trousers. But it wasn't a patch on Walter's mourning, which was silent but awful. I'd mourn too, a minute or so, and then I'd go behind the tent and choke myself. You see there wasn't enough left of the trousers to put on, for they were burned from south to north about two feet, and then from east to west, so as to obliterate the chance of getting into them except sidewise. And then you would be apt to fall out.

I will draw the veil of silence over the painfulness of the next two hours. We managed to have breakfast and break camp and get started, and got Walter pinned up with safety-pins, as nicely as we could fix him, in a red blanket. It wasn't as much fun as you'd think, for Walter was dignified and treated me politely, which is hard to bear from your brother. But I gathered some crumbs of pleasure walking behind him on the portages and watching him amble along through the woods—he looked like a red flannel mermaid. When he forgot and tried to swing out with long steps and was suddenly hitched back by the exigencies of his apparel, then I dropped off the portage and sat on a log awhile. We went through Lac Orignal—Moose Lake—and then over a portage of "quatorze arpents" fourteen acres, half a mile you see; they measure by acres up there, isn't it funny? Then we went down the "Belle Rivière," and it was bully and "belle" too, and after another long portage we struck the head of Lac Nacsitan.

By this time Walter was feeling better and let me indulge unmolestedly in some trivial pleasantries about his fancy-dress mermaid costume. I asked him to let down his hair and get into the water and flop his tail and sing to me, and he only laughed. But when I picked up the end of the red blanket and said I was the lovely lady's page, and yanked him backward, he said:

"Look here, cub, you'll find this darned funny up to the dead line, but I'm hanged if you'll find it funny beyond. So be careful."

Therefore I was careful, and exhibited an exhibition of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

When the guides were getting the canoes into the water and the charges into the canoes, on Nacsitan, Walter struck his French conversation attitude and began ladling out language to them as cheerfully and politely as if he wasn't looking queerer than a goat.

"Regardez ici."

That's the way he began and they all stopped work and regarded him, hard. Glad of the chance, I guess, for he was a holy show, standing on a rock by the water, his hands stuck into imaginative pockets, for you don't find them in blankets, and all that red stuff swaddled around him. George! He looked fierce! It had turned into a blazing hot day, too.

"Je vais vous expliquerait ce que nous allons faisons"—I can't remember just the words he expliqué-ed in. I guess it would take a giant intellect for that herculaneum task. The air trembled with strange and mysterious sounds for ten minutes, and I had to boost him over two chasms. The guides stood around, as solemn and respectful as judges and slaves, and listened with wrapt attention, but they couldn't make him out. I was puzzled a bit myself at first, but knowing both Walter's French and real French, got at it finally, and the oration was clarified this way. Walter wanted to leave some venison at Château Nacsitan—Dr. Nelson's camp—and he wished me to go on ahead and land with it. He also wanted to be paddled within hailing distance, but not for your life near enough to let the Nelsons see his toboggan suit. That's what was so hard for him to explain to the guides, and yet preserve his dignity unspotted. It was easy enough for me, and if Walter had only let things alone immaculate where I fixed them, everything would have been all right.

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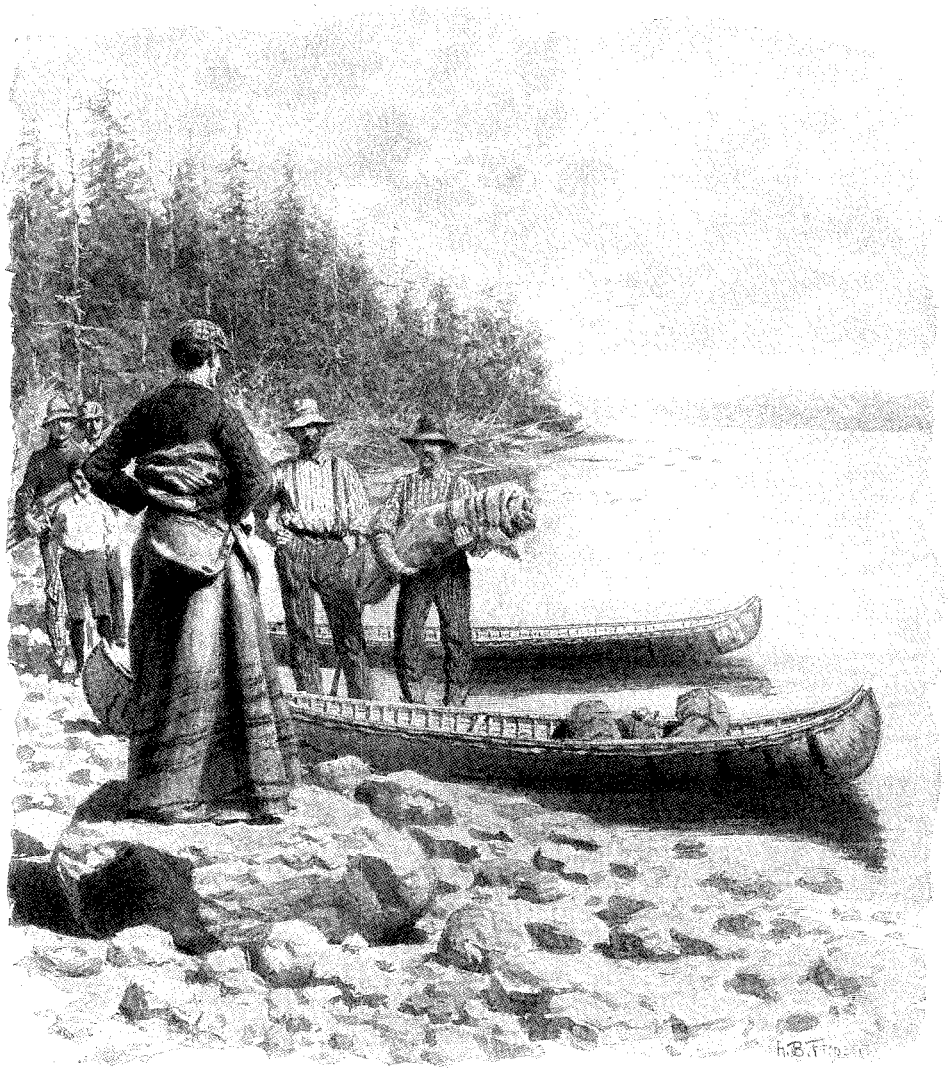

The guides stood around, as solemn and respectful as judges.—Page 476.

But he got talking his crazy French to the two guides in his boat all the way down the lake, and by the time they got astern of the Nelson point, I believe those men had made out that he wanted them to carry him up to the camp, and lay him as a burnt offering on the door-step, while the others escaped by stealth with the venison. Grown-up people fuss and collaborate such a lot over things.

My boat ran up near Walter's once or twice, and I laughed to hear them all three talking together. The guides were expliqué-ing to each other in a sort of lightning jabber of which nothing un-French-Canadian can pierce the veil, when they do it their fastest. And then Walter would hold up his hand and say:

"Attendez! N'importe, Alexandre. E'coutez moi. Véro. Vous êtes tort. Tout le monde sont tort, excepté moi. Je vous faites comprendre"—and then he'd mix them worse than ever. I advised him to let them alone, but he sat on me hard, so I had to leave him to his fate.

My canoe went on ahead, according to arrangements. Dr. Nelson and Miss

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Margaret—I call her Margaret now, of course—were on the beach waiting for me when we ran ashore. I jumped out and shook hands. It was awfully funny—I tried to lift my cap, and found myself pulling my own hair, because I never wear a cap in the woods. Then I gave them the venison, and they liked it and asked if I shot it, which was an awkward experience. Then they invited us to stay to dinner, and I said:

"Oh, no! Couldn't possibly, thanks," and a vision occurred to me of Walter, in his one large, lonesome red trouser, waddling to dinner with Miss Margaret, and I gave a squeal.

Miss Margaret's keen, I tell you, and she knew something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "What are you laughing at, Bob? Isn't that your brother in the canoe out there? We'll just see if he won't stay to dinner when he's asked."

I choked down my feelings and said, "We'll just see" after her, as politely as I could.

And then we were aware of sounds of vociferocity out on the lake and I turned around and there was the canoe, and Joe Véro and Alexandre, Walter's two guides, paddling as if they'd burst, and I guess they would have burst if they'd kept it up. They bent to their paddles till they scratched their noses on the gunwales, and the boat came spinning and bounding and leaping over the water like a scared duck. Never saw a boat come along like that in all my experience. And all the time Walter's voice was going steadily on in an excited monotony.

"Vite, vite! Dépêchez vous! Pas assez! Allez! Venez!" Then there would be a streak of English with some words in it I'll leave out in deference to my youth.

"Oh ——! *Can't* you—— idiots understand French? When I say *vite* I mean quick—turn quick. Oh, the —— Oh, it's too late! Get away—get out—into the lake—anywhere!" Then a pitiful, desperate moan, "*Have* I got to let these fools take me"—then breaking into French again: "Vite, vite! Nous serai en retard! Vous êtes tort! Vite, oh, vite! Plus vite!"

And of course the guides paddled more madly yet and you could hear the water swish before the boat.

I knew Walter wanted them to turn *au large* and was saying everything backward because he was so excited he had lost the little French he ever had, yet I was so near death's door with choked-up laugh that I couldn't have said a word without rolling on the ground and shrieking. The Nelsons couldn't make out what the noise was about and stood stupefacted, and in a minute the canoe rushed in on a private tidal wave, the men panting and gasping and Walter sitting in the middle as mad as a hatter. We surrounded the boat, and the guides, breathing like porpoises, stepped out to hold it steady, and everybody looked at Walter. It was up to him to get out, but he sat stock still in the bottom in that ridiculous hot red blanket, his face about the same color, and a look of almost human misery in his glassy eyes.

"Well, Morgan, my boy, what's the difficulty? Won't you land and let us see a little of you?" said Dr. Nelson. That finished me. I lay down on the beach and rolled over and over and roared and squealed and cried and screamed out the pent-up passions of many hours. When I got so I could stop and sob and choke a little and notice proceedings, they were watching me with a surprised sort of interest—except Walter, and it made me stop laughing suddenly to see the way he looked. I believe he would have been glad to shoot me. They turned their attention to him when they saw my life was saved, and began urging him again to get out, and he declined with a snappish yet sickly firmness that made my flesh crawl. No. He couldn't. Positively couldn't. Yes. He killed the caribou. Yes. He was very happy, very. No. Hadn't time to tell about it. Would come up later. Must get back to camp. Important business—sorry. Must hurry—Véro!

The doctor struck in as Véro started to wade out to the stern.

"But, my dear boy, why are you wrapped in that great blanket this hot day? Are you ill?"

Walter gave a desperate, badgered look up at him.

"It's not hot, doctor. It's chilly, sitting in a boat," and he shivered vigor-

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Sounds of vociferocity out on the lake.—Page 478.

ously. That seemed to me hypercritical.

"Chilly! My dear man, you've caught cold, you're ill. Chilly indeed! Chilly!" Dr. Nelson nearly had a fit. "Chilly! Margaret, love, run and get my medicine case. This youngster needs a dose of quinine."

Walter went on unintermittently saying he was all right, and had slept cold last night, and he felt perfectly well, and he was worn out hunting all night, and a few other impracticable inventions. The doctor shook his head pitifully at him, and in a minute Miss Margaret came jumping along with the medicine case, and my! but Walter looked sour swallowing down about a teaspoonful of quinine powder. Then the doctor said he must insist that the patient should throw off the blanket at once, and walk up and down the beach till he was thoroughly warm. But then Walter turned at bay. He gave one maddened look at those guides and shouted:

"Débarquez!"

Which, of course, means "Get out." So they, being used to him, got in, and in about a second and a half Walter had executed a brief but eager farewell, and his canoe was *au large*. I tried to be more deliberative and polite, but it's hard to sandwich your best behavior between chucklings, and I guess the Nelsons were dazed. Walter wouldn't talk very pleasantly on the way home, and it seemed as if his spirit was broken. But as soon as he got some more trousers he felt better—it's wonderful what courage trousers give you.

That's about all. Walter seemed to be much estranged from Margaret at first when he got home, but they made it up in one of those mysterious ways that lovers have—with some sort of a whopper on Walter's part, I'll bet—which I think is very beautiful. And they got married the 14th of February, like a pair of mating birds, and I was the best man, which is the youngest one Walter or Mother has ever heard of. That's all.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

They painted all day and every day.—Page 481.

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER XIII

UNDER A BARK SLANT

THE weeks that followed were rare ones for Margaret and Oliver.

They painted all day and every day.

The little school children posed for them, and so did the prim schoolmistress, a girl of eighteen in spectacles with hair cut short in the neck. And old Jonathan Gordon, the fisherman, posed, too, with a string of trout in one hand and a long pole cut from a sapling in the other. And once our two young comrades painted the mill-dam and the mill—Oliver doing the first and Margaret the last; and Baker, the miller, caught them at it, and insisted in all sincerity that some of the money which the pictures brought must come to him, if the report was true that painters did get money for pictures. "It's my mill, ain't it?—and I ain't give no permission to take no part of it away. Hev I?"

They climbed the ravines, Margaret carrying the luncheon and Oliver the sketch traps; they built fires of birch-bark and roasted potatoes, or made tea in the little earthen pot that Mrs. Taff had loaned her one day. Or they waited for the stage in the early morning, and went half a dozen miles down the valley to paint some waterfall Oliver had seen the day he drove up with Marvin, or the glimpse of Moose Hillock from the covered bridge, or some shady nook or sunlit vista that remained fastened in Oliver's mind and the memory of which made him unhappy until Margaret could enjoy it, too.

The fact that he and a woman he had known but a little while were roaming the woods together, quite as a brother and sister might have done, never occurred to him. If it had it would have made no difference, nor could he have understood why any barrier should have been put up between them. He had been taking care of girls in that same way all his life. Every woman was a sister to him so far as his reverent protection over her went. The traditions of Kennedy Square had taught him this.

As the happy weeks flew by, even the slight reserve which had marked their earlier intercourse began to wear off. It was "Oliver" and "Margaret" now, and even "Ollie" and "Madge" when they forgot themselves and each other in their work.

It was no shock to her. She had decided on the day of their first meeting that Oliver's interest in her was due wholly to his love of companionship, and not because of any special liking he might feel for her. Had she not seen him quite as cordial and as friendly to the men he knew? Satisfied on this point, Oliver began to take the place of a brother, or cousin, or some friend of her youth who loved another woman, perhaps, and was, therefore, safe against all contingencies, while she gave herself up to the enjoyment of that rare luxury—the rarest that comes to a woman—daily association with a man who could be big and strong and sympathetic, and yet ask nothing in return for what she gave him but her companionship and confidence.

In the joy of this new intercourse, and with his habit of trusting implicitly everyone whom he loved—man, woman, or child—Oliver, long before the first month was over, had emptied his heart to Margaret as completely as he had ever done to Miss Clendenning. He had told her of Sue and of Miss Lavinia's boudoir, and of Mr. Crocker and his pictures; and of his poor father's struggles and his dear mother's determination to send him from home—not about the mortgage, that was his mother's secret, not his own—and of the great receptions given by his Uncle Tilghman, and of all the other wonderful doings in Kennedy Square.

She had listened at first in astonishment,

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and then with impatience. Many of the things that seemed so important to him were valueless in her more practical eyes. Instead of a régime which ennobled those who enjoyed its privileges, she saw only a slavish devotion to worn-out traditions, and a clannish provincialism which proved to her all the more clearly the narrow-mindedness of the people who sustained and defended them. So far as she could judge, the qualities that she deemed necessary in the make-up of a robust life, instinct with purpose and accomplishment, seemed to be entirely lacking in Kennedy Square formulas. She saw, too, with a certain undefined pain, that Oliver's mind had been greatly warped by these influences. His mother's domination over him, strange to say, greatly disturbed her; why, she could not tell. "She must be a proud, aristocratic woman," she had said to herself after one of Oliver's outbursts of enthusiasm over Mrs. Horn. "Wedded to patrician customs and with no consideration for anyone outside of her class."

And yet none of these doubts and criticisms made the summer days less enjoyable.

One bright, beautiful morning when the sky was a turquoise, the air a breath of heaven, and the brooks could be heard laughing clear out on the main road, Oliver and Margaret, who had been separated for some days while she paid a visit to her family at home, started to find a camp that Hank had built the winter before as a refuge while he was hunting deer. They had reached a point in the forest where two paths met, when Margaret's quick ear caught the sound of a human voice, and she stopped to listen.

"Quick —" she cried — "get behind these spruces, or he will see us and stop singing. It's old Mr. Burton. He is such a dear! He spends his summers here. I often meet him and he always bows to me so politely, although he doesn't know me."

A man of sixty—bare-headed, dressed in a gray suit, with his collar and coat over his arm and hands filled with wild-flowers, was passing leisurely along, singing at the top of his voice. Once he stopped, and, bending over, picked a bunch of mountain berries which he tucked into a buttonhole of his flannel shirt, just before disappearing in a turn of the path.

Oliver looked after him for a moment. He had caught the look of sweet serenity on the idler's face, and the air of joyousness that seemed to linger behind him like a perfume, and it filled him with delight.

"There, Margaret! that's what I call a happy man. I'll wager you he has never done anything all his life but that which he loved to do—just lives out here and throws his heart wide open for every beautiful thing that can crowd into it. That's the kind of man I want to be. Oh! I'm so glad I saw him."

Margaret was silent. She was walking ahead, her staff in her hand; the fallen trunks and heavy underbrush making it difficult for them to walk abreast.

"Do you think that he never had to work, to be able to enjoy himself as he does?" she asked over her shoulder, with a toss of her head.

"Perhaps—but he loved what he was doing."

"No, he didn't—he hated it—hated it all his life." The tone carried a touch of defiance that was new to Oliver. He stepped quickly after her, with a sudden desire to look into her face. Ten minutes, at least, had passed during which he had seen only the back of her head.

Margaret heard his step behind her and quickened her own. Something was disturbing the joyousness of our young Diana this lovely summer morning.

"What did the old fellow do for a living, Margaret?" Oliver called, still trying to keep up with Margaret's springing step.

"Sold lard and provisions, and over the counter, too," she answered, with a note almost of exultation in her voice (she was thinking of Mrs. Horn and Kennedy Square). "Mrs. Taft knows him and used to send him her bacon. He retired rich some years ago, and now he can sing all day if he wants to."

It was Oliver's turn to be silent. The tones of Margaret's voice hurt him. For some minutes he walked on in silence. Then wheeling suddenly he sprang over a moss-covered trunk that blocked her path, stepped in front of her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

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"Not offended, Margaret, are you?" he asked, looking earnestly into her eyes.

"No—what nonsense! Of course not. Why do you ask?"

"Well, somehow you spoke as if you were."

"No, I didn't; I only said how dear Mr. Burton was, and he *is*. How silly you are! Come—we will be late for the camp."

They both walked on in silence now, he ahead this time, brushing aside the thick undergrowth that blocked the path.

The exultant tones in her voice which had hurt her companion and which had escaped her unconsciously still rang in her own ears. She felt ashamed of the outburst now as she watched him cutting the branches ahead of her, and thought how gentle and tender he had always been to her and how watchful over her comfort. She wondered at the cause of her frequent discontent. Then, like an evil spirit that would not down, there arose in her mind, as she walked on, the picture she had formed of Kennedy Square. She thought of his mother's imperious nature absorbing all the love of his heart and inspiring and guiding his every action and emotion; of the unpractical father—a dreamer and an enthusiast, the worst possible example he could have; of the false standards and class distinctions which had warped his early life and which were still dominating him. With an abrupt gesture of impatience she stood still in the path and looked down upon the ground. An angry flush suffused her face.

"What a stupid fool you are, Margaret Grant," she burst out impatiently. "What are Kennedy Square and the whole Horn family to you?"

Oliver's halloo brought her to consciousness.

"Here's the slant, Margaret—oh, such a lovely spot! Hurry up."

"The Slant" had been built between two huge trees and stood on a little mound of earth surrounded by beds of velvety green moss—huge green winding sheets, under which lay the bodies of many giant pines and hemlocks. The shelter was made of bark and bedded down with boughs of sweet-balsam. Outside, on a birch sapling, supported by two forked sticks, hung a rusty kettle. Beneath the rude spit, half-hidden by the growth of the summer, lay the embers of the abandoned camp-fires that had warmed and comforted Hank and his companions the preceding winter.

Oliver raked the charred embers from under the tangled vines that hid them, while Margaret peeled the bark from a silver-birch for kindling. Soon a curl of blue smoke mounted heavenward, hung suspended over the tree-tops, and then drifted away in bands of silver haze dimming the forms of the giant trunks.

Our young enthusiast watched the Diaz of a wood interior turn slowly into a Corot, and with a cry of delight was about to unstrap his own and Margaret's sketching-kits, when the sun was suddenly blotted out by a heavy cloud, and the quick gloom of a mountain storm chilling the sunlit vista to a dull slate gray settled over the forest. Oliver walked over to the brook for a better view of the sky, and came back bounding over the moss-covered logs as he ran. There was not a moment to lose if they would escape being drenched to the skin.

The outlook was really serious. Old Bald Face had not only lost his smile—a marvellously happy one with the early sun upon his wrinkled countenance—but he had put on his judgment-cap of gray clouds and had begun to thunder out his disapproval of everything about him. Moose Hillock evidently heard the challenge, for he was answering back in the murky darkness. Soon a cold, raw wind, which had been asleep in the hills for months, awoke with a snarl and started down the gorge. Then the little leaves began to quiver, the big trees to groan, in their anxiety not knowing what the will of the wind would be, and the merry little waves that had chased each other all the morning over the sunny shallows of the brook, grew ashy pale as they looked up into the angry face of the Storm-God, and fled shivering to the shore.

Oliver whipped out his knife, stripped the heavy outer bark from a white birch, and before the dashing rain could catch up with the wind, had repaired the slant so as to make it water-tight—Hank had taught him this—then he started another great fire in front of the slant and threw fresh balsam boughs on the bed that had

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rested Hank's tired limbs, and he and Margaret crept in and were secure.

The equanimity of Margaret's temper, temporarily disturbed by her vivid misconception of Kennedy Square, was gone now. The dry shelter, the warm fire, the sense of escape from the elements, all filled her heart with gladness. Never since the day she met him on the bridge had she been so happy. Again, as when Oliver championed her in the old Academy school-room, there stole over her a vague sense of the pleasure of being protected.

"Isn't it jolly!" she said as she sat hunched up beside him. "I'm as dry as a bone, not a drop on me."

Oliver was even more buoyant. There was something irresistibly cosey and comfortable in the shelter which he had provided for her—something of warmth and companionship and rest. But more intensely enjoyable than all was the thought that he was taking care of a woman for the first time in his life, as it seemed to him. And in a house of his own making, and in a place, too, of his own choosing, surrounded by the big trees that he loved. He had even outwitted the elements—the wind and the rain and the chill—in her defence. Old Moose Hillock could bellow now and White Face roar, and the wind and rain vent their wrath, but Margaret, close beside him, would still be warm and dry and safe.

By this time she had hung her tam-o'-shanter and jacket on a nail that she had found in the bark over her head, and was arranging her hair.

"It's just like life, Oliver, isn't it?" she said, as she tightened the coil in her neck. "All we want, after all, is a place to get into out of the storm and wet, not a big place, either."

"What kind of a place?" He was on his knees digging a little trench with his knife, piling up the moist earth in miniature embankments, so that the dripping from the roof would not spatter this Princess of his whom he had saved from the tempest outside.

"Oh, any kind of a place if you have people you're fond of. I'd love a real studio somewhere, and a few things hung about—some old Delft and one or two bits of stuff—and somebody to take care of me."

Oliver shifted his pipe in his mouth and looked up. Would she, with all her independence, really like to have someone take care of her? He had never seen any evidence of it.

"Who?" he asked. He had never heard her mention anybody's name—but then she had not told him everything.

He had dropped his eyes again, finishing the drain and flattening the boughs under her, to make the seat the easier. It seemed inexpressibly delightful to sit by her and see her so happy and safe out of the way of the rain from which he had himself saved her.

"Oh, some old woman, perhaps, like dear old Mrs. Mulligan." There was no coquetry in her tone. She was speaking truthfully out of her heart.

"Anything more?" There was less buoyancy in his voice now. The pipe was upside down, the ashes falling on his shirt.

"Yes—lots of portraits to paint."

"And a medal at the Salon?" asked Oliver, brushing off the waste of his pipe from his coat-sleeve.

"Yes, I don't mind, if my pictures deserve it," and she looked at him quizzically, while a sudden flash of humor lightened up her face. "What would *you* want, Mr. Happy-go-lucky, if you had your wish?"

"I, Madge, dear?" he said, with a sudden outburst of tenderness, raising his body erect and looking earnestly into her eyes, which were now within a hand's breadth of her own. She winced a little, but it did not offend her, nor did she move an inch. "Oh, I don't know what I want. What I want, I suppose, is what I shall never have, little girl."

She wasn't his little girl, or anybody else's, she thought to herself—she was firmly convinced of that fact. It was only one of his terms of endearment. He had them for everybody—even for Hank and for Mrs. Taft—whom he called "Taffy," and who loved to hear him say it, and she old enough to be his grandmother! She stole a look into his face. There was a cloud over it, a slight knitting of the brows, and a pained expression about the mouth that were new to her.

"Mother would never consent," he went on after a pause, and he settled back

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from her slowly, his knees still bent under him. "She wouldn't think it respectable. Anything but a painter," she says.

Margaret looked out through the forest and watched a woodpecker at work on the dry side of a hollow trunk, the side protected from the driving rain.

"And you would give up your career because *she* wants it? How do you know she's right about it? And who's to suffer if she's wrong? *Be a painter*, Oliver, if you want to! Your mother can't coddle you up forever! No mother should. Do what you can do best, and to please yourself, not somebody else," and then she laughed lightly as if to break the force of her words.

Oliver looked at her first in indignation that anyone should speak so of his mother, until he heard Margaret's laugh and caught the expression on her face. Then only a sense of the injustice of her words took possession of him. Suddenly there rose before him the solemn compact he had made with his mother not to be a burden on her while the mortgage was unpaid. This softened any hurt Margaret's words had given him.

"You would not talk that way, Madge, if you knew my dear mother," he said quietly, as he patted the mound of earth on which his knees rested with the point of his knife. "There is nothing in her life she loves better than me. She doesn't want me to be a painter because—" He stopped, fearing she might not understand his answer.

"Go on—why not?" The laugh had gone out of her voice now, and a tone almost of defiance had taken its place.

"She says it is not the profession of a gentleman," he answered, sadly. "I do not agree with her, but she thinks so, and nothing can shake her."

"If those are her opinions, I wonder what she would think of *me?*" Margaret asked. There was a slight irritation in her voice—somehow she always became irritable when Oliver spoke of his mother. She was ashamed of it, but it was true.

All his anger was gone now. Whatever opinion the world might have on any number of things there could be but one opinion of Madge. "She would *love* you, little girl," he burst out as he laid his hand on her arm—the first time he had ever touched her with any show of affection. "You'd *make* her love you. She never saw anybody like you before, and she never will. That you are an artist wouldn't make any difference. It's different with you. You're a woman."

The girl's eyes again sought the woodpecker. It was stabbing away with all its might, driving its beak far into the yielding bark. After a moment's thought she said thoughtfully as she rested her head on the edge of the slant:

"Ollie, what *is* a gentleman?" She knew, she thought, but she wanted him to define it.

"My father is one," he said, positively, "—and so is yours," and he looked inquiringly into her face.

"That depends on your standard. I don't know your father, but I do mine, and from what you have told me about yours I think they are about as different as two men can be. Answer my question—what is a gentleman?" She had straightened herself again, leaning over a little, and was tucking a chip under her toes to keep the water away from her shoes. Her eyes sought his again.

"A gentleman, Madge—why, you know what a gentleman is. He is a man well born, well educated, and well bred. That's the standard at home—at least, that's my mother's."

"Anything else?" She was searching his face now. There were some things she wanted to settle in her own mind.

"I don't think of anything else, Madge, dear—do you?" He was really dismissing the question. His thoughts were on something else—the way her hair curled from under her worsted cap and the way her pink ears nestled close to her head, especially the little indents at each corner of her mouth—they were so well modelled.

"And so according to your mother's and father's ideas, and those of all your aristocratic people at home, Hank here could not be a gentleman if he tried?"

The idea was new to Oliver. He had become conscious now. What had gotten into Margaret to-day?

"Hank?—no, certainly not. How could he?"

"By *being* a gentleman Mr. Aristocrat. Not in clothes, mind you—nor money, nor furniture, nor wines, nor carriages, but in

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heart. Think a moment, Ollie," and her eyes snapped. "Hank finds a robin that has tumbled out of its nest, and spends half a day putting it back. Hank follows you up the brook and sees you try to throw a fly into a pool, and he knows just how awkwardly you do it, for he's the best fisherman in the woods — and yet you never see a smile cross his face, nor does he ever speak of it behind your back—not even to me. Hank walks across Moose Hillock to find old Jonathan Gordon to tell him he has seen some big trout in Loon Pond, so that the old man can have the fun of catching them and selling them afterward to the new hotel in the Notch. He has walked twenty-four miles when he gets back. Do these things make Hank a gentleman, or not?"

"Then you don't believe in Sir Walter Raleigh, Miss Democrat, simply because he was a lord?"

"Yes—but I always thought he wore his old cloak that day on purpose, so he could be made an earl." And a ripple of laughter escaped her lips.

Oliver laughed too, sprang to his feet, and held out his hands so as to lift her up. None of these fine-drawn distinctions really interested him — certainly not on this day, when he was so happy. Why, he wondered, should she want to discuss theories and beliefs and creeds, with the beautiful forest all about and the sky breaking overhead?

"Well, you've walked over mine many a time, Miss Queen Elizabeth, and you haven't decorated me yet, nor made me an earl nor anything else for it, and I'm not going to forgive you for it, either," and he rose to his feet. "Look! Madge, look!" he cried, and sprang out into the path, pointing to the sunshine bursting through the trees—the storm had passed as suddenly as it came. "Isn't it glorious! Come here quick! Don't wait a minute. I should try to get that with Naples yellow and a little chrome—what do you think?" he asked when she stood beside him, half closing his eyes, to get the effect the better.

Margaret looked at him curiously for a moment. She did not answer. "I cannot fasten his mind on anything in which I am interested," she said to herself, with a sigh, "nor shall I ever overcome these prejudices which seem to be part of his very body."

She paused a moment and an expression of pain passed over her face.

"Pale cadmium would be better," she said, quietly, with a touch of indifference in her tone, and led the way out of the forest to the main road.

CHAPTER XIV

MRS. TAFT'S FRONT PORCH

THE autumn fires were being kindled on the mountains—fires of maple, oak, and birch. Along the leaf-strewn roads the sumac blazed scarlet, and over the rude stone fences blood-red lines of fire followed the trend of leaf and vine. Golden pumpkins lay in the furrows of the corn; showers of apples carpeted the grass of the orchards; the crows flew in straight lines, and the busy squirrels worked from dawn till dark.

Over all settled the requiem haze of the dead summer, blurring the Notch and softening Moose Hillock to a film of gray against the pale sky.

It had been a summer of very great sweetness and charm, the happiest of Oliver's life. He had found that he could do fairly well the things that he liked to do best; that the technical difficulties that had confronted him when he began to paint were being surmounted as the weeks went by, and that the thing that had always been a pain to him had now become a pleasure—pain, because, try as he might, the quality of the result was always below his hopes; a pleasure, because some bit of bark, perhaps, or glint of light on moss-covered rock, or tender vista had at last stood out on his canvas with every tone of color true.

Only a painter can understand what all this meant to Oliver; only an out-of-door painter, really. The "studio-man" who reproduces an old study which years before has inspired him, or who involves a composition from his inner consciousness, has no such thrills over his work. He may, perhaps, have other sensations, but they will lack the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm which followed the success of the old sketch. Triumphs of all kinds come

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to men—triumphs in business; in politics; in discovery; in law; medicine, and science. To each and every profession and pursuit there must come, and does come, a time when a rush of victorious feeling surges through it, crowning long hours of work.

But there is one triumphant surge of joy that overmasters them all and that can be gotten only from a six-by-nine canvas, a becaked palette, some half-dried tubes of color, and a few ragged, worn-out brushes.

The victor has been weeks over these same trees that have baffled him; he has painted them on gray days and sunny days; in the morning, at noon, and in the gloaming. He loved their texture and the thousand little lights and darks; the sparkle of the black, green, or gray moss, and the delicate tones that played up and down their stalwart trunks. He toiled in the heat of the day, his nerves on edge, and sometimes great drops of sweat on his troubled forehead. Now and then he would spring from his seat for a farther-away look at his sketch. With a sigh and a heart bowed down (oh, how desolate are these hours!) he noted how wooden and common-place and mean and despicable it all was—this insult he has cast upon the beautiful yellow birch, this outdoor, motionless old model that has stood so patiently before him, that has posed all day without moving; its big arms above its head; its leaves and branches stock-still to make it all the easier for him.

Suddenly in all this depression, an inspiration enters his dull brain—he will use burnt umber instead of Vandyke brown for the bark! or light chrome and indigo instead of yellow ochre and black for the greens!

Presto! Ah, that's like it! Another pat, and another, and still one more!

How quickly now the canvas loses its pasty mediocrity. How soon the paint and the brush-marks and the niggly little touches fade away and the *thing itself* comes out and says "How do you do?" and that it is so glad to see him, and that it has been lurking behind these colors all day, trying to make his acquaintance, and he would have none of it. What good friends he and the sketch have become now; how proud he is of it, and of possessing it and of *creating* it! Then little quivery-quavers go creeping up and down his spine and away out to his finger-tips; and he *knows* he has something really *good*.

He carries it home under his arm, oh, so carefully (he strapped its predecessor on his back yesterday without caring), and a dozen times he stops to look at its dear face, propping it against a stump for a better light, just to see if he had not been mistaken after all. He can hardly wait until it is dark enough to turn on the light and see how it looks by gas-light, or candle-light, or kerosene, or whatever else he may have in his quarters. Years after, the dear old thing is still hanging on his studio wall. He has never sold it nor given it away. He could not—it was too valuable, too constantly giving him good advice and showing him what the thing *was*. Not what he *thought* it was, or *hoped* it was, or would *like it to be*, but what *it was*.

Yes, there may be triumphs that come to men digging away on the dull highway of life; but they are as dry ashes to a thirsty man compared to the boundless ecstasy a painter feels when his six-by-nine canvas glows with life under his brush.

All this Oliver knew and felt. The work of the summer, attended at first with a certain sense of disappointment, had, during the last weeks of sojourn, as his touch grew surer, not only become a positive pleasure to him, but had produced an exaltation that had kept our young gentleman walking on clouds most of the time, with his head in the blue ether.

Margaret's nice sense of color and correct eye had hastened this result. She could grasp at the first glance the masses of light and shade, giving each its proper value in the composition. She and Oliver really studied out their compositions together before either one set their palettes, a most desirable practice, by the way, not only for tyros, but for Academicians.

This relying upon Margaret's judgment had become a habit with Oliver. He not only consulted her about his canvases, but about everything else that concerned him. He had never formulated in his mind what this kind of companionship meant to him (we never do when we are in the midst of it), nor had he ever considered what would become of him

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when the summer was over, and the dream would end, and they each would return to the customary dulness of life; a life where there would be no blue ether nor clouds, nor vanishing points, nor values, nor tones, nor anything else that had made their heaven of a summer so happy.

They had both lived in this paradise for weeks without once bringing themselves to believe it could ever end (why do not such episodes last forever?)—when Oliver awoke one morning to the fact that the fatal day of their separation would be upon him in a week's time or less. Margaret, with her more practical mind, had seen farther ahead than Oliver, and her laugh, in consequence, had been less spontaneous of late, and her interest in her work and in Oliver's less intense. Something, too, was weighing on her mind. She was also thinking of the day, now so near, when the old stage would drive up to Mrs. Taft's pasture gate, and her small trunk and trap would be carried down on Hank's back and tumbled in, and she go back alone to duty and the prosaic life of a New England village.

Neither of them supposed that it was anything else but the grief of parting that afflicted them. Who ever does? But there came that memorable autumn night, the one they never forgot, when the moon swam in the wide sky, breasting the soft white clouds, and when the two sat on the porch of Mrs. Taft's cottage—he on the steps at her feet, she leaning against the railing, the moonlight full upon her face.

For some minutes neither had spoken. They had known all day what was in each other's mind, but they had avoided discussing it. Now they must face it.

"You go to-morrow, Madge?" Oliver asked. He knew she did. He spoke as if announcing a fact.

"Yes."

The shrill cry of a loon sifted down the ravine from the lake above and died away among the pines soughing in the night wind.

"I don't want you to go. I don't know what I am going to do without you, Madge," he said with a long indrawn sigh.

"You are coming to us at Brookfield, you know, on your way back to New York. That is something." She glanced at him with a slightly anxious look in her eyes, as if waiting for his answer to reassure her.

He rose from his seat and began pacing the gravel. Now and then he would stop, flick a pebble from its bed with his foot, and walk on. She heard the sound of his steps, but she did not look at him, even when he stopped abruptly in front of her.

"Yes, I know, but—that will only make it worse." He was leaning over her now, one foot on the steps. "It tears me all to pieces when I think this is our last night. We've had such a good time all summer. You don't *want* to go home, do you?"

"No—I'd rather stay." The words came slowly, as if it gave her pain to utter them.

"Well—stay, then," he answered with some animation. "What difference does a few days make? Let us have another week. We haven't been over to Bog Eddy yet; please do, Madge."

"No, I must go, Ollie."

"But we'll be so happy, little girl."

"Life is not only being happy, Ollie. It's very real sometimes. It is to me—" and a faint sigh escaped her.

"Well, but why make it *real* to-morrow? Let us make it *real* next week, not now."

"It would be just as hard for you next week. Why postpone it?" She was looking at him now, watching his face closely.

Her answer seemed to hurt him. With an impatient gesture he straightened himself, turned as if to resume his walk, and then, pushing away the end of her skirt, sat down beside her.

"I don't understand your theories, Madge, and I'm not going to discuss them. I don't want to talk of any such things; I'm too unhappy to-night. When I look ahead and think that if the Academy should not open, you wouldn't come back at all, and that I might not see you for months, I'm all broken up. What am I going to do without you, Madge?" His voice was quivering, and a note of positive pain ran through it.

"Oh, you will have your work—you'll do just what you did before I came up." She was holding herself in by main strength; why, she could not tell—fighting an almost irresistible impulse to hide her face on his breast and cry.

"What good will that do me when you

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are gone ?" he cried, with a quick toss of his head and a certain bitterness in his tone.

"Well, but you were very happy before you saw me."

Again the cry of the loon came softly down the ravine.

He put his hand on her shoulder with one of his quick, impatient gestures she knew so well.

"Stop, Madge, stop ! Don't talk that way. I can't stand it. Look at me !" The pain had become unbearable now. "You've *got* to listen. I can't keep it back, and I won't. I never met anybody that I loved as I do you. I didn't think so at first. I never thought I could think so, but it's true. You are not my sweetheart nor my friend, nor my companion, nor anything else that ever came into my life. You are my very breath, my soul, my being. I never want you to leave me. I should never have another happy day if I thought this was to end our life. I laid awake half the night trying to straighten it out, and I can't, and there's no straightening it out and never will be unless you love me. O Madge ! Madge ! Don't turn away from me. Let me be part of you — part of everything you do — and are—and will be."

He caught her hand in his warm palm and laid his cheek upon it. Still holding it fast he raised his head, laid his other hand upon her hair, smoothing it softly, and looked long and earnestly into her eyes as if searching for something hidden in their depths. Then, in a voice of infinite tenderness, he said :

"Madge darling ! Tell me true—could you ever love me ?"

She sat still, her eyes fixed on his, her hand nestling in his grasp. Then slowly and carefully, one at a time, she loosened with her other hand the fingers that lay upon her hair, held them for an instant in her own, bent her head and touched them with her lips.

CHAPTER XV

SOME DAYS AT BROOKFIELD FARM

BROOKFIELD village lay in a great wide meadow through which strayed one of Moose Hillock's lost brooks — a brook tired out with leaping from bowlder to bowlder and taking headers into deep pools, and plunging down between narrow walls of rock. For here in the meadow it caught its breath and rested, idling along, stopping to bathe a clump of willows ; whispering to the shallows ; laughing gently with another brook that had locked arms with it, the two gossiping together under their breath as they floated on through the tall grasses fringing the banks, or circled about the lily pads growing in the eddies. In the middle of the meadow, just where two white ribbons of roads crossed, was a clump of trees pierced by a church-spire. Just outside of this bower of green—a darker green than the velvet meadow-grass about it—glistened the roofs and windows of the village houses.

All this Oliver saw, at a distance, from the top of the stage.

As he drew nearer and entered the main street, the clump of trees became giant elms, their interlaced branches making shaded cloisters of the village streets. The buildings now became more distinct ; first a tavern with a swinging sign, and across the open common a quaint church with a white tower.

At the end of the avenue of trees, under the biggest of the elms, stood an old-fashioned farmhouse, its garden-gate opening on the highway, and its broad acres —100 or more—reaching to the line of the vagabond brook.

This was Margaret's home.

The stage stopped ; the hair-trunk and sketch-trap were hauled out of the dust-begrimed boot and deposited on the sidewalk at the foot of the giant elm. Oliver swung back the gate and walked up the path in the direction of the low-roofed porch, upon which lay a dog, which raised its head and at the first click of the latch came bounding toward him, barking with every leap.

"Needn't be afraid, she won't hurt you !" shouted a gray-haired man in his shirt-sleeves, who had risen from his seat on the porch and who was now walking down the garden path. "Get out, Juno ! I guess you're the young man that's been painting with our Margaret up in the Gorge. She's been expecting you all morning. Little dusty, warn't it ?"

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Oliver's face brightened up. This must be Margaret's father!

"Mr. Grant, I suppose?"

"Yes, that's what they call me—Silas Grant. Let me take your bag. My son John will be here in a minute, and will help you in with your trunk. Needn't worry, it's all right where it is. Folks are middling honest about here," and his hand closed on his guest's—a cold, limp, dead-fish sort of a hand, Oliver thought.

Oliver said he was sure of it, and that he hoped Miss Margaret was well, and the old man said she was, "Thank you," and Oliver surrendered the bag—it was his sketch-trap—and the two walked toward the house. During the mutual greetings the dog sniffed at Oliver's knees and looked up into his face.

"And I suppose this is Juno," our hero said, stopping to pat her head. "Good dog—you don't remember me?" It seemed easier somehow to converse with Juno than with her master. The dog wagged her tail, but gave no indications of uncontrollable joy at meeting her rescuer again.

"Oh, you've seen her? She's Margaret's dog, you know."

"Yes, I know, but she's forgotten me. I saw her before I ever knew—your daughter." It was a narrow escape, but he saved himself in time. "Blessed old dog," he said to himself, and patted her again.

By the time he reached the porch-steps he had made, unconsciously to himself, a mental inventory of his host's special features: tall, sparsely built, with stooping shoulders and long arms, the big hands full of cold knuckles with rough finger-tips (Oliver found that out when his own warm fingers closed over them), thin face, with high cheek-bones showing above his closely cropped beard and whiskers; gray eyes—steady, steel-gray eyes, hooded by white eyebrows stuck on like two tufts of cotton-wool; nose big and strong; square jaw hanging on a hinge that opened and shut with each sentence, the upper part of the face remaining motionless as a mask. Oliver remembered having once seen a toy ogre with a jaw and face that worked in the same way.

As Mr. Grant mounted the wooden steps, and Oliver, who was close behind him, caught the bend of his thin legs, the hump of the high shoulders, and saw the brown skin of the neck showing through the close-cut white hair—just such trifles turn the scales of likes and dislikes for all of us—a feeling of repugnance amounting almost to a shrinking dislike of the man took possession of him. "Could this really be Margaret's father?" he said to himself. Through whose veins, then, had all her charm and loveliness come? Certainly not from this cold man without grace of speech or polish of manner.

This feeling of repugnance had come with a flash, and in a flash it was gone, for before Oliver reached the top of the steps of the low piazza he caught sight of a young girl in white, a rose in her hair, standing in the open door, her arm around a silver-haired old lady in gray silk, a broad white handkerchief crossed over her bosom.

Oliver's hat was off in an instant.

Margaret stepped close to his side and held out both her hands. "Oh, we are so glad to welcome you!" Then turning to her companion she said: "Mother, this is Mr. Horn, who has been so good to me all summer."

The old lady—she was very deaf—cupped one hand behind her ear, and with a gracious smile extended the other to Oliver.

"I am so pleased you came, sir, and I want to thank you for being so kind to our daughter. Her brother John could not go with her, and husband and I are most too old to leave home now." The voice was as sweet and musical as a child's, not the high-keyed, strained tone of most deaf people. Margaret touched Oliver's arm.

"Speak slowly and distinctly, Ollie," she whispered, "then mother can hear you."

Oliver smiled in assent, took the old lady's thin fingers, and with a cordiality the more pronounced because of a certain guilty sense he had for his feeling of repugnance to her father, said:

"Oh, but think what a delight it was for me to be with her. Every day we painted together, and you can't imagine how much she taught me; you know there is nobody in the Academy class who draws as well as your daughter." A light broke

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in Margaret's eyes at this, but she let him go on. "She has told you, of course, of all the good times we have had while we were at work" (Margaret had, but not all of them). "It is I who should thank *you*, not only for letting Miss Margaret stay so long, but for wanting me to come to you here in your beautiful home. It is my first visit to this—but you are standing, I beg your pardon," and he looked about for a chair. There was only one on the porch—it was under Silas Grant.

"No, don't disturb yourself, Mr. Horn; I prefer standing," Mrs. Grant answered, with a deprecatory gesture as if to detain Oliver. No one in Brookfield ever intruded on Silas Grant's rights to his chair, not even his wife.

Silas heard, but he did not move; he had performed his duty as host; it was the women-folk's turn now to be pleasant. What he wanted was to be let alone. All this was in his face as he sat hunched up between the arms of the splint rocker.

Despite the old lady's protest, Oliver made a step toward the seated man; his impulse being to suggest to his host that the lady whom he had honored by making his wife was at the moment standing on her two little feet while the lord of the manor was quietly reposing upon the only chair on the piazza, a fact doubtless forgotten by his Imperial Highness.

Grant had read at a glance the workings of the young man's mind, and knew exactly what Oliver wanted, but he did not move. Something in the bend of Oliver's back as he bowed to his wife irritated him. He had rarely met Southerners of Oliver's class—never one so young—and was unfamiliar with their ways. This one, he thought, had evidently copied the airs of a dancing-master; the wave of Oliver's hand—it was Richard's in reality, as were all the boy's gestures—and the fine speech he had just made to his wife, proved it. Instantly the instinctive doubt of the Puritan questioning the sincerity of whatever is gracious or spontaneous, was roused in Silas's mind. From that moment he became suspicious of the boy's genuineness.

But Oliver forgot all this when he again turned to Margaret and caught the beauty of her throat against the soft white of her dress, and the exquisite tint of the October rose in contrast with the autumnal browns of her hair.

The old lady was still gazing into the boy's face, however, unconscious of what either her husband or her guest was thinking.

"I am so glad you like our mountains, Mr. Horn," she continued. "Mr. Lowell wrote his beautiful lines, 'What is so Rare as a Day in June,' in our village, and Mr. Longfellow never lets a summer pass without spending a week with us. And you had a comfortable ride down the mountains, and were the views enjoyable?"

"Oh, too beautiful for words!" It was Margaret this time, not the scenery, he could not take his eyes from her. Never had he dreamed she could be so lovely. He could not believe for one moment that she was the Margaret he had known; any one of the Margarets, in fact. Certainly not that one of the Academy school in blue gingham with her drawing-board in her lap, alone, self-poised, and unapproachable, among a group of art students; or that other one in a rough mountain skirt, stout shoes, and a tam-o'-shanter, the gay and fearless companion, the comrade, the co-worker. This Margaret was a vision in white, with arms bare to the elbow—oh, such beautiful arms! and the grace and poise of a duchess—a Margaret to be reverenced as well as loved—a woman to bend low to.

During this episode, in which Silas sat studying the various expressions that flitted across Oliver's face, Mr. Grant shifted uneasily in his chair. At last his jaws closed with a snap, while the two tufts of cotton-wool, drawn together by a frown, deeper than any which had yet crossed his face, made a straight line of white. Oliver's enthusiastic outburst and the gesture which accompanied it had removed Silas Grant's last doubt. His mind was now made up.

The young fellow, however, rattled on, oblivious now of everything about him but the joy of Margaret's presence.

"The view from the bend of the road was especially fine—" he burst forth again, his eyes still on hers. "You remember, Miss Margaret, your telling me to look out for it?" (he couldn't stand another minute of this unless she joined in the talk). "In

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my own part of the State we have no great mountains nor any lovely brooks full of trout. And the quantity of deer that are killed every winter about here quite astonishes me. Why, Mr. Pollard's son Hank, so he told me, shot fourteen last winter, and there were over 100 killed around Moose Hillock. You see, our coast is flat, and many of the farms in my section run down to the water. We have, it is true, a good deal of game, but nothing like what you have here," and he shrugged his shoulders, and laughed lightly as if in apology for referring to such things in view of all the wealth of the mountains about him.

"What kind of game have you got?" asked Mr. Grant, twisting his head and looking at Oliver from under the straight line of cotton wool.

Oliver turned his head toward the speaker. "Oh, wild geese, and canvas-back ducks and——"

"And negroes?" There was a harsh note in Silas's voice which sounded like a saw when it clogs in a knot, but Oliver did not notice it. He was too happy to notice anything but the girl beside him.

"Oh, yes, plenty of them," and he threw back his head, laughing this time until every tooth flashed white.

"You hunt them, too, don't you? With dogs, most of the time, I hear." There was no mistaking the bitterness in his voice now.

The boy's face sobered in an instant. He felt as if someone had shot at him from behind a tree.

"Not that I ever saw, sir," he answered quickly, straightening himself, a peculiar light in his eyes. "We love ours."

"Love 'em? Well, you don't treat 'em as if you did."

Margaret saw the cloud on Oliver's face and made a step toward her father.

"Mr. Horn lives in the city, father, and never sees such things."

"Well, if he does he knows all about it. You own negroes, don't you?" The voice was louder; the manner a trifle more insistent. Oliver could hardly keep his temper. Only Margaret's anxious face held him in check.

"No, not now, sir—my father freed all of his." The tones were thin and cold. Margaret had never heard any such sound before from those laughing lips.

Silas Grant was leaning forward out of his chair. The iron jaw was doing the talking now.

"Where are these negroes?" he persisted.

"Two of them are living with us, sir. They are in my father's house now."

"Rather shiftless kind of help, I guess. You've got to watch 'em all the time, I hear. Steal everything they get their hands on, don't they?" This was said with a dry, hard laugh that was meant to be conciliatory—as if he expected Oliver to agree with him now that he had had his say.

Oliver turned quickly toward his host's chair. For a moment he was so stunned and hurt that he could hardly trust himself to speak. He looked up and saw the expression of pain on Margaret's face, and instantly remembered where he was and who was offending him.

"Our house servants, Mr. Grant, are part of our home," he said, in a low, determined voice, without a trace of anger. "Old Malachi, who was my father's body-servant, and who is now our butler, is as much beloved by everyone as if he were one of the family. For myself, I can never remember the time when I did not love Malachi."

Before her father could answer, Margaret had her hand on Oliver's shoulder.

"Don't tell all your good stories to father now," she said, with a grateful smile. "Wait until after dinner, when we can all hear them. Come, Mr. Horn, I know you want to get the dust out of your eyes." Then in an aside, "Don't mind him, Ollie. It's only father's way, and he's the dearest father in the world when you understand him," and she pressed his arm meaningly as they walked to the door.

Before they reached the threshold the gate swung to with a click, and a young man with a scythe slung over his shoulder strode up the path. He was in the garb of a farm-hand; trousers tucked into his boots, shirt open at the throat, and head covered by a coarse straw hat. This shaded a good-natured, sunburnt face, lighted by two bright blue eyes.

"Oh, here comes my brother John,"

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Margaret cried. "Hurry up, John—here's Mr. Horn."

The young man quickened his pace, stopped long enough to hang the scythe on the porch rail, lifted his hat from his head, and, running up the short flight of steps, held out his hand cordially to Oliver, who advanced to meet him.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Horn. Madge has told us all about you. Excuse my rig—we are short of men on the farm, and I took hold. I'm glad of the chance, for I get precious little exercise since I left college. You came from East Branch by morning stage, I suppose? Oh, is that your trunk dumped out in the road? What a duffer I was not to know. Wait a minute—I'll bring it in," and he sprang down the steps.

"No, let me," cried Oliver, running after him. He had not thought of his trunk since he had helped stow it in the boot outside Ezra Pollard's gate—but then he had been on his way to Margaret's!

"No, you won't. Stay where you are—don't let him come, Madge."

The two young men raced down the path, Juno scampering after them. John, who could outrun any man at Dartmouth, vaulted over the fence and had hold of the brass handle before Oliver could open the gate.

"Fair-play!" cried Oliver, and they each grasped a handle—either one could have held it out at arm's length with one hand—and brought it up the garden-path, puffing away in pantomime as if it weighed a ton, and into the house. There they deposited it in the bed-room that was to be Oliver's during the two days of his visit at Brookfield Farm, Margaret clapping her hands in high glee, and her mother holding back the door for them to pass in.

Silas Grant watched the young fellows until they disappeared inside the door, lifted himself slowly from his seat by his long arms, stretched himself, with a yawn, to his full height, and said aloud to himself as he pushed his chair back against the wall:

"His father's got a negro for body-servant, has he, and a negro for butler—just like 'em. They all want somebody to wait on 'em."

At dinner Oliver sat on Mrs. Grant's right—her best ear, she said—Margaret next, and John opposite. The father was at the foot, in charge of the carving-knife.

During the pauses in the talk Oliver's eyes wandered around the room, falling on the queer paper lining the walls—hunting-scenes, with red-coated fox-hunters leaping five-barred gates; on the sideboard covered with silver, but bare of a decanter—only a pitcher filled with cider which Hopeful Prime, the servant, a woman of forty in spectacles, and who took part in the conversation, brought from the cellar; and finally on a family portrait hung above the fireplace. A portrait was always a loadstone to Oliver.

Mrs. Horn had been watching his glance.

"That's Mr. Grant's great-uncle—old Governor Shaw," she said, with a pleased smile; "and the next one to it is Margaret's great-grandmother. This one—" and she turned partly in her chair and pointed to a face Oliver thought he had seen before, where, he couldn't remember —"is John Quincy Adams. He was my father's most intimate friend," and a triumphant expression overspread her face.

Oliver smiled, too, inwardly, to himself. The talk, to his great surprise, reminded him of Kennedy Square. Family portraits were an inexhaustible topic of conversation in most of its homes. He had never thought before that people at the North had any ancestors—none they were very proud of.

John looked up and winked. "Great scheme naming me after his Royal Highness," he said, in an undertone. "Sure road to the White House; they thought I'd make a good third."

Mrs. Grant went on, not having heard a word of John's aside: "This table you're eating from once belonged to Mr. Adams. He gave it to my father, who often spent a week at a time with him in the White House."

"And I wish he was there now," interrupted Silas from the foot of the table. "He'd straighten out this snarl we're drifting into. Looks to me as if there would be some powder burnt before this thing is over. What do your people say about it?" and he nodded at Oliver. He had served the turkey, and was now sharpening the carver for the boiled ham,

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trying the edge with his thumb, as Shylock did.

"I haven't been at home for some time, sir," replied Oliver, in a courteous tone—he intended to be polite to the end—"and so I cannot say. My father's letters seem to be very anxious, but mother doesn't think there'll be any trouble; at least she said so in her last letter."

Silas looked up from under the tufts of cotton-wool. Were the mothers running the politics of the South, he wondered?

"And there's another thing you folks might as well remember. We're not going to let you break up the Union, and we're not going to pay you for your slaves, either," and he plunged the fork into the ham that the spectacled waitress had laid before him and rose in his chair, the knife poised in his hand to carve it the better.

"Mr. Horn hasn't got any slaves to sell, father—didn't you hear him say so? His father freed his," laughed Margaret. Her father's positiveness never really worried her. She rather liked it at times. It was only because she had read in Oliver's face the impression her father was making upon him that she essayed to soften the force of his remarks.

"I heard him, Margaret, I heard him. Glad of it—but he's the only man from his parts that I ever heard of who did. The others won't give 'em up so easy. They hung John Brown for trying to help the negroes free themselves, don't forget that." Oliver looked up and knitted his brows. Silas saw it. "I'm not meaning any offence to you, young man," he said quickly, waving the knife toward Oliver. "I'm taking this question on broad grounds. If I had my way I'd teach those slave-drivers—" and he buried the knife in the yielding ham, "that——"

"They did just right to hang him," interrupted John. "Brown was a fanatic, and ought to have stayed at home. No one is stronger than the law. That's where old Ossawatomie Brown made a mistake." Everybody was entitled to express his or her opinion in this house except the dear old mother. Margaret's fearless independence of manner and thought had been nurtured in fertile soil.

Mrs. Grant had been vainly trying to get the drift of the conversation, her hand behind her ear.

"Parson Brown, did you say, John? He married us, sir," and she turned to Oliver. "He lived here over forty years. The church that you passed was where he preached."

John laughed, and so did Silas, at the old lady's mistake, but Oliver only became the more attentive to his hostess. He was profoundly grateful to the reverend gentleman for coming out of his grave at this opportune moment and diverting the talk into other channels. Why did they want to bother him with all this talk about slavery and the South, when he was so happy he could hardly stay in his skin? It set his teeth on edge—he wished that the dinner were over and everybody down at the bottom of the sea but Margaret; he had come to see his sweetheart—not to talk slavery.

"Yes, I saw the church," and for the rest of the dinner, Oliver was entertained with the details in the life of the Rev. Leonidas Brown, including his manner of preaching; the crowds who would go to hear him; the number converted under the good man's ministrations; to all of which Oliver listened with a closeness of attention that would have surprised those who knew him unless they had discovered that his elbow had found Margaret's during the recital, and that the biography of every member of Brown's congregation might have been added to that of the beloved pastor without wearying him in the slightest degree.

When the nuts were served—Silas broke his with his fingers—his host made one more effort to draw Oliver into a discussion, but Margaret stopped it by exclaiming, suddenly:

"Where shall Mr. Horn smoke, mother?" She wanted Oliver to herself—the family had had him long enough.

"Why, does he want to *smoke?*" she answered, with some consternation.

"Yes, of course he does. All painters smoke."

"Well, I don't know; let me see." The old lady hesitated as if seeking the choice between two evils. "I suppose in the sitting-room. No—the library would be better."

"Oh, I won't smoke at all if your mother does not like it," Oliver protested, springing from his chair.

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"Oh, yes, you will," interrupted John. "I never smoke, and father don't, but I know how good a pipe tastes. Let's go into the library."

Margaret gave Oliver the big chair and sat beside him. It was a small room, the walls almost hidden with books; the windows filled with flowering plants. There was a long table piled up with books, and an open fireplace, the wall above the mantel covered with framed pictures of weeping-willows worked out with hair of dead relatives, and the mantel itself with faded daguerreotypes propped apart like half-opened clam-shells.

Mr. Grant on leaving the dining-room walked slowly to the window without looking to the right or left, dropped into a chair and gazed out through the leaves of a geranium. The meal was over. Now he wanted rest and quiet. When Mrs. Grant entered the library and saw the wavy lines of tobacco-smoke that were drifting lazily about the room she stopped, evidently annoyed and uneasy. No such sacrilege of her library had taken place for years; not since her Uncle Reuben had come home from China. The waves of smoke must have caught the expression on her face, for she had hardly reached Oliver's chair before they began doubling back as if frightened, stealing along the ceiling in long, slanting lines, without once looking back, until they reached the doorway, when with a sudden swoop they escaped into the hall.

The dear lady laid her hand on Oliver's shoulder, bent over him in a tender, motherly way, and said:

"Do you think it does you any good?"

"I don't know that it does."

"Why should you do it, then?"

"But I won't if you'd rather I'd not." Oliver rose to his feet, took his pipe from his mouth, and was about to cross the room to knock the ashes from it into the fire-place when Margaret laid her hand on his arm.

"No, don't stop. Mother is very foolish about some things—smoking is one of them."

"But I can't smoke, darling," he said, in an undertone, "if your mother objects." The mother law was paramount, to say nothing of the courtesy required of him. Then he added, with a meaning look in his eyes—"Can't we get away some place where we can talk?" Deaf mothers are a blessing sometimes.

Margaret pressed his hand—her fingers were still closed over the one holding the pipe.

"In a moment, Ollie," and she rose and went into the adjoining room.

Mrs. Grant went to her husband's side, and in her gentle mission of peace put her arm around his neck, patting his shoulder and talking to him in a low tone, her two yellow-white curls streaming down over the collar of his coat. Silas slipped his hand over his wife's and for an instant caressed it tenderly with his cold, bony fingers. Then seeing Oliver's eyes turning his way he drew in his shoulders with a quick movement and looked askance at his guest. Any public show of affection was against Silas's creed and code. If people wanted to hug each other, better do it upstairs, he would say, not where everybody was looking on, certainly not this young man, who was enough of a mollycoddle already.

John moved over from the lounge and took Margaret's seat, and the two young men launched out into a discussion of flies and worms and fish-bait generally, and whether frog's legs were better than minnows in fishing for pickerel, and what was the best-sized shot for woodcock and Jack-snipe. Oliver told of the ducking blinds, and of how the men sat in wooden boxes sunk to the water's edge, with the decoy ducks about them, and shot the flocks as they flew over. And John told of a hunting trip he had made with two East Branch guides, and how they went loaded for deer and came back with a bear and two cubs. And so congenial did they find each other's society that before Margaret returned to the room—she had gone into her studio to light the lamp under her tea-kettle—the two young fellows discovered that they were both very good fellows indeed, especially Oliver and especially John, and Oliver had half promised to come up in the winter and go into camp with John, and John met him more than half-way with a promise to accept Oliver's invitation for a week's visit in Kennedy Square the next time he went home, if that happy event ever took place, when they would both go down to Carroll's Island for a crack at a canvas-back.

This had gone on for ten minutes or

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more—ten minutes is an absurdly long period of time under certain circumstances —when Margaret's voice was heard in the doorway:

"Come, John, you and Mr. Horn have talked long enough; I want to show him my studio if you'll spare him a moment."

John knew when to spare and when not to — oh, a very intelligent brother was John! He did not follow and talk for another hour of what a good time he would have duck-shooting, and of what togs he ought to carry—spoiling everything; nor did he send his mother in to help Margaret entertain their guest. None of these stupid things did John do. He said he would go down to the post-office if Oliver didn't mind, and would see him at supper, and Margaret said that that was a very clever idea, as nobody had gone for the mail that day, and there were sure to be letters, and not to forget to ask for hers. Awfully sensible man was John. Why aren't there more like him?

Entering Margaret's studio was like going back to Moose Hillock. There were sketches of the interior of the schoolhouse, and of the children, and of the teacher who had taught the year before. There was Mrs. Taft sitting on that very porch, peeling potatoes, with a tin pan in her lap—would they ever forget that porch and the moonlight and the song of the tree-toads, and the cry of the loon? There was Hank in corduroys, with an axe over his shoulder; and Hank in a broad straw hat and no shoes, with a fishing-pole in one hand; and Hank chopping wood, the chips littering the ground. There was Ezra Pollard sitting in his buckboard with a buffalo-robe tucked about him, and Samanthy by his side. And best of all, and in the most prominent place, too, there was the original drawing of the Milo—the one she was finishing when Oliver upset Judson, and which, strange to say, was the only Academy drawing which Margaret had had framed—besides scores and scores of sketches of people and things and places that she had made in years gone by.

The room itself was part of an old portico which had been walled up. It had a fireplace at one end, holding a Franklin stove, and a skylight overhead, the light softened by green shades. Here she kept her own books ranged on shelves over the mantel; and in the niches and corners and odd spaces a few rare prints and proofs — two Rembrandts and a Vandyke, both by Raphael Morgan. There was an old walnut clothes-press with brass handles, its drawers filled with pencil sketches, as well as a lounge covered with chintz and heaped up with cushions. The door between the studio and library had been taken off, and was now replaced by a heavy red curtain. Margaret had held it aside for Oliver to enter, and it had dropped back by its own weight, shutting them both safely in.

I don't know what happened when that heavy red curtain swung into place, and mother, father, sea, sky, sun, moon, stars, and the planets, with all that in them is, were shut out for a too brief moment.

And if I did know I would not tell.

We go through life, and we have all sorts of sensations. We hunger and are fed. We are thirsty, and reach an oasis. We are homeless, and find shelter. We are ill, and again walk the streets. We dig and delve and strain every nerve and tissue, and the triumph comes at last, and with it often riches and honor. All these things send shivers of delight through us, and for the moment we spread our wings and soar heavenward. But when we take in our arms the girl we love, and hold close her fresh, sweet face, with its trusting eyes, and feel her warm breath on our cheeks, and the yielding figure next our heart, knowing all the time how mean and good-for-nothing and how entirely unworthy of even tying her shoe-strings we are, we experience a something compared with which all our former flights heavenward are but the flutterings of bats in a cave.

And this blessed John did not come back until black, dark night; not until it was so dark that you couldn't see your hand before you or the girl beside you, which is nearer the truth; not until the stout woman in spectacles with the conversational habit, had brought in a lard-oil lamp with a big globe, which she set down on Margaret's table among her books and papers. And when John did come, and poked his twice-blessed head between the curtains, it was not to sit down inside and talk until supper-time, but to say that it was getting cold outside and that they ought to have a fire if they intended to sit in the

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studio after supper. (Oh, what a trump of a brother!) And if they didn't mind he'd send Hopeful right away with some chips to start it. All of which Miss Hopeful Prime accomplished, talking all the time to Margaret as she piled up the logs, and not forgetting a final word to Oliver as she left the room, to the effect that she "guessed it must be kind o' comfortin' to set by a fire"—such luxuries, of course, to her thinking, being unknown in his tropical land, where the blacks went naked and the children lay about in the sun munching water-melons and bananas.

What an afternoon it had been! They had talked of the woods and their life under the trees; of the sketches they made and how they could improve them, and *would;* of the coming winter and the prospect of the school being opened and what it meant to them if it did, and how much more if it did not, and she be compelled to remain in Brookfield with Oliver away all winter in New York, and of a thousand and one other things that lay nearest their hearts and with which neither you nor I have anything to do.

It was good, Margaret thought, to talk to him in this way, and see the quick response in his eyes and feel how true and hopeful he was.

She had dreaded his coming—dreaded the contrasts which she knew his presence among them would reveal. She knew how punctiliously polite he was, and how brusque and positive was her father. She realized, too, how outspoken and bluff was John, and how unaccustomed both he and her dear deaf mother were to the ways of the outside world. What would Oliver think of them? What effect would her home life have on their future? she kept saying to herself.

Not that she was ashamed of her people, certainly not of her father, who really occupied a higher position than any of his neighbors. He was not only a deacon in the church and chairman of the School Board, but he had been twice sent to the Legislature, and at one time had been widely discussed as a fitting candidate for Governor. Nobody in Brookfield thought the less of him because of his peculiarities—many of his neighbors liked him the better for his brusqueness; they believed in a man who had the courage of his convictions and who spoke out, no matter whose toes he trod on.

Nor could she be ashamed of her brother John—so kind to everybody; so brave and generous, and such a good brother. Only she wished that he had some of Oliver's courtesy, and that he would take off his hat when a lady spoke to him in the road, and keep it off till she bade him replace it, and observe a few of the other amenities; but even with all his defects of manner—all of which she had never before noticed—he was still her own dear brother John, and she loved him dearly.

And as for her mother—that most gentle and gracious of women—that one person in the house who was considerate of everybody's feelings and tolerant of everybody's impatience! What could Oliver find in her except what was adorable? As she thought of her mother, a triumphant smile crossed her face. "That's the one member of the Grant family," she said to herself, "whom my fine gentleman must admit is the equal of any one of his top-lofty kinsfolk in Kennedy Square or anywhere else." Which outburst the scribe must admit to himself was but another proof of the fact that no such thing as true democracy exists the world over.

None of these thoughts had ever crossed her mind up to the time she met Oliver on the bridge that first sunny morning. He had never discussed the subject of good and bad manners with her, nor had he ever criticised the personality, or good or bad breeding of anyone she knew. He had only *been himself*. The change in her views had come gradually and unconsciously to her as the happy weeks flew by. Before she knew it she had realized from his talk, from his gestures, even from the way he sat down or got up, or handled his knife and fork, or left the room or entered it—that some of her early teachings had led her astray, and that there might be something else in life worth having outside of the four cardinal virtues—economy, industry, pluck, and plain-speaking. And if there were—and she was quite certain of it now—would Oliver find them at Brookfield Farm? This was really the basis of her disquietude—the kernel of the nut which she was trying to crack.

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If any of these shortcomings on the part of his entertainers had been apparent to Oliver, or if he had even drawn any such deductions, or noted any such contrasts, judged by the Kennedy Square code, no word of disappointment passed his lips. The red curtains of the studio were closed —the world was shut—and Margaret was with him—why worry over trifles!

Some things, it is true, during his visit at the farm, *had* deeply impressed him, but they were not those that Margaret feared. He had thought of them that first night when going over the events of the day as they passed in review before him. One personality and one incident had made so profound an impression upon him that he could not get to sleep for an hour thinking about them. It was the stalwart figure of John Grant in his broad-brimmed straw hat and heavy boots striding up the garden-path with his scythe over his shoulder. This apparition, try as he might, would not down at his bidding.

"Think of that young fellow," he kept repeating to himself. "The eldest son and heir to the estate, no doubt a college-bred man and a most charming gentleman, working like a common laborer in his father's field. And proud of it, too—and would do it again and talk about it. And yet I was so ashamed of working with my hands that I had to run away from home for fear the boys would laugh at me."

Margaret heard the whole story from Oliver's lips the next morning with many adornments, and with any amount of good resolutions for the future. She listened quietly and had held his hand the closer, her eyes dancing in triumph, the color mounting to her cheeks, but she made no reply.

Neither did she return the confidence and tell Oliver how she wished her father could see some things in as clear a light, and be more gentle and less ill-bred and opinionated. She was too proud for that.

And so the three short days, crowded thick with emotions, sped on.

The evening of their first one came and passed, with its half-hours when neither spoke a word and when both trembled all over for the very joy of living; and the morning of the second arrived, bringing with it a happiness she had never known before, and then the morning of the third—and the last day.

They had kept their secret even from John. Oliver wanted to inform her father at once of his attachment, telling her it was not right for him to accept the hospitality of her parents unless they understood the whole situation, but she begged him to wait, and he had yielded to her wishes.

They had all discussed him at their pleasure.

"Nice chap that young Horn," John had said to her the night before. "We had three or four of 'em in my class, one from Georgia and two from Alabama. They'd fight in a minute, but they'd make up just as quick. This one's the best of the lot." He spoke as if they had all belonged to another race—denizens of Borneo or Madagascar or the islands of the Pacific.

"I have sent my love to his mother, my dear," Mrs. Grant had confided to her early that same morning. "I am sure he has a good mother. He is so kind and polite to me, he never lets me remember that I am deaf when I talk to him," and she looked about her in her simple, patient way.

"Yes—perhaps so," said Silas, sitting hunched up in his chair. "Seems sort of skippy-like to me. Something of a Dandy Jim I should say. Good enough to make men painters of, I guess." Artists in those days had few friends North or South.

The memory of none of these criticisms affected Margaret. She didn't care what they thought of him. She knew his heart, and so would they in time.

When Oliver had said all his public good-byes to the rest of the family—the good-byes with which we have nothing to do had been given and taken in the studio with the curtains drawn—he joined Margaret at the gate.

They were standing in the road now, under the giant elm, waiting for the stage. She stood close beside him, touching his arm with her own, counting the minutes before the stage would come, her eyes up the road. All the light and loveliness of the summer, all the joy and gladness of life, would go out of her heart when the door of the lumbering vehicle closed on Oliver.

(To be continued.)

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THE EVOLUTION OF A GIRL'S IDEAL

By Clara E. Laughlin

"The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment."

SOMETIME, somewhere, long ago, that sentence caught my uncomprehending eye and fastened its literal outlines, but not its spiritual significance, on my recollection. At a later day, when I could not remember when or where I had read it, or from whose pen it came or by what context it was surrounded, it flashed into the forefront of my consciousness, with a haunting power and illuminating suggestiveness. "The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment." I began to wish for commentaries on my text, to think that if we could know at what point and by what process any soul came to this realization, we should know the most profoundly interesting thing that soul could tell us.

We begin by believing that the way of life is by acquisition, by what the world reckons progress. We live to learn that it is by abandonment, by the ability to do without rather than by the capability to gain, by the growing away from ideals rather than by fulfilment of them, and this not necessarily by a ruthless decree, but most often by a specially benignant one.

I wish biography, even autobiography, were more explicit on this point. And so wishing, so thinking, I began to put down the poor, bare, utterly commonplace little outlines I know "best of all," as Mrs. Burnett says; and looking backward as best I could, my recollection flew, straight as a magnetic needle to the north, to the time when I used, as a little girl, to look forward with a chill agony of foreboding to the inevitable time when I should be "too big" to play with dolls. I felt sure that when such a time came to me I should want to die; life would hold no further incentives to go on living. I really suffered in this anticipation, imagining that some day, in the full flush of my passionate love for my dolls, someone would come to me and make me put my treasures away from me forever, and my heart would surely break in one great ache of agony. But I can't even remember how or when I stopped playing with dolls. My interest in them, my passion for them, their power to absorb and satisfy me, faded so gradually, so gently, into other interests, other passions, that there was no wrench in the transition; it was evolution, and as quiet as the growth of grass, the unfolding of buds, as the creeping by of time.

I never "gave up" my dolls; they keep their place in "the part of me" that belongs to doll days; it is part of me yet, for we do not grow away from our beginnings, nor from any of our successive stages of growth; we simply keep adding, inch by inch, to our mental and spiritual as well as to our physical stature, but we never grow away from any part of it—we can only "add on." I "added on" to my doll days the inevitable next stage of schoolgirl friendships; only, instead of adding as bricks are added to bricks, separate entity to separate entity, with necessity of mortar to hold them together, I added, by the blessing of Providence, I suppose, as color is added to color in the marvellous blend of the rainbow, or as theme is added to theme in the softest, smoothest harmony.

It used to seem to me that if there ever came a time when I could not see daily, or thrice-daily, those school-chums who so thoroughly supplanted dolls in my affections, that life would be stark, intolerable. But I never see them now, of course; I can hardly even remember their names. Nor do I remember that, with one or two exceptions when some girl-chum was taken ruthlessly from me by removal from the neighborhood or city, I suffered much as these interests gradually gave place to others.

And so it has been all along, with my passions and my pleasures. Always I have thought that no kind of happiness could ever be possible for me except the present kind; and always, without jar or hurt, somehow, there has come another and bet-

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ter kind to supersede it. And thinking along this line, I fell into retrospection on the evolving of my ideal of love.

I had a few "affairs of the heart" before I was ten, but they were very slight. I recollect that once I actually went to housekeeping with a boy, in a large empty packing-case in his back yard; but unless my memory plays me false, I was very much more in love with the packing-case than with the boy, and merely accepted him because he "came with it," so I don't count that a real love-affair. None of my fancies were very real, as I say, until I was ten. Then I loved a boy who sat next to me in the little private school I went to.

He was a nice, quiet boy, several classes above me in "learning," and a little superior, I'm afraid, in his manner toward me. But that didn't matter; I adored him humbly, and rather liked the quiet splendidness of his superiority. I tried very hard to be worthy of him, because I meant to marry him when I was grown up—say at fourteen or sixteen. I recollect that in writing he always made the letter after p like this—*g*, whereas the copy-books and the teacher insisted that it should be made like this—*q*; but although I had always, previously, made both my p's and q's according to authority, I began, for love's sake, to make them the way the boy did, and I have made my q's thus ever since.

The boy was good enough to walk in the park with me, sometimes. The park was across the street from the little school, and we were sent thither at recess. I planned (secretly; I never told the boy) to buy the park when we were married (it is a very large park), and build a high stone wall all around it. We should live in a very fine house in the exact middle of the park, and spend a great deal of our time riding in the "swan-boats" on the lake. On Sundays we would allow the public to file respectfully through our grounds, attended by our troop of mounted park police who would see that the said public deflected not from the narrow path of meekness and straightforwardness, and would, above all, exercise over said public a rigorous restraint from "touching anything." The boy and I would rise early in the morning, and ourselves attend to the ecstatic duty of feeding the wild animals in the Zoo; and with our own hands we would pick flowers by the bushel—just for the joy of rioting in what, now, we durst not touch. In every way would we enjoy complete freedom from all the restrictions of the present—and, oh! the joy of those swan-boats!

I entertained this particular dream of happiness for about two years, during which time it somehow became borne in upon me that the park was not for sale. I do not seem to have suffered in giving up this heavenly prospect, however. No, not even though, as I can now see, at that time genius died in me.

Andrew Lang says children are all geniuses until by education the practical is made to outweigh the imaginative and fancy is put in curb by probability. Somewhere between the age of ten and the age of twelve it dawned on me that *in all probability* I should never own the park. Then, I say, the genius in me died, but I cannot remember that it gave me any pain. I read a great deal in those days, chiefly the immortal works of Bertha M. Clay and May Agnes Fleming. I lived in an atmosphere of princes, duchesses, and noble lords, of "estates" and "town houses" and "Mediterranean villas," of "tiaras" and "the sheen of silks" and "the odor of rare exotics." Poor and lovely maidens never purchased public parks, I came to learn, though they frequently became duchesses and went to live on "broad, ancestral acres," in "stately, turreted halls."

I would be a duchess, I decided. There was a boy I knew whose father was cousin to an English lord, and I decided that this boy (who was the youngest of three sons, and removed by about twenty lusty prior claimants from the lord's successorship) was he by whom I should rise. I believed (perhaps genius did not die in me all at one gasp) that this boy would, by a truly miraculous succession of casualties almost as sweeping as a second great flood, become a lord, presently, in his father's cousin's stead, and that I, ergo, would be—a duchess! No, I knew that to be a duchess one must have a duke for husband, but, perhaps, I argued hopefully, there was a duke somewhere to whom this lord was heir; perhaps by more casualties still we might come to wear the famed strawberry-leaved coronet of my favorite heroines. But in any event, a lord was not so bad,

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and I pinned my faith sturdily to this imminent rise in the world.

My mind had begun to dwell on attire by that time—thanks, no doubt, to the detailed and unrestrained millinery descriptions of the Misses Clay and Fleming. I "thought out" the gowns I should wear in my new estate, and I remember that my regulation costumes were of white satin, thick white satin, embroidered in a blaze of gems, and further embellished by an enormously long "court train" of *plush!* Sometimes the train was to be of sapphire plush, and then the embroidery of the gown proper was of sapphires, and sometimes rubies or emeralds were used in similar harmonies of quiet taste and elegance. For really "swell" occasions the embroidery was done in diamonds, and the train was of white plush—always there was plush, a now unheard-of fabric, which then represented stupendous elegance at five dollars a yard.

These dainty toilettes I wore, in my prospect, on all polite occasions. In the free and easy atmosphere of my own castle at breakfast-time, I wore a trailing (*all* my dream-gowns trailed *yards!*) confection of pale pink satin, with "billowy cascades" of lace. "Billowy cascades of lace" was a favorite term in my novels, and suffered not at all in my mind from the natural lack of harmony between billows and cascades.

But one day I walked to school with a girl—a lovely, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, doll-featured girl, two years older than I—who got mad at me, sad to relate, and by way of offensive (or was it defensive?) warfare, asked me how it felt to be as ugly as I was.

I had never thought much about my looks—nothing, in fact, except to regret that my hair was not yellow and my eyes blue; in my favorite novels all the lovely heroines had "hair like spun gold," and "eyes like purple violets," and the mean women who worked all the mischief were invariably brunette. I was sorry to be brunette, but I did not mean to let it divert me into a career of villany. I aspired to be a heroine, and somehow, vaguely, trustingly, I had an undefined hope that perhaps my hair would turn gold some day, and my eyes grow violet-blue.

The thrust of the Flaxen Girl was almost mortal. After a miserable day at school, I hurried home and sat me down before my mirror for a minute recapitulation. The result came near being tragedy. I recollect that one item of the result was that in my zeal to overcome Fortune's niggardly treatment of me in the matter of beauty, I discarded mere soap in favor of one of the gritty scouring compounds for face-washing purposes, with consequences that were hard to bear till the skin grew on again. I invested in a famous complexion cream then, and raised a miraculously heavy crop of pimples; I went without the necessaries of schoolgirl life to buy a tooth-powder that "no lady should be without," and I regularly "helped out" my eyebrows with the burnt end of a match. A girl told me that arsenic was good for the complexion, but somehow I mistrusted it; also the advice of another girl who said belladonna would "make your eyes bigger." If these suggestions had come to me earlier, I would in all probability have tried them, but by the time they were offered me my faith in the reconstructive powers of cosmetics had grown faint, and I had fallen back into a sort of happy notion that when I was bigger I should be better-looking, and that anyway, fine feathers had a deal to do with helping on the appearance of a bird—or a duchess!

I cannot remember that I ever contemplated for more than a passing moment at most, any of the phases of being a duchess except the millinery phase. It was the phase in all my favorite literature which most interested and absorbed me. Not to tell what "she" had on, to the minutest detail, was to fall fatally short of the high calling of a real novelist; but all my novelists did tell, in each chapter, and so my mind was very clear as to the habits—or habiliments—of duchesses. All this time the duke was very hazy in my mind. He existed chiefly as a means to an end, although I always rather liked the idea of his being on hand to admire me (as of course he would!) in all my splendor. Poor little me! I'm afraid I hadn't got so very far away from the "packing-case" order of affection, even yet.

Before I was fifteen the last hope of being a duchess had faded from me; I

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could no longer wrestle with the improbability of it. But its going cost me no pang; it slipped from me, like my passion for swan-boats, while I was unaware; it was not ejected, but supplanted. I had "graduated" without an intermediary step, and without at all feeling the tremendous chasm bridged, from "Dora Thorne" to "Vanity Fair," from "Wee Wifie" to "Dombey and Son" and "David Copperfield," from "Tempest and Sunshine" to "Jane Eyre," and, strangely enough, with the transition from most romantic trash to realistic fiction, it was either in that transition or coincident with it that some notion of romantic love first began to filter into my consciousness. Moreover, I began to see some experiences of it. The older sisters of girls I knew got engaged, and married. They were ecstatically happy; they had pretty new clothes (always the millinery factor!); they were married in a big church, to organ music, and preceded to the altar by trains of bridesmaids. Afterward they went to live in a lovely new house or flat with everything in it new and "bridey," and there they had little parties at which they exhibited all their new possessions to admiring and envious friends. And by and by they had a baby. Oh, delight of delights—a baby! And they were very, very, very happy — of course! Who *wouldn't* be, with a new home and pretty "things," and a baby—and a husband?

I liked "the looks" of this kind of happiness. It was better than being a duchess in one important respect, at any rate. To be a duchess one had, presumably, to live in England, and there none of one's relatives and old-time friends would be by to look and envy. And who cares to dazzle mere strangers, if they *are* titled? Perhaps I had, too, by that time, a suspicion that happiness does not always go in direct ratio with ascending scales in the peerage. Perhaps, oh, well! I don't know what the reason may have been, but I relinquished my dream of marble halls and plush court-trains without a pang and came blissfully to a new ideal, based on a "nice," good young man, of undeniably brilliant prospects, of course; a church wedding, with a particularly voluminous veil; a pretty house, with a parlor equipped with gilt chairs, and a baby—ultimately, *several* babies! I had marked my man, too.

Of course, the state of being grown up and married and possessed of gilt parlor chairs and tea-gowns with trains to 'em, and bonnets with strings, absorbed me more, even yet, than the man. It was still, in a way, of the packing-case order, but not altogether. There was only one boy who had a packing-case in his yard, and to become mistress of the packing-case one must accept, perforce, the boy who went with it. But though there were many young men of my acquaintance who were equally likely to provide gilt chairs and the necessary factor for a church wedding, there was only one I ever considered for the purpose.

I was nearly sixteen, then, and looked forward to my wedding as not very far off. "He" was a tall, bronzed, athletic collegian—a rare scholar, a great favorite, a knightly soul. I thought we should be married immediately after his graduation; I was looking forward to my own graduation just about the same time, only mine was to be from the high school and his was to be from the professional school of his college. He was very learned, and that he would be able to enter at once into a lucrative practice of his profession I did not for a moment doubt. I remember how I planned to make him happy; I had actually got as far as that! I remember that he liked chocolate cake, and that I resolved NEVER to let the supply of fresh, delicious chocolate cake run low in our house. I planned, too, to help him in his scholarly pursuits! I had bookish tastes, myself, and was noted in school for writing excellent "compositions," so I had no doubt that we should enjoy a very companionable existence. Moreover, I planned to become a writer—a very, very celebrated and much-revered writer, of course, and our home would be a rallying-place for all the literary notabilities of the day.

I decided that we would have seven children, to be called, respectively, Philip, David, Helen, Beatrice, Jack, Elizabeth, and Lily. These little cherubs, I thought, would "play" all day with their "colored nurse," while I sat in the library, radiant in a pale-gray morning gown and a huge bunch of violets, and wrote great novels, stopping now and then to assist my hus-

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band turn a particularly elegant phrase, or mayhap going occasionally to the kitchen to see if the supply of chocolate cake was up to standard.

The more I contemplated this well-planned future the more ecstatically certain I felt of its complete fulfilment. I almost swelled with pride when I foresaw how my husband's relatives would adore me, how I should be admired and worshipped by the community as an "unspoiled" celebrity, and how, wherever I went, people would turn to look after me and say, "There she goes. Isn't she lovely?"

I *meant* to be very, very lovely—irreproachable in manner and in modes, in inner purity and outer complexion—in character and in costume complete. And, of course, my husband would be no less perfect. Being so perfect severally and so happy mutually, what in all the world could happen to vex us, to give us occasion for unlovely attributes? Yet I knew, in a vague way, even then, that people do not live and die without sorrow. I had read a really great deal of good literature, and fool of hope though I was, I knew that the world was full of sadness, and that it would be odd if I were marked for complete immunity. This misgiving took a firm hold on me, I remember, and *would not* be put aside. So, after thinking over *all* the calamities that could *possibly* befall "him and me," I came to the conclusion that one of our children would die. I hated the thought, for I was a maternal little thing from my babyhood, and I loved my "dream children," even from afar off. But it seemed as if Sorrow came and sat down before me, and said, "I am inescapable; sooner or later you have got to reckon with me and pay the reckoning; everyone has to. Now, what shall it be?" And because I could not get the gaunt, gray creature out of my house of dreams, I made with her the best bargain that I could, I delayed my day of payment to the last moment I dared; I decided that when she was about five years old, *Lily* would die. This put the evil hour off for a number of years, and somehow, after I had made this compromise with my too-optimistic self, I felt more certain than ever that all the rest would come true. So early do we clutch at the queer notion that, having paid tribute to Fate, having bent our necks in submissive recognition of her power, she should hold no further tyranny over us, but be a gracious conqueror.

When "he" graduated he went to Europe to study for two years, and our wedding was necessarily postponed—which was just as well, for my family would doubtless have considered me "ower young to marry yet," and he, poor man, had had no intimation of what was expected of him, at all.

If he had stayed at home during those two years I might have found it difficult to maintain my house of dreams in the face of his complete ignorance of my intentions, his apparent indifference to my existence on the face of the earth. But he was so far away, he was easy to "manipulate," and though I "grew up" very considerably in those two years, this dream had been so long with me, had entered so thoroughly into every root and fibre of my dream life, that it began to seem impossible that so complete, so stoutly woven a fabric should have no thread of fact in it. Almost, with my sober senses of eighteen years, I believed in this as my ultimate destiny.

I shall never forget my excitement when I knew he was coming home, my terrible anxiety about my dress for that season, so that he make no mistake about my "grown-upness" and fitness for matrimony and gilt chairs. I had a really long-trained dress for the first time in my life, trains being then in fashion for street wear; I had a hat which fairly *screamed* maturity at the passer-by. And I trembled with nervous ecstasy as I planned the delicious, the dramatic moment of our meeting and his recognition of the fact that I was *grown up*. *Of course*, he couldn't regard me seriously as a probable wife when he went away. He had two years to study before he could marry, and in any event, who could entertain any notion of matrimony in connection with a sixteen-year old miss, with skirts reaching only to her ankles? When he saw my *train*, I reflected, proudly, there would be no mistake!

Woe is me! how well I remember, as 'twere yesternight, the warm, sweet, starlit summer evening when I crept home in

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my trained gown and mature hat, and sat in a little, huddled heap on our porch, and would not, could not speak when spoken to by my mother. Poor, wee bit lassie! I was a stricken thing that night. I had received what seemed a mortal blow, nor could I tell just where the wound was. Only I knew that the foundations of my house of dreams were crumbling, and that nothing could save them, nor the superstructure. I was widowed and deprived of seven children, all in one stroke of calamity; indeed, so completely was my outlook swept clear of things to hope for, to live for, that though I laugh now at the plight of that night, it is through tears, for the memory of that feeling of awful, awful desolation, is with me still; I can feel, even yet, the rain of hot, hot tears that poured down my face, the utter, utter desolateness with which I sat in the midst of tender kindred and abundance of the good things of life, and wept over the ruin of my hopes, the grave of my girlish dreams.

A pleasant look of recognition, a hearty hand-shake, a word of greeting—and absorption in the next comer! This was what broke away all the props of my dream-fabric. Another girl, perhaps, would not have given up so easily; another would have put by idle dreams for a while and tried to exercise active charms over the obdurate. I could not; I could only give up, and suffer, for the first time in my life, the angel with the flaming sword to take his stand before the barred gates of my Paradise.

After this point I am afraid I cannot write a very coherent memory of the evolution of my girlish ideal. All the rest, up to date, is so fresh to me that I have no perspective on it, even though some of it dates back through a good many years.

I know that in the very early years of my evolving ideal I passed from one dream of happiness into another without waking, as 'twere—one dream just merging into another in an unbroken continuity of blissful expectations. But what time I, even in my childish ignorance, looked up from my bright beads of fancy-weaving, and recognized Sorrow as a factor in human life, she claimed me for her subject on the strength of that recognition, and would thenceforth for no reason let me go. While I believed in the power of my desire to create its own fulfilment, Sorrow respected me as immune, divinely immune, but when I recognized her as an enemy to my dreams and tried to make compromise with her, then I lost my shield against her, and ever since I have grappled with her in conflict, trying to save this treasure, that hope, from her mercilessly exhaustive reckoning.

But ever since I wrestled with her for the immunity of my household of seven children and all the accompaniments thereof, trying to hold her at bay for years by the offer of Lily as a sacrifice, and she exulted to show her victory over me by taking not Lily alone, but all the seven, and "him," and all that I had in my house of dreams, I have had to contest my right to every hope, every fancy, every aspiration—and as I recount, in memory, these contests, it seems to me as if I had almost never won, as if always I had given up, until one would think there must be nothing left for me to cherish, to hope; yet am I richer, immeasurably, today than ever in the day of my fullest dreams, for never has been wrested from me one dear anticipation, one loved ideal, but to me has come in its stead either a better joy or a richer sense of the joys remaining.

I cannot measure the successive steps of my ideal's evolution after the collapse of the dream last described—I can only measure what joy now means to me by what, one time, I thought it could only be.

I know that once I swore I would love only a big man, "a mightye man of valor," like Guy of Warwick, one strong to defend and sturdy to lean upon, and now I love only the weakest of men, the frailest, the neediest of care and devotion and love's patience. I know that the knight of my childish dreams was attired like a combination of circus rider and Shakespearian Benedick, in pale-blue silk doublet and hose, and cloak of pale-blue velvet, with a blue-feathered cap on his golden curls and a deliciously clanking sword by his side—and that my knight today is not even "well-groomed," just a most wraith-like, stooping figure, in the most ill-fitting of baggy clothes; sartorially, he might almost be taken at some

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distance for one of the gaunt things farmers erect to scare crows.

Later, when my mind had got away from the physical and on to the mental and spiritual equipment of my ideal, I remember that I stipulated with myself that "he" should be of a joy-loving temperament, kin to mine—and lo! he is a son of the Puritans, mistrusting gladness, always, as ominous; and fearful of happiness lest it stand for the absence of sensitiveness, the arrest of development. I hoped that he would be a gallant man, a cavalier, if not a chevalier; I had a beautiful theory that Love was, very properly, dependent on the sweet and gracious little expressions which, all told, go to make up chivalry. Alas, my poor "knight"! He has a fatality for doing the wrong thing. Instead of making my heart flutter hourly with some exquisite courtesy, he twangs the poor, taut chords thereof, hourly, in sharp discord, and hourly I have to summon all my love to forgive him. I used to dream that my knight would bring me flowers—violets, and now and then a great red rose or a handful of hyacinths—but he has never given me so much as a pansy "for thoughts," or a four-leaved clover to put between the pages of my book "for luck." I used to dream that he would come for me in a fine coach, with prancing, dashing horses, and take me to festivities, all in a flutter of excitement, but when he comes he gets wearily off a jangling cable car, and instead of whisking me off to ball or theatre, he puts his head down on my shoulder and says, "I am so tired." I used to think, in all my moments of anguish, that some day I should have a broad bosom to creep to and there weep out all my heart's bitterness, but it is never so with me; if I am sad, he is always sadder and must needs be comforted.

As I have given up one cherished hope after another, with regard to my ideal, I have tried to ask myself each time, since consciousness came upon me with that first surrender to sorrow, whether this sacrifice were not the last sustaining prop of my house of dreams, whether I was not a fool of fools to try longer to dwell in so tottering a fabric.

Face to face have I wrestled with the conviction that at some certain point sacrifice becomes mere weakness to resist rather than strength to overcome, and strenuously have I striven with myself that I feed not the flame on my altar of love with some sacrifice that instead of replenishing my fire would quench it. I know that one can pay too dear for anything, even for love, and I have tried not to let myself be willing to pay the price that maketh poor and impoverisheth. I know, too, that love of the highest type must demand as well as give—must demand, oftentimes, where it would be far, far easier to give—and I have tried to be steadfast to certain lines of insistence, have tried not to falter in holding my ideals always high and higher, and not to forget them or make compromise with their enemies, even though, for love's sake, I had hourly to overlook some insufficient fulfilment of them, some violence to their tenets. I have held to the belief that some things are "worth while" from the great, ultimate point of view and others are not, and I have tried, as best I could see, and weigh, and judge, to choose — God knows! — the things that *are*.

I have weighed in one balance, my knight, your frail health, and in the other balance I have tried to put what I know of my own patience and tenderness and physical sufficiency; I have tried to balance all your shortcomings of my ideal with all my powers to overlook and bear them; I have tried to scrutinize myself, to know if I seem to be the woman who can do most *for* you, be most *to* you, aye, and I have tried to see if the points of disparity between us be such as, in their compromise or adjustment, shall be good for you and me, individually and jointly, or such as, in all wisdom, should warn us apart. And so trying, so praying, in *utter* desire to know the right for us both, and to do it, I have dumped into one balance *all* the things wherein love as you bring it to me differs from love as I yearned after it, and into the other balance I have put all that you are to me that I cannot analyze, or describe, or dispense with! And it has far, far outweighed all the rest.

And my house of dreams to-day? It hasn't a detail, in my mind, of location, or size, or trappings, so only you are in it! And Sorrow is in it, I know; not "after

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many years," either, but from the first, even as a household saint. And if there is a parlor it shall be furnished with Forbearance, for there we shall see the "polite" world, which, whether one be glad or sad, is so alien that if it be accepted at all it can only be with forbearance. And the dining-room shall be furnished with Cheer, for there we shall gather, now and then, the chosen few we really love, and set before them our best refreshment of body and spirit, that they may fare forward the stronger therefor. And if there is a little "den," it shall be "done" in Congeniality, for it will be mine and yours, your pipes and my embroidery lying down together in peace and harmony, like the lion and the lamb in the Apocalypse. And there shall be a large, upper chamber, with "windows opening toward Jerusalem," and it shall be made beautiful with Love, for there, when all things and all men shall have tried us, and we are sore beset and weary, we shall come together—all the world outside—and whether our hearts be sad or lightsome, whether the world vex us or we vex one another, we shall stand face to face, in the quiet, in the quiet, and look into each other's eyes, and laugh, and sob, and say, "Yet Love remaineth! Yet LOVE remaineth!"

Even so, my house of dreams!

THE POINT OF VIEW

A MATTER of far from minor importance receives passing notice in the statement of a newspaper correspondent, that Paris has what is literally a "school for shouting," the "pupils" being the newspaper venders. Unverified, one is tempted to accept the statement with the qualification we apply to certain stories, that "they are good enough to be true." Yet if papers are to be hawked on the boulevards at all, it is quite in accordance with Parisian notions that the men who hawk them—not for the most part boys, as with us—should be trained to distinct, full-mouthed, deep-chested, if not musical, tones. The idea behind this reform, that of making a necessary noise more intelligible if not more endurable—which last would be accomplished, too, if the master of shouting did his work properly—has obvious possibilities of application here in America; more especially to the conductors and brakemen who "call out" streets and stations.

Noise in Modern Life.

The expedient of mitigating a noise it has been decided to tolerate has been largely overlooked in much desultory discussion of the serious nuisance of noise in modern life. Yet there is in it not a little of suggestion. As for the fact of the nuisance, that is hardly disputed. Our nerves, it would be generally conceded, are appreciably more sensitive or more irritable than were the nerves of people even a few generations ago. Some persons find in this a curious ground of comfort when reading of the horrid tortures inflicted in by-gone times, or inflicted to-day in Oriental countries, or sometimes on animals in cases of vivisection. While, doubtless, there is great suffering, the martyr, or the Oriental, or the animal does not, it is held, endure the exquisite agony the more delicately organized and developed modern would feel under like torture. Unluckily for this theory, callousness to pain, the surgeons say, varies greatly; is largely a matter of individual sensitiveness. No general rule can be laid down for measuring the pain of an experiment. Of two men undergoing the same operation without an anæsthetic, one will apparently suffer little as compared with the other, his "superior pluck" being merely a case of not "being hurt so much." In the case of animals it is often next to impossible to anticipate or determine the degree of suffering inflicted. A rabbit, unstrapped to the operating table, may endure pretty radical surgery without moving or showing a sign even of discomfort. On the other hand, a rat con-

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fined in a barrel will give frantic jumps if the experimenter simply claps his hands over the aperture. On the sensitive ears of the rat a sudden, sharp noise seems to inflict actual, even acute, pain.

The inability to appreciate that what does not even annoy one person may give positive pain to another has not a little to do with popular indifference to appeals for the suppression of unnecessary noises. The point is illustrated by a minor comment in a letter to a London paper describing Chicago, that "the noise throughout the city is dreadful, and to one of delicate nerves, utterly prostrating." Such "exaggeration" would provoke most Americans to a cynical smile and a sneering reminder of the well-advertised "roar of London." Few would accept the writer's statement as a truthful description of the effect of Chicago noise upon him. Yet, to discriminating ears, it is quite conceivable that the distinguishing noises of great cities may differ, much as do individual voices, since there are obvious differences in paving, in kinds of traffic—the elevated road has a noise all its own—in the frequency and shrillness of whistles, or in the frequency and tone of bells, in the character of the voices of hawkers, indeed in many other particulars if it were worth while to make out a case for the Englishman in Chicago. Similarly, the statement made some years ago by a professional authority, the Philadelphia *Medical News*, would still be dismissed with general incredulity, a statement that "in thousands of cases people are being made ill, are committing slow suicide, or are being painfully and slowly killed by useless street noises."

The process of readjusting traditional notions of community and individual rights to fit new conditions is necessarily a slow one. Such readjustment consists simply of a fresh application or extension of the old law maxim, not to "use your own to another's injury." The men who formulate the coming equities for us in advance of public opinion have already gone on record. Thus in his "Ethics" Herbert Spencer lays it down that acts of worship cannot be equitably interfered with "so long as they do not inflict nuisances on neighboring people," "as does the untimely and persistent jangling of bells in some Catholic countries, or as does the uproar of Salvation Army processions in our own." Similarly, Lecky, in his "Democracy and Liberty," after citing the recognized principle that the state, while not undertaking to guarantee the morals of its citizens, should enable them "to pass through the streets without being scandalized, tempted, or molested," extends it to "some things that have no connection with morals," as "to unnecessary street noises which are the occasions of acute annoyance to numbers." As the set is toward a constantly busier and noisier life it would be of course absurd to predict that the city of the future will be a comparatively noiseless city. The complementary fact, however, should not be left out of the reckoning, that protests against noise are growing more insistent, more general, and more audible despite the increasing din—that, in short, the question of unnecessary noise is coming to be considered seriously.

The Intensive Life.

MUCH is said nowadays, in consequence of events of what our German friends would call world-moment, of the contrast between the "high-vitality" and "low-vitality" peoples. In substance, that which is signified by these rather journalistic appellations is the contrast between the peoples who have for long centuries embraced the philosophy of life which maintains that in passiveness is wisdom, and the peoples who, as we of the West, have wrought out for themselves an opposite philosophy founded on the belief of the virtue of intensiveness. Now that the East and the West have been brought in contact, or are apparently soon to be brought in contact, in a manner the results of which are apt to be more interpenetrating, more productive of possible changes on both sides, than the world has seen since the Crusades, it is certainly wise to think over what we really understand by the ideal of the intensive life, and how far it is in fact, and for definite purposes, realizable at present.

We are sufficiently familiar by this time with the more transient causes to which we have of late owed the pronounced favor accorded here and in England, to strenuousness. They have been such as to associate, at least in the popular mind, the idea of intensive living almost altogether with the increase of the volitional powers. Naturally, the intensive life must mean the enhancement of those powers. But it also means the strengthening and expanding of the human being's faculties as a thinking and knowing

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agent. Try to sum up the whole shaping faith of the West, the forces that have been pushing on the Western peoples in progress, in discovery, in experimental knowledge, and you find the underlying hypothesis that human nature has all-round capabilities of which the limits have by no manner of means been touched as yet, or even dimly discerned. By our political and social experiments alike, and by our more and more diversified and organized systems of pedagogics, we are taught and teach others to hold that mankind should consider itself practically equal to anything. No one can tell what he can do until he tries, is a scientific statement that might be accepted as the point of departure of the entire Occidental philosophy of life. Hence that philosophy results in a continuous admonition to exertion, to effort both against the array of outer obstacles created by circumstance and against the inner inertia of man himself.

To those who have been bred in these views the absolutely contrary philosophy taught by the sages and religious reformers of the East from the beginning of history must seem, logically, to be responsible for the stupefying (many say the brutalizing) of the masses in the Eastern countries. Man is a very small quantity in the great scale of things, has there been the gist of the warnings of the wise; he is hemmed in and confined by all his conditions; seeking to escape them will help him not at all; let him "lie low," then, and avoid a multitudinous assortment of gratuitous troubles in addition to those that belong to his natural state. He is very far from being "equal to anything"; and, furthermore, in proportion as he variously strives to get at the meaning of life through experimental knowledge and the cultivation of his physical energy, and through the creation of new material wants and their satisfaction, does he remove himself from what he seeks. For those reach best the meaning of life who do their humble daily work in simplicity, and possess their spirit in quietness.

Political economists point out to us, of course, that this Oriental life philosophy is only an outcome of the economic conditions. Put a great many creatures on a square mile of land inadequate for their support and you have the true cause of Hindu or Chinese passiveness, the whole secret of the life-philosophy of quietism. But however this may have been till now, it is impossible not to believe that the ideal of intensive, strenuous living must infallibly reach, in the progress of the ages, larger and larger numbers, since the gradual but ever-increasing enlargement and intensification of consciousness have been the whole story of the ascent of man.

At this present stage, all the same, there is a great deal that is factitious in our notions of what the intensive life actually has accomplished, or appears as yet to be able to accomplish. In spite of all that is claimed, what it precisely has not up till now succeeded in doing is to make men more capable in the all-round way, more able to touch life appreciatively at every point of the sphere. The intensiveness goes rather more and more into the line of the special profession, the particular life-work. Everyone can mention exceptions to this, but it is the rule. And extraordinary proficiency and intensity of energy in one thing do not at all fulfil the programme of the ideal of the intensive life. There is an abiding discrepancy here between what we of the West predicate of our ideal and what it actually does. It is true that political and social and pedagogical experiments are all *endeavoring* to stretch men's capacity of enjoyment and achievement. It is not true that the average modern man who enjoys physical prowess also finds himself enjoying hard thinking; or that the great painter or mystic can sympathize, to any extent that will be of use to himself or anyone else, in the preoccupations of the practical statesman, or the labors of the experimental scientist. Human possibilities may unfold extraordinarily, as to this; but the time is not yet, and it will be well for us to be candid with ourselves on the subject. *This* is the thing the intensive life has not accomplished. And it may be that nearer touch with the East and its characteristic mode of thought will, in some particulars, render us clearer in mind as to our own position.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SOME NOTES ON PATTERN-MAKING BY A BOOKBINDER

THE constant production of designs for any special purpose is apt to become a matter of weariness as well as of difficulty to those unable to rest satisfied in reiteration without novelty, and the stereotyped repetition of motives on more or less mechanical lines.

No doubt the effort to avoid working in a groove belongs to the designer in any art, even the highest, but must of necessity pursue those most who are occupied with the humbler arts, since these cannot, from their restricted nature, give the artist as much scope as the more important ones. Still, it is not only a higher or lower position in the hierarchy of the applied arts that determines the limitations of ornament appropriate to each. Jewelry, for example, though far removed in its scope from, let us say, architectural decoration, yet admits of almost endless diversity of shape, color, and material. So likewise does furniture, lace, and many another of the useful arts. But some, like bookbinding, which forms the text of these remarks, are limited in special ways which the decorator is bound to grasp at once, and with complete realization of their unalterable character. The chronicle of the artistic side of bookbinding is at the outset full of the attempt to get over the limitation of material. In the early days when books were scarce and consequently of indefinite value, the precious metals, often in combination with enamel and carved ivory, were devoted to their adornment. In those days when books were manuscripts on vellum, weight in the covers was a desirable feature rather than the reverse, and thus the affixing of metal or other plaques to the thick wooden boards was practicable and useful as well as ornamental. Even after the multiplication of books through printing, it was long before any restriction in the matter of material for covers was recognized, and it was not until the seventeenth century that the almost universal adoption of some form of leather superseded the employment of velvet, silk, embroideries, pierced metal, tortoise-shell, and the like. From time to time, up to the present day, attempts have been made to revive the old custom of coverings other than leather or vellum, but the hard usage entailed by frequent handling, combined with the modern conditions of dirt, and the usual library conventions, have shown all such efforts to be of an unpractical nature.

Fig. 1.

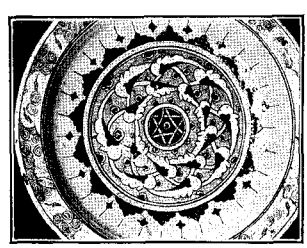

Fig. 2.

The limitations that more especially concern us in this paper are not those of material, but the even more unalterable ones of size and shape. I say unalterable because, to all intents and purposes, from the designer's point of view, they are so. Books may vary from 32mo to folio, they may be relatively narrow or wide, but they are always severely rectangular, and no attempts to ignore this fact have ever been crowned with success. Here again, as we review successive chapters in the history of binding, we see the artist's various attempts to free himself from this class of limitation; we come upon designs that treat both sides and the back as the unit, so that when the book is closed, and on a table, the pattern appears only in a fragmentary state; we see others that seem purposely to controvert, so to speak, the boundary lines, as if endeavoring to make of no avail the right angles of the carefully squared boards; and with the latest fashion of eccentricity and affectation in things ornamental, we get what

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may be called the Japanese application of unconnected and generally naturalistic detail or the fireworks made out of peacock's tails, curves and dashes—splutterings of the unrestrained fancy and the untutored hand.

I want to direct the attention of those who undertake the designing of book-covers, to the boundless field that lies open in the direction of Oriental art. It is nothing new; it has always been free to the worker in every department through public museums and illustrated accounts of private collections, but there seem few able or willing to learn the lessons it offers, although William Morris has shown ably enough to the present generation what a mine of wealth lies ready to him who can exploit it.

Fig. 3.

And first in importance comes that lesson of the East—so hard, apparently, of comprehension by the Western mind—the necessity for conventionalizing natural forms. It may be said of nearly all modern English work, and of most French, that there is little left of decorative value between the extremes of arbitrary invention on the one hand and unadulterated naturalism on the other. Our schools of embroidery and wood-carving, our sculptured and plastered reliefs, our beaten metal and our painted pottery, all vie with each other in giving the most faithful transcript of nature. The artificiality of mind and manner that was a feature of the eighteenth century in its literature, its art, and its society, gave place to a reaction, as it was bound to do, and "the return to nature" is still working as a leaven in all regions of the human mind. But it is time for realization that in the industrial arts the reproduction of naturalistic detail is not of necessity ornament. To be so, it must be transmuted by the process of intelligent selection—so clumsily called conventionalizing—into what will bear application and repetition in a given space and in a given material that has its own special characteristics.

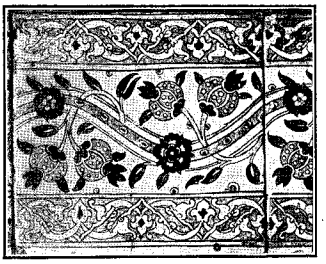

Fig. 4.

Narcissus and snowdrops hammered on a copper coal-box do not glorify it as a receptacle of coals, nor does the wall-paper covered with faithfully drawn and colored clematis give even the illusion of reality, much less the satisfaction of country visions, far more effective in the mind's eye alone. Just as it is no use to take any art out of its legitimate sphere and demand of it what it cannot give, so is it as purposeless to ask the effect of nature from flower and fruit in their application to ornament. Our French neighbors have not grasped this truth in its entirety, though they rarely represent nature with the triviality so often to be found on our common objects of every-day use. But even Marius Michel, to whose efforts it is largely due that modern French bindings have ceased to be reproductions of the old, is too apt to let his intimate acquaintance with natural floral forms suffice for the adornment of much of his fine work. This, too, is in despite of his better judgment, for his book on "The Ornamentation of Modern Bindings" contains some admirable remarks on the importance of avoiding this pitfall to those who go to the country for inspiration in design. Many of the most attractive recent French books are inlaid with that fine instinct for the harmonious blending of colors that is a national gift, but as regards the point under discussion this very color sense more often than not presents an added snare, and we find covers of exquisite workmanship showing purple irises, climbing clematis, and the like, which are most perfect copies in color as well as drawing of the growing plant.

Few things are more difficult than to define the precise nature of the treatment of growing things which renders them fit objects for decoration, except, perhaps, to teach how it is done. Possibly those whose instinct is least likely to err would find it most impossible of explanation. We will endeavor to state the most important points in connection with it, though a careful study of the art of those nations that have solved the problem most successfully will be the surest way of attaining to a realization of

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the essentials. In the first place, then, the servile imitation of natural growth is not strictly guarded against, for while nature never makes two leaves or blossoms alike, art, in consequence of the restriction of its tools and material, must frankly accept repetition.

Furthermore, it is preferable to choose the forms that are most salient in feature and simple in outline rather than those of which the character is shown in multiplicity or delicacy of detail. The natural plant should be studied and both accentuated and simplified in translation. The rigid, unyielding lines of one may be emphasized, while another of climbing habit may have its convolutions insisted on in the curves of a flowing arabesque.

Fig. 5.

What can never be explained or taught is just the unconscious effort by which the true decorator turns the harvest of flower and fruit that lies ready to his hand into appropriate ornament without doing violence to the natural trend of leaf or blossom—thus effecting the supreme idealization of the type-form.

Again, there must be a certain feeling for the scale on which it is desirable to reproduce particular plant-forms. It would be inappropriate, for example, to give the effect of excessive reduction of such as are always large in their natural growth, or of undue magnitude to those like violet and snowdrop, that are lowly in their habit. By such treatment they would inevitably lose both character and significance.

Finally, it is necessary for decorative convention that there should be a certain symmetrical disposition of the material chosen, when once its essentials have been grasped and its diversity of form simplified to the artist's use, for only so can the eye rest upon it with satisfaction. When one looks at nature, there are no boundaries except those set by the limits of the field of vision, and they are not hard, but melt away so that there is no consciousness of any outline or defining framework to the picture. But it is far otherwise with most objects that offer scope for decoration, and especially with those of panel form. In bindings one may almost say that the limitation of the book is the first thing of which one is aware. Decoration, therefore, should be well contained within the natural boundary lines of whatever it is applied to, and should avoid both the opposite defects of being too obvious or too involved. If it is the first, it will probably be trivial; if the second, the mind will at once set to work upon it as on a puzzle. Æsthetic pleasure can be given by the simplest ornament or the humblest object, but *triviality* is not *simplicity*, and without the element of dignity that belongs to real simplicity the pleasure will be absent. Nor is it less important that the mind should have a sense of rest, which it can never get when the attention is absorbed with the effort to unravel a complicated or perhaps only ingeniously elaborated pattern. If the main lines are clear and uninvolved, a feeling of enjoyment is rapidly produced, and the attendant detail may be disposed in moderate intricacy without detracting from the sense of satisfied repose.

We said before that the best way of understanding this necessary process of selection and adaptation in its application to nature for purposes of art, lay in examining the ornament of those countries which have *successfully solved* the decorative problem. In my opinion no nation succeeded so admirably as Persia, and it was in the attempt to turn the study of her art to account in the matter of designs for bindings that these notes originated.

Every country has achieved a triumph in the employment of some one plant-form for its ornamental uses. Egypt and Assyria appropriate the lotus and the palm; Greece the acanthus, the vine, and the honeysuckle; China the aster and the peony; Japan the almond blossom and chrysanthemum, and so on. The genius of the Persians shows itself over a wider field, but the pomegranate and vine, the iris and pink, seem to have been selected for most frequent treatment.

The importance of Persian art to the designer lies in several directions. First, in the frank and free acceptance of the natural limitations of form in the various objects decorated. In making carpets, the straight lines serve as inspiration for the border and the panel; in painting pottery, the curves of the ewer and the bowl are made to contribute their value to the ornament. Nothing is more

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delightfully instructive than to see the same detail applied under *fundamentally different* conditions. As an example of this, the reader can look at the border of a tile (Fig. 1) and the bottom of a plate (Fig. 2) which have the same motive dexterously suited respectively to the square and the curve; and there is a like interesting treatment of a climbing plant with large leaf (Figs. 3 and 6) frequently found both in the tapestry and the pottery of the country.

Secondly, the Persians ornamented articles of daily use and often of very little value, and their taste for art was so widespread that the designs were obviously made then, as they are to this day, by the artisans themselves, and not by artists in preparation for the workman. Their decoration was, therefore, that infinite variety which is only to be found under similar circumstances.

Thirdly, there is the opportunity of seeing the same motive treated both naturalistically as well as with the conventions necessary for its adaptation to more rigid schemes, and consequently of making a comparison in the same field of observation. As examples of wholly admirable convention, it is not possible to find anything to surpass the pomegranate (Fig. 4) border and the rose tile (Fig. 5) here given, while the natural rendering of iris and pink, of bud and blossom, is seen in tile after tile, illustrations of which we would fain give if space permitted.

Lastly, with all the careful study of natural growth and blossom, and an appreciation of their minutest details which one sees in these mere naturalistic designs, they were not afraid to let imagination, once started by some common flower or accident of growth, run riot on its own lines, so that forms only remotely resembling flowers came forth in profusion, nature merely hinting to the workman the direction in which to set his fancy free. Tile after tile, again, is thus filled with flower-forms having only the slightest connection with any garden plant, but excellent as ornament and distributed over a limited space with consummate skill and the most satisfactory result.

In conclusion, I would suggest that the *binder of modern books*, avoiding both the old traditional lines of historic ornament, except where such are specially appropriate, and the too naturalistic ones so much in vogue of late years, may vary his tools by seeking a new *fount of inspiration in the happy achievements* of Eastern decorative art.

If it is objected that this is mere plagiarism, and that what is wanted is the invention of fresh matter, I would answer: we must be honest and admit that there is little absolutely new. Moreover, it often happens when there is an appearance of novelty, that the illusion is really due to our ignorance of what has been already done somewhere and somehow. At any rate, few can imagine themselves creative artists, and it is well to recognize that the next best thing, and the only honest and possible thing, for the majority engaged in pattern-making, is a fearless research in the wide field of the art of different nations at different epochs. There may follow free annexation of such ideas and material as we find available for the scope of our own efforts if—and this is a condition of chief importance—such borrowed sources of inspiration are translated into the terms of our own temperament. In this way will the adopted motives of decoration cease to be out of place in their new environment; they will cease to appear as belonging exclusively to the country of their inception, and by force of application in a new sphere and as instruments of a mind conscious of its own aims, they will become what all tools and material should become, a means of giving effect to the personality of the workman.

S. T. PRIDEAUX.

Fig. 6.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THE INDIANS DEPARTING AFTER THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

Household spoils . . . clattered on the flanks of their horses and added to the discordant din amid which the wild horde departed.—Page 559.

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